

August

35 Cents

# Cosmopolitan



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# COSMOPOLITAN

America's Greatest Magazine

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## *Next Month*

*We introduce to Cosmopolitan readers*

**MR. GEORGE WESTON**

*who tells a love story so delightfully that you want to kiss  
the heroine and grip hands with the hero. Read*

**"The Mysterious Woman"**

*the love story of a caged-in girl*

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# COSMOPOLITAN

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AUGUST, 1923

No. 2

## *An Art That Is Not Lost*

by S. E. KISER

LOVE, this is no romantic age,  
And I am not a cavalier;  
I may not valiantly engage  
In bloody bouts for you, my dear;  
No plume is in my cap; I wear  
No flowing cape nor silken hose,  
But I have hopes that are as fair  
As ever were young Romeo's.

LOVE, I am not a Lancelot  
Armed with a gleaming spear and shield;  
I may not seek the ways he sought,  
Nor make appeals as he appealed,  
But if I wear no shirt of mail,  
Nor come with dripping lance to you,  
My ardor will not cool nor fail,  
The promises I make are true.

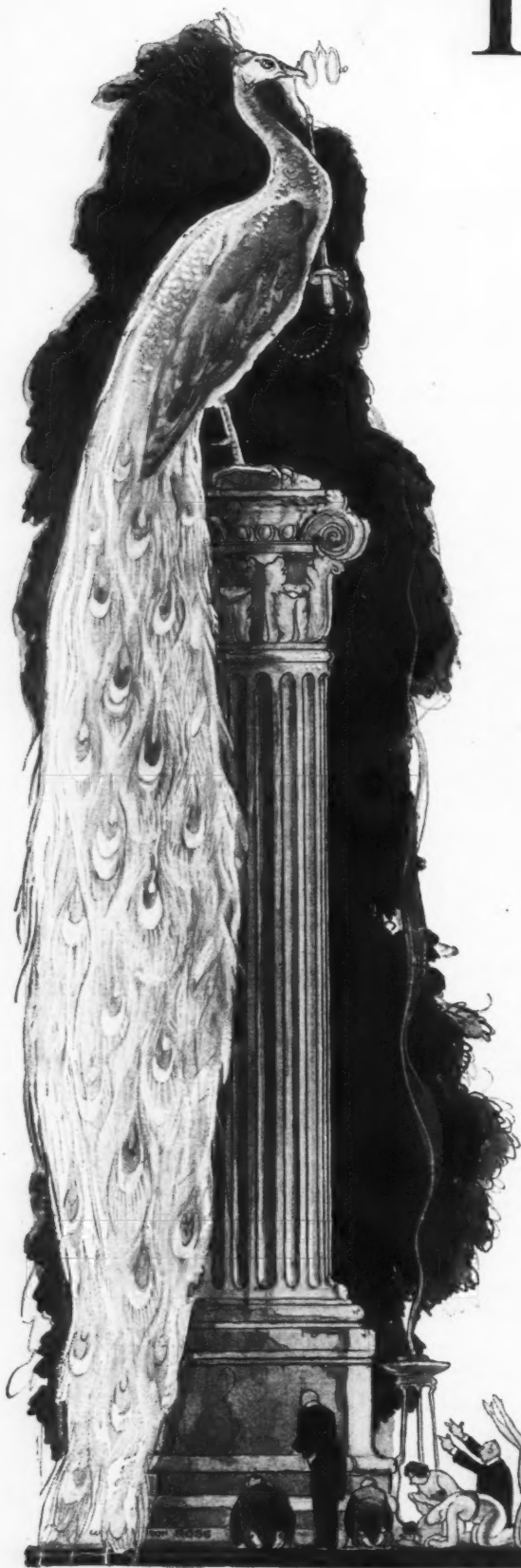
LOVE, I am not as picturesque  
As was the daring Robin Hood;  
I earn my living at a desk,  
And am expected to be good;  
I am no young and handsome sheik,  
No swarthy darling of romance,  
But I'm enraptured when you speak  
And gladdened by your tender glance.

LOVE, I am no young Lochinvar  
Who comes upon a prancing steed;  
I merely buzz up in my car,  
A common thing enough, indeed;  
But men are still as brave, my dear,  
As when proud knights in armor fought;  
You kiss as well as Guinevere  
Could ever have kissed Lancelot.



# Pride

*Illustrations by*



**A**BRAHAM LINCOLN'S favorite poem asked the question, "Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

Echo is still repeating, "Why?"

Mr. Lincoln must have found that a good many of the home folks in Sangamon County, Illinois, were considerably puffed up over their crinolines and Cashmeres and beaver hats and two-seated carriages.

The advent of interior decorating, Parisian gowns, \$15,000 limousines and dogs that cost more than children has not helped, so you could notice it, to humble the descendants.

Pride may continue to go before a fall, but why should it keep so far ahead?

Whatever we think of the English people who drink their tea in London, we should honor and extol them for inventing the word "swank." A word of great merit. It means peacock pride combined with a snuffy assumption of superiority and unconcealed swagger—and no goods on the shelves to back up the display advertising.

The individuals who vaunt themselves and unfurl flags and toot the siren horn are, eight times out of nine, rhinestones.

If you will take notes carefully, from the side lines, you may learn that the resolute man who builds a skyscraper, or he who wrests an important secret from nature, or she who makes her life a benediction to many faltering sisters, never puts on any lugs. Common as an old shoe. Too busy sizing up important objectives to don Hippodrome raiment and show off in front of the neighbors.

But—hie yourself to a resort hotel or a dancing asylum or a momentous first night in the playhouse and watch the preening and parading of the make-believes.

By

# GEORGE ADE

Gordon Ross

The most ill-favored offspring of the unduly rich, who have done nothing to make the world interesting except tease for money, throw themselves into dramatic poses which Napoleon imitated, very feebly, a long time ago. They come as near being Jove-like as their pug noses will permit.

If the snow-white lady giving the dinner party issues her commands in a crisp Queen Elizabeth manner and occasionally sweeps the field of action with her gold peepers to find out if any of the socially unimportant have wandered on to the reservation, you need not call the head waiter and make inquiries.

Just observe her in action for a little while and you will know that she is a great help to her husband.

Then there is the thirty-third degree of aristocratic hauteur achieved by the flapper with thin lips and perfumed cigarettes, whose brain pulsations run about four to the minute, and whose parents sit around dumbly, day after day, wondering how anything so epoch-marking ever happened to wander into their midst.

King Edward was never so freezingly cold in his once-overs as are certain freshmen who gum the hair and drive their own cars. Eminent bankers and even hard-headed railway officials are made to feel lowly and muckerish under the scrutiny.

In any community old enough to have barnacles, you will find that the local pouter pigeon inherited his coin, never heard of the Boy Scout doctrine of putting over one good

deed every day, conceals his assets and howls about high taxes. He is an acute liability to the street in which he lives and yet he is as lofty as Lucifer because his great-grandfather got hooked with a lot of government swamp land.

The big fish swim steady, but the tadpoles make many bubbles in the water.

Check them up as they saunter by, with their noses in the air, and you will find that the only proud mortals are those who haven't one solitary excuse for swanking.

They are manikins and window demonstrators, unable to see any further than a mirror. They are sitting in golden chairs, but they don't know where the chairs came from.

Most of them are the victims of second-hand prosperity. The farm hand who becomes a millionaire never gets rid of his callouses or feels right in pyjamas but the pink-blooded progeny glory in the fact that they cannot distinguish between a cow and a tree.

The domineering ones are not those qualified to gloat over their achievements. The regal and overbearing ones simply bask in the splendor of their own radiant personalities and are so happy in the realization that they are themselves!

How annoying they are to a diffident person hiding in a corner! And how we envy them!



# Where The Lean Wolves Run

Illustrations by  
Robert W. Stewart

PIERRE GOURDON had the love of God in his heart, a man's love for a man's God, and it seemed to him that in this golden sunset of a July afternoon the great Canadian wilderness all about him was whispering softly the truth of his faith and his creed. For Pierre was the son of a runner of the streams and forests, as that son's father had been before him, and love of adventure ran in his blood, and romance, too; so it was only in the wild and silent places that he felt the soul in him attuned to that fellowship with nature which the good teachers at Ste. Anne de Beaupré did not entirely approve.

Nature was Pierre's God, and would ever be until he died. And though he had crept up the holy stair at Ste. Anne's on his knees, and had looked with awe upon mountains of canes and crutches left by those who had come afflicted and doubting and had departed cured and believing, still he was sure that in this sunset of a certain July afternoon he was nearer to the God he desired than at any other time in all his life.

Josette, his wife, slender and tired, her dark head bare in the fading sun, stood wistful and hoping at his side, praying gently that at last their long wanderings up the St. Lawrence and along this wilderness shore of Lake Superior had come to an end, and that they might abide in this new paradise, and never travel again until the end of their days.

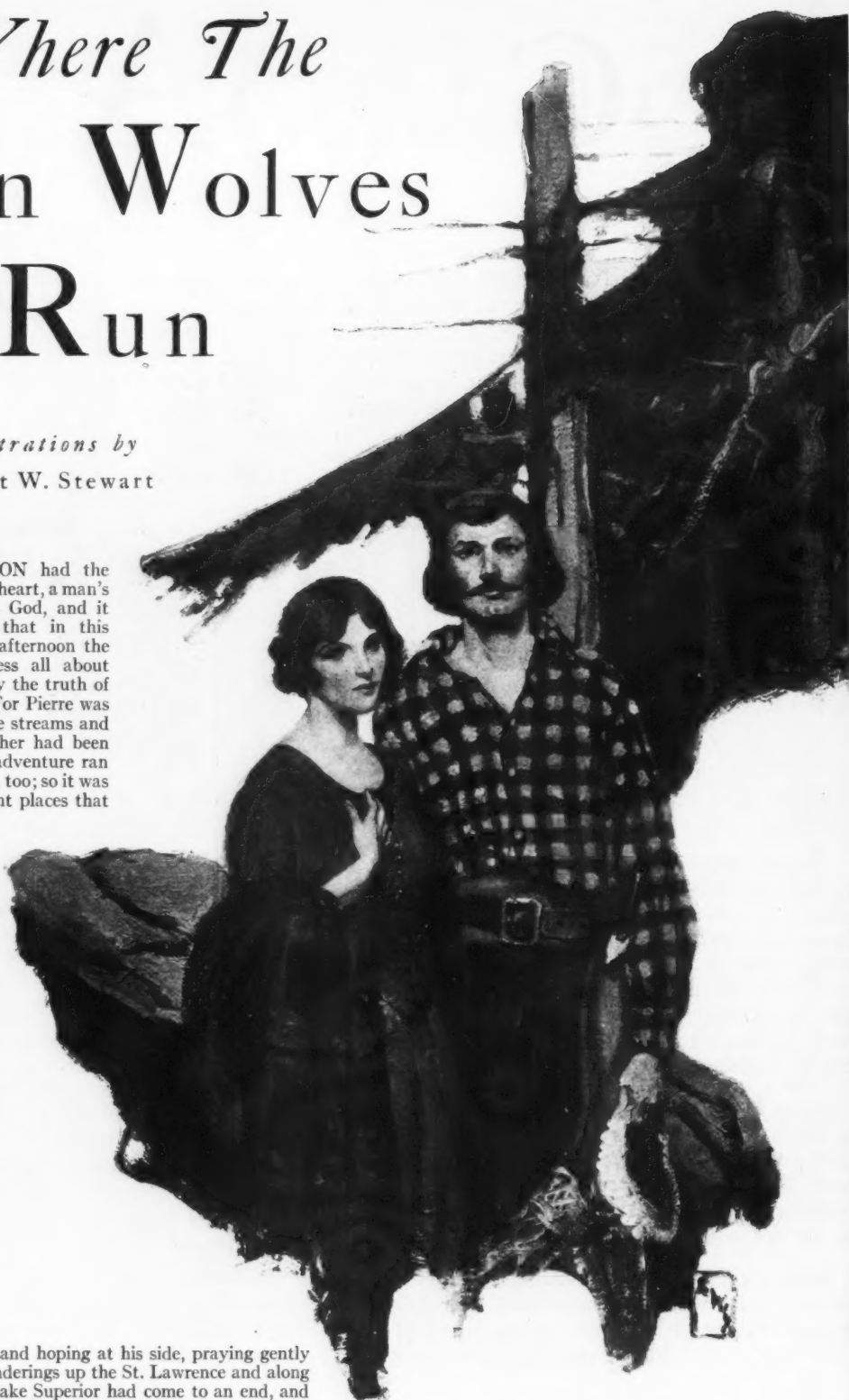
Back of them, where a little stream ran out of the cool forest, a tireless boy quested on hands and knees in the ferns and green grass for wild strawberries, and though the strawberry season was late his mouth was smeared red.

The man said, pointing down, "It makes one almost think the big lake is alive, and a hand is reaching in for him."

"Yes, there are five fingers of water reaching in from the lake," agreed Josette, seating herself wearily upon a big stone, "though it seems to me there should be only four fingers, and one

thumb." And so the place came to be named Five Fingers, and through all the years that have followed since that day has it tenaciously clung to its birthright.

The boy came to his mother, bringing her strawberries to eat; and the man, climbing a scarp of rock, made a megaphone of his hands and hallooed through it until an answering shout came from deep in the spruce and balsams, and a little later Dominique Beauvais came out to the edge of the slope, his whiskered face bright with expectancy, and with him his little wife Marie, panting hard to keep pace with his long legs.






# James Oliver Curwood's

*New Novel—told in a group of stories  
of Love and Adventure in the*

*Lake  
Superior  
Wilderness*



When they were together Pierre Gourdon made a wide and all-embracing sweep with his arms. "This will be a good place to live in," he said. "It is what we have been looking for."

Pierre Gourdon kissed his wife's smooth hair as they went back to the camp they had made two hours earlier in the day, and broke into a wild boat song which his grandfather had taught him on his knee in the wicked days before he had known Josette at Ste. Anne, and Dominique joined in heartily through his whiskers. The women's smiles were sweeter and their eyes brighter, for fatigue seemed to have run from them now that their questing men-folk had given them a promise of home.

That night, after supper, with their green birch camp fire lighting up the blackness of the wilderness, they sat and made plans, and long after nine year old Joe had crawled into his blanket to sleep, and the women's eyes were growing soft with drowsiness, Pierre and Dominique continued to smoke pipefuls of tobacco and to build over and over the homes of their dreams.

Young and happy, and overflowing with the adventurous enthusiasm of the race of *coureurs* from which they had sprung, they saw themselves with the rising of another sun pitched into the heart of realities which they had anticipated for a long time; and when at last Josette fell asleep, her head pillowed close to her boy's, her red lips that had not lost their prettiness through motherhood and wandering were tender with a new peace and contentment. And a little later, while Pierre and Dominique still smoked and painted their futures, the moon rose over the forest tops in a great golden welcome to the pioneers, and the wind came in softly and more coolly from the lake, and at the last, from far away, rose faintly a wilderness note that thrilled them—the cry of wolves.

Dominique listened, and silently emptied the ash from his pipe into the palm of his hand.

"Where wolves run there is plenty of game, and where there is game there is trapping," he said.

And then came a sound which stopped the hearts of both for an instant, a deep and murmuring echo, faint and very far, that broke in a note of strange and vital music upon the night.

"A ship!" whispered Pierre.

"Yes, a ship!" repeated Dominique, half rising to catch the last of the sound.

For this was a night of forty years ago, when on the north shore of Superior the cry of wolves in the forest was commoner than the blast of a ship's whistle.

The pioneers slept. The yellow moon climbed up until it was straight overhead. Shadows in the deep forest moved like

living things. The wolves howled, circled, came nearer, and stopped their cry where the kill was made. Mellow darkness trembled and thrilled with life. Silent-winged creatures came and disappeared like ghosts. Bright eyes watched the sleeping camp of the home seekers. There were whisperings in the tall, dark spruce tops. Caverns of darkness gave out velvety foot-falls of life, and little birds that were silent in the day uttered their notes softly in the moon glow.

A bar of this light lay across Josette's face, softening it and giving to its beauty a touch of something divine. The boy was dreaming. Pierre slept with his head pillowed in the crook of his arm. Dominique's whiskers were turned to the sky, bristling and fierce, as if he had taken this posture to guard against harm the tired little wife who lay at his side.

So the night passed, and dawn came, wakening them with the morning chatter of a multitude of red squirrels in a little corner of the world as yet unspoiled by man.

That first day from which they began to measure their new lives the axes of Pierre and Dominique struck deep into the sweetly scented hearts of the cedar trees out of which they were to build their homes at Five Fingers. But first they looked more carefully into the prospects of their domain.

The forest was back of them, a forest of high ridges and craggy ravines, of hidden meadows and swamps, a picturesque upheaval of wild country which reached for many miles from the Superior shore to the thin strip of settlement lands along the Canadian Pacific. Black and green and purple with its balsams, cedar and spruce, silver and gold with its poplar and birch, splashed red with mountain ash, its climbing billows and dipping hollows were radiantly tinted by midsummer sun—and darkly sullen and mysterious under cloud or storm. Out of these fastnesses, choked with ice and snow in winter, Pierre knew how the floods must come roaring in springtime, and his heart beat exultantly, for he loved the rush of streams, and the music of water among rocks.



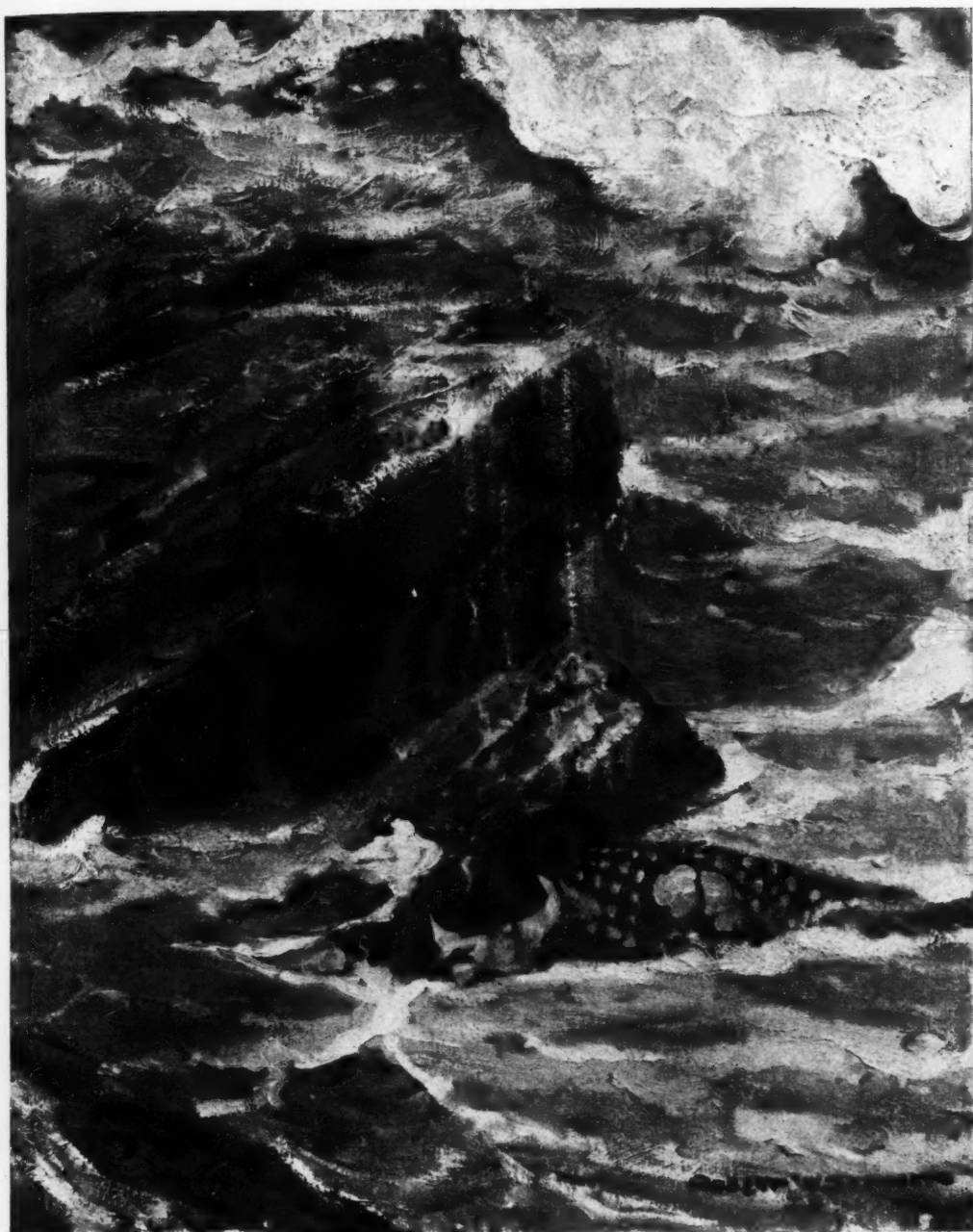
At the tip of the longest of the five inlets which broke like gouging fingers through the rock walls of the lake half a mile away, they decided upon the sites for their cabins. Against those walls they could hear faintly the moaning of surf, never quite still even when there was no whisper of wind. But the long finger of water, narrow and twisted, as if broken at the joint, was a placid pool of green and silver over which the gulls floated, calling out their soft notes in welcome to the home builders, and in its white sand were the prints of many feet, of both birds and beasts, who played and washed themselves there, and came down to drink. Between these two, the open and peaceful serenity of the inlet and the cool, still hiding places of the forest, were the green meadowland and slopes and patches of level plain, a narrow strip of park-like beauty at the upper edge of which, in the very shadow of the forest, Pierre and Dominique struck off their plots and squared their angles, making ready for the logs in which the afternoon saw their axes buried.

The days passed. Each dawn the red squirrel chorus greeted the rising sun; through hours that followed came the ring of steel and the freedom of voice which is born of love and home. Pierre sang, as his grandfather had sung long years ago, and

Dominique bellowed like a baying hound when the chorus came. Women's laughter rose with the singing of the birds. Josette and Marie were girls again, and the boy was forever leading them to newly discovered strawberry patches hidden among the rocks and grass and ferns.

It was a new thing for the wilderness, this invasion of human life, and for a long time it fell away from them, listening, frightened and subdued. But the birds and the red squirrels gave it courage, and softly it returned, curious and shy and friendly. The deer came down to drink again in the dusk, and moose rattled their antlers up the ridge. Popeyed whisky jacks began to eat bannock crumbs close to Josette's hands. Jays came nearer to scream their defiance, like wild Indians, in the tree tops, and thrushes and warblers sang until their throats were ready to burst; and twenty times a day Pierre would pause in his labor and say, "This is going to be a fine place to live in, with the sea at our front door and the woods at our back."

He called Superior "the sea," and twice in the first week they saw far out in its hazy vastness white and shimmering specks which were sailing ships. Log upon log the first of the cabins rose, until the roof was covered, and scarcely was it done when



Pierre knew it meant death to be carried into that deadly place they called the Pit.

Josette and Marie were planting wild morning glories and crimson splashes of roses about it, and were digging in the dark, cool mold of birch and poplar thickets for violet roots; and in the hour before dusk, when the day's work was over and supper was eaten, they would go hand in hand with their men-folk to study and ponder over the fertile patches of earth here and there where next spring they would plant potatoes and carrots and turnips and all the other fine things they had known back in the land of Ste. Anne.

It was August when the two cabins were finished, small in dimensions but snug as dovecotes, and in the eyes of Josette and Marie grew a deeper and more serious look. For they were housewives again, with little to do with, but with a world full of endeavor and anticipation ahead of them. And it worried them to see that the fruits were ripening, red raspberries so thick the bears were turning into hulks of fat, black currants and saskatoons among the rocks, and all over the ridge sides great trees of wild plums and mountain ash berries waiting for the first frosts to make them ready for preserves and jams.

So Dominique, one day, set out to blaze a trail to the nearest settlement, thirty miles away; and thereafter their men-folk

took turns, one and then the other, going with empty pack and returning with sixty pounds of burden, and berries were put into cans and dried and preserved—until Pierre and Dominique began to tease their wives and ask them if they wanted their husbands to turn into bears and sleep on their fat all winter. It was this banter which reminded Josette of candles, and in September they killed two bears and made several hundred.

Breath of winter came in the nights.

Higher grew the great birch piles of firewood which Pierre and Dominique dragged close to the cabin doors, and very soon came the days when the carnival of autumn color was gone and all but the evergreen trees assumed the ragged distress of naked limbs and branches, and winds broke down fiercely over the wilderness, and the moan of the lake beating against its rock walls grew clearer and at times was a muffled and sullen roar half a mile away.

But these changes were not frightening to Pierre and his people. Canadian winter was, after all, the heart of their lives; long months of adventure and thrill, of deep snows and stinging blizzards on the trap lines, of red-hot stoves, and snug evenings



at home telling the tales of the day, and appetites as keen as the winds that howled down from the north.

This season, of all seasons, they would not have changed. It was then the wolf howl took on a new note, and foxes cried out hungrily at the edge of the clearing in the night. The call of the moose floated awesomely through the frost of still evenings, and the bears hunted their dens. One after another songbirds departed, leaving the whisky jacks and the jays behind, and the ravens gathered in flocks, while in the thickets and swamps the big snowshoe rabbits turned from brown to gray and from gray to white. And in November Pierre and Dominique dipped their traps in hot bear grease and prayed for the first snow.

It came in the night, so quietly that none heard the breathless fall of it, and the world was white when little Joe got out of his bed at dawn to look at his rabbit snares in the edge of the timber. That was the beginning of their first winter at Five Fingers. It was a cold, dry winter, and there was never a day that a haunch of venison or moose meat was not hanging behind the cabins. Trapping was good, and the store of pelts grew as the weeks went on, until Pierre and Dominique both swore in the same breath that it was a paradise they had found on this north shore of Superior, and each day they made new promises of what they would buy for Josette and Marie in the spring. The snow piled itself deeper, and the lake froze over. In January it was thirty degrees below zero.

The white world, Josette called it, and at times they all played in it like children. There was Christmas, and then New Year's, and a birthday for Marie, and games and stories at night round the crackling stoves in the cabins. Pierre and Dominique built toboggans, and from the crest of the ridge where they had first looked down upon the Five Fingers they sped in wild races over the open and halfway across the snow-crusted ice of the Middle Finger. And yet when Dominique came in one day and said quite casually that he had heard the chirp of a brush warbler back in the big swamp, Marie gave a little cry of delight and Josette's eyes grew suddenly bright.

It meant spring. A day or two later Pierre said the coats of the snowshoe rabbits were turning rusty, which meant early spring. Then came discovery of the first bear track, the track of a foolish bear who had come out hungrily, like a woodchuck, only to hunt himself a den again when he saw his shadow freezing in the snow. After this there was more sun in the morning and less of the cold of sullen twilight each night, and before even the crust of the snow had begun to thaw Pierre brought in a poplar twig to show how the buds were swelling until they seemed ready to pop.

"I have never seen them fatter," he said. "It means spring isn't far away."

This was the beginning. The snow began to thaw on the sunny sides of the slopes, and after that the change came swiftly. In April a steady and swelling murmur ran through the forests, the music of the gathering waters. Meadows and flats became flooded, little creeks changed suddenly into rushing torrents, lakes and ponds crept up over their sides, and the tiny stream which passed near the cabins, quiet and gentle in summer time, was all at once a riotous and quarrelsome outflow roaring and foaming in its mad rush down to the Middle Finger.

The birds seemed to return in a night and a day—robins perky and glad to get back from the lazy southland, thrushes and catbirds and a dozen kinds of little brown warblers and brush sparrows whose voices were sweetest of all the spring songsters. The earth itself began to breathe with swelling roots and tips of green; the first flowers popped up; the poplar buds exploded into fuzzy leaves, and Pierre and Dominique worked from morning until night clearing the patches they were to plant this year, and spading up the rich, dark soil.

It was about this time Pierre gave voice to a thought which had been growing in his head all winter. He was standing with Josette at the tip of the green ridge from which they had first looked down upon Five Fingers.

"Ste. Anne was never as fine as this, *chérie*," he said.

"No, not even before the woods were cut," agreed Josette.

He took her hand and held it softly in his own, and Josette laid her cheek against his shoulder so that his lips could touch her smooth hair. Pierre always liked it that way.

"I have been having a dream," he said, his voice a little queer because of its secret, and because he knew how its confession would thrill the one at his side, "and I have said nothing about it, but have done much thinking. Would not a little church look pretty down there, just where the tip of the evergreen forest reaches to the Middle Finger?"

"A church!" whispered Josette, her heart giving a swift beat.

"Yes, a church," chuckled Pierre softly. "And over there, in that green bit of meadow—what a place for a home for our old friend Poleon Dufresne, and Sara, and all the children! And there is room for the Clamarts, too, and Jean Croisset and his wife. It is a big land, with plenty of fur and game and good rich soil underfoot, and I have thought it is not right to keep it all to ourselves, *douce amie*."

From the door of her cabin some distance away Marie Beauvais wondered just why it was that Josette threw her arms so suddenly round her husband's neck and kissed him.

It was five years later that Simon McQuarrie and Herman Vogelaar came to Five Fingers. They were a queer but lovable combination. Simon was a Scotchman, tall and spare, with a thin face which seldom broke into a smile and which had the appearance of being made of flint. His companion was a Dutchman, short and round as a dumpling, with a pink, smooth face, light blue eyes and a great habit of puffing when he exerted himself a little, which came, Simon said, from overeating. They had been boys together more than thirty years ago in a little Ontario town, and now they were partners, timber-looking, prospecting and bartering and saving a little money as the years went on. Herman was a widower, and his only daughter, Geertruda, had married Jeremie Poulin back in Quebec, and Jeremie was a cousin of the Clamarts and lived now at Five Fingers. It was Herman's first visit. He had come to see the new baby and had brought Simon along with him.

The instant Simon's shrewd eyes came upon the clearing and the little settlement, with the fingers of water reaching in from the big lake, he began having thoughts which he did not at once announce to Herman.

The years had brought changes to Five Fingers. The single-room cabins which Pierre and Dominique had built were gone, and in their places stood larger buildings of clean-cut and nicely squared logs, with flowers and garden plots around them, and rows of smooth stones painted white. Josette, now almost forty, was still slim and pretty, and Pierre was more than ever her lover, in spite of a great disappointment which he kept shut up in his own heart. He wanted children. His love for them was a passion, but for him stalwart young Joe, now fourteen years old, was the first and the last. Pierre had implicit faith in prayer, and ever since that first summer at Five Fingers he had prayed devoutly that God might send more children.

And God answered, though somewhere there was a slip that puzzled Pierre, for the more he prayed the more children came to Dominique and Marie. First there was a pair of them, Louis and Julie, then three singles as regularly as could be—Aime and Félicie and Dominique—and with each one of them Marie grew plumper and jollier and began questing about in her head for a name to be given the next.

But Pierre was happy, for if they were not entirely his own there were at least children all about him. Poleon and Sara Dufresne had come with three children and had built their cabin a stone's throw away; Jeremie and Geertruda had a baby, and at the edge of the green bit of meadow which he had pointed out to Josette five years ago were the homes of Jean Croisset and Telesphore Clamart, and Aleck Clamart was courting Anne Croisset. With Pierre he was secretly making plans for a home the following year, after one more season of trapping.

And right at the tip of the evergreen forest, where Pierre had promised, was the little log church in which they gathered each Sunday, and to which Father Albanel, a wandering minister of the forests, came once and sometimes twice a month.

As the population had grown, so had the clearing expanded. There were a good dozen acres or more under careful tillage, and in the open were cattle and several horses, and in every wild meadow for miles about a stack of harvested hay in season. There were chickens and geese and a community flock of turkeys, and at all seasons plenty of eggs and milk and cream and sweet butter, and the dug-out cellars were filled to the brim with good things to eat when the first cold blasts of winter came.

Simon McQuarrie made note of all these things. No one would have judged Simon for what he really was, at least not on short acquaintance. In him was a heart so honest he would have cut off a little finger before taking a mean advantage of any other man or woman. But, as Herman put it, he was always looking around to see what he could pick up. Herman furnished the laughter, the jollity, the never-ending good humor and four-fifths of the stomach of the partnership, and Simon was the ferret who smelled out the dollars; so when Simon said one day, "I never knew a better place than this for a little mill, Herman," the proud grandfather of Baby Tobina knew something was in the air.

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Pierre was the son of a runner of the streams and forests, and Nature was Pierre's God.

First of all, with his native shrewdness, Simon took stock of the happiness at Five Fingers. This contentment, the community affection which brought all together like members of one family, was a big asset in the very beginning. The mill itself could be made a sort of family affair, and a boat arranged for twice or three times a year to run up from Duluth or Fort William and carry away the lumber. There was enough fine birch and cedar and spruce right about them to keep going for years, and the mill would bring even greater prosperity than trapping, which was sure to wear out.

At last he talked over the matter with Pierre, and Pierre called in Dominique, and there was a meeting of all the men-folk of the families at which it was agreed nothing could be finer for Five Fingers than a mill. Simon promised the first thing to be made from its lumber should be a schoolhouse, and they would have to see to it the schoolhouse had a teacher, for if Dominique

and Jeremie and Poleon kept up the pace they were going there surely must be teaching at Five Fingers.

So the mill came. There was not much to it, but when on a certain September afternoon a tug and a scow came creeping up the middle inlet every soul in Five Fingers was down to meet them, and every heart was beating with the biggest excitement that had ever come into the lives of Pierre and his people. With the tug came Simon McQuarrie, proud as an admiral in command of a fleet, and with him a Norwegian engineer and his wife, two mill hands, and a sallow-faced, anemic looking young man who was to teach Jeremie Poulin's children and Dominique's kindergarten during the winter for fifteen dollars a month and board.

No one, not even his sweetheart wife, Josette, was permitted to look deeply and completely into the heart of Pierre. As time

passed he saw his beloved forest dragged in, a log at a time, to be cut into pieces by that droning, merciless saw. He watched the life's blood of the timber pile up in great golden heaps of sweet smelling sawdust in which the growing children loved to play, and down on the shore he saw his wilderness garnered in huge piles of boards, waiting for the little black tugs to come in and drag them away. He knew that it was all as it should be, for new prosperity came with the mill, more comforts and happiness for the women and children, and a few more people to Five Fingers. This was progress. Yet an ache was in his heart which he kept to himself, and which would never quite die. For with a passion next to his love for children he loved his forests, and with him every tree was a word of God.

Yet he would not have changed conditions, for he knew it was himself who was wrong. Everything told him that. Even the wild things seemed to love this more intimate companionship with man, for the birds and squirrels were never more numerous. It was Pierre whose word was unwritten law at Five Fingers. One of his laws was that no living thing that was not a pest should ever be harmed near the settlement, and when ice and snow were heavy in the hills and between the ridges, deer came out shyly to eat with the cattle.

Pierre went no more on the trap line but attended to the business of the mill, and Josette pleased him by saying this made her happiness complete. In spare hours one could always find children about him, and in the evenings, when the droning of the mill saw had ceased, there were games and races and fun among the sawdust piles, and never a day passed that the home of Pierre and Josette was not filled with childish laughter and the patter of little feet although the little girl they prayed for never came to bear their name. "But she will," said Pierre, keeping up that undying hope in his heart. "Some day, my Josette, there will come a little girl to be a sister to Joe."

Even Joe, his one child, seemed to be getting further away from him, for as time passed the boy needed no urging to return to the school at Ste. Anne, but was restless and ill at ease when back home, and was excited when the day drew near that would take him from Five Fingers again. He was eighteen when his mother

learned his secret, and she laughed softly, and kissed him, and told Pierre so that he would not worry any more. The girl was none other than Marie Antoinette, the beautiful little daughter of Jacques Thiebout, whom they had known years ago on the St. Lawrence. She was a year younger than Joe, and had told him he must wait until she had finished completely with the school of Ste. Anne de la Perade, for that was her ambition, and her father's, too. Then she would come with him to Five Fingers.

Tears of joy filled Pierre's eyes the night Josette whispered the secret to him, for if the little daughter they both wanted persisted in not coming they would at least have grandsons and granddaughters to make up for it. "And it may be this is the answer to my prayers," Pierre said to himself.

Few changes came to Five Fingers as the years rolled on. The little mill continued to hum and the axes to ring farther and farther back in the forest, and twice or three times in a season the boat came up with supplies and carried away the lumber.

Not a single year did the stork fail to build his nest somewhere about the sawdust piles. Twice he visited Aleck Clamart, who married Anne Croisset; two little Dutchmen he brought to Geertruda Poulin, and there were nine pairs of feet to shoe in the home of Marie and Dominique when young Joe Gourdon brought Marie Antoinette to Five Fingers as his wife.

The mill did not run that day, for it was a day of feasting and rejoicing, and all the world held no prouder monarch than Joe. Marie Antoinette, tall and slim, with her great dark eyes, her glad smile and her outreaching arms of love for the people who had now become her own, was as sweet and beautiful as his mother had been in the days of her youth. And Pierre, in his joy, found in her a rival, for the children gathered round her in dumb worship, and in her pretty arms Marie Antoinette gathered every one, kissing each in turn, even to bashful Louis, the eldest son of Dominique. And when, in their cabin, she flung those same pretty arms around Josette's neck and called her mother, Pierre winked hard and went outside to puff at his pipe, for he felt like a boy who wanted to cry.



Josette's courage left her and she cried wildly upon Pierre to return. Then the woman seemed to look into her eyes—and Josette cried encouragement.



God had been good to him. God had blessed Five Fingers. In the going down of the sun his eyes rested upon a green slope where no plow had touched and no cabin had been built. Religiously that sacred little plot had been held for the time when death might find its way among them. And death had not come. Gratitude welled up in Pierre's heart and choked him—gratitude and pride and faith, for all this was the handiwork of the great and good God he believed in, the God of his forests, the open, the sun and the sky. And the thought came to him that when at last there was a break in the little green slope it was only right that he should be the first to go.

Marie Antoinette, coming to him so quietly he did not hear, put her little hand in his and whispered, "It is beautiful here, my father!"

As long as men remain to tell the story of the Inland Seas the great autumn storm of 1900 will not be forgotten. It has been set down as a matter of history, and a hundred tales could be told of the ships that went down and the men who died in those days when the Five Lakes were like five mighty churns whipping and tossing their waters in maelstroms of destruction.

It was not cold. A part of the time the sun shone brightly, and back in the woods from the Superior shore birds sang, and flowers still bloomed. To Pierre and his people this was of strange and mysterious portent.

On the second day Pierre took Josette and Marie Antoinette down to the tip of the wooded peninsula that lay between the Second and Middle Finger that they might see the lake as they had never seen it before. It was fun for the women. The wind choked them at times, and they had to scream to be heard. Pierre, laughing, told Josette she was as lovely as a girl with her shining hair all about her in a wind-blown tangle and her cheeks as pink and soft as Marie Antoinette's. But he was only half heard, for the seas were roaring among the rocks below them like the steady thunder of countless guns.

When they came out of the last rim of sheltering spruce and looked beyond the black and dripping rampart of rock that held back the raging waters, Josette clung to him in sudden fear, and Marie Antoinette gave a cry that cut like a knife above the wind.

Pierre's heart went dead and still as he stared gray-faced out to sea. There was a twist on his lips where laughter suddenly died.

Out from the shore lay an entanglement of reef and rock, jutting up like great heads of sea monsters in the quiet and calm of summer, a resting place for gulls, and strangely quiet and beautiful at times when the water rippled between them in wide paths of green silver. Through this network of waiting traps ran the channel in which the tug made her way to and from the Middle Finger. But there was no channel today. It was lost in a fury of thundering flood lashing itself into ribbons, and among the rocks, half a mile from where Pierre and his women stood, a ship was beating herself to pieces.

In his first moment of horror Pierre knew they had come just in time to see the end. She was a schooner of possibly three hundred tons, and had plunged broadside upon the long, low reef which Josette herself had named the Dragon because of its jagged teeth of rock. Her tall masts were gone. A mass of wreckage tangled her deck, and Pierre fancied that even above the roar of the surf he could hear the crash of her rending timbers as she rose and fell in mighty sledge hammer blows upon the reef. As he waited, struck dumb with horror, the vessel was raised half out of the sea, and when she fell back her stern split asunder and the foaming water engulfed her until only her bow was held up by the projecting spines of the Dragon.

Marie Antoinette cried out again, and her face was waxlike in its fear and horror, for very clearly in that moment they saw



"He isn't dead," Josette whispered. "He isn't dead."

a moving figure in the bow of the ship. In an instant the figure was inundated and gone.

Life leaped back into Pierre.

"If any live they may sweep into this pit of the Middle Finger," he shouted. "We must help them!"

Then he turned to Marie Antoinette and placed his mouth close to her ear. "Go back," he cried. "Go back and bring help as swiftly as you can!"

Scarcely were the words spoken when Marie Antoinette was gone. Pierre looked at Josette. She was not frightened now. Her face was white and calm and her eyes were pools of steady fire. Her glance met Pierre's, and her lips moved, but he did not hear her words. It was then, looking again toward what little remained of the schooner, that they saw something sweeping in toward them among the nearer reefs. It came swiftly, now almost submerged, then popping up for an instant, and was swept at last upon a rock where the

(Continued on page 159)

# The Most

By



*Bob  
Fitzsimmons  
under his adored  
high hat*

**P**ERHAPS the most interesting man I've known was Bob Fitzsimmons—champion heavyweight pugilist, blacksmith, actor.

He came over here from Australia—though he claimed to be a Cornishman by birth. And while he was in the first heyday of his American fame I chanced to meet him. I don't know even yet why he and I became friends. Assuredly we had nothing in common; except our love of boxing—at which he was an inspired master and I his awkward pupil—and our mutual interest in hearing Bob Fitzsimmons talk.

His talk was worth listening to. For his was the most weirdly unfettered imagination in all my experience. Whether he was telling how he taught his pet lion to be an accomplished Queensberry boxer and bag-puncher, or whether he regaled me with the "inside story" of some quite impossible fight, it was a morbid joy to hear him. I am certain he believed his own stories implicitly. At any rate, he believed them far more implicitly than I did.

Here is one of the most vivid mind-photos of him that I carry:

Down the aisle he came, toward the ring, his handlers stringing along in his wake. He wore a dirty bathrobe. He walked with his body wagging forward from the waist. His hands hung loose—the biggest, hairiest, freckledest hands in the world. His bald head, with its fringe of carrot hair, shone under the flame of lights. His face was atrociously homely, with a hint of the monkey about it. His huge china-blue eyes bulged unwinkingly.

He scrambled up through the ropes and into the ring, with all the serpentine grace of a wagonload of bean poles.

When he wiggled out of the bathrobe, strangers felt a twinge of pity for him. He looked so old and lanky and so utterly unfit to cope with Tom Sharkey, the husky giant who scowled at him from the ring's opposite corner. His legs and thighs were those of a wizened man of sixty. His chest and arms gave little greater sign of prowess. He was stooped and indescribably gawky.

During the few moments before the fight an irreverent man in a ringside box said:

"Providence will never get two such monumental liars into close quarters again. A massé shot would land them both."

The blatant words were hardly out when a smash of thunder rocked the whole barnlike building; and a swirl of lightning shamed the arc-lights. A summer thunderstorm was blazing and roaring outside the old Coney Island Athletic Club that August night. So there was nothing miraculous in this seeming answer to the man's profane suggestion. Nothing to make him go green-white—which he did.

The fight began. Bob Fitzsimmons at the end of the first

round lay sprawl on the canvas; with the referee counting as far as seven, when the gong rang. Up to the scratch, for the second round, came Fitz. He was reeling and aslump. His gorilla-long arms hung helplessly. Tom Sharkey rushed in to finish him. It was well-nigh

impossible to mark the suddenness wherewith the seemingly beaten old man steadied himself and struck. Nor could I ever see from what mysterious part of Bob's lank anatomy his thunderbolt blows got their force.

Down went Sharkey with a crash. To his feet he staggered three seconds later; only to meet another jaw-cruncher from Fitz. The fight was over. Nor did Sharkey come to his senses for many a minute thereafter.

For the hundredth time the craftiest wile and a genius for acting and a consummate generalship had carried Fitz to easy victory.

Earlier, he fought Jim Jeffries. Borne down by his logy foe's youth and weight and bearlike bulk, Fitz lost the fight and the championship. I asked Bob next day how it had happened.

"He licked me, that's all," grunted Fitz. "I gave out all at once. Got dizzy and sick."

"Could you have been doped?" I inquired, to soothe him.

"Not a chance!" he scoffed.



*And Bob with  
his rehearsed  
"fighting face"*

# Interesting People I've Known

Albert Payson Terhune

Then, a queer light coming into those pallid eyes of his, he added: "Not a bad notion, at that."

Two days later he came out with a long signed statement in the papers—he could sign his name with almost no difficulty at all—to the effect that he had been drugged by doped mineral water in the early rounds of his battle with Jeffries, and that he could prove it. Next time I saw him he confided to me all the fearsome details of the drug plot; and he was furious when I reminded him where he had gotten the idea.

There were three things Bob loved. One was his silk hat. Another his wife, Rose Julian. The third his world championship. He lost all three. The hat and the championship were never replaced. He had two wives, in fast succession, after he lost Rose; just as he had had one or two before he married her. (All his wives were bound to him by lawful wedlock. His morals were Puritanic.) But the high hat, like the championship, was a permanent loss.

Here is the tale of the hat's demise: Fitz strolled into the Evening World office one afternoon and over to the desk of the little sporting editor. The editor's new derby was on the desk. Fitz knocked it playfully to the floor and went through an elaborate pretense of stamping on it. The editor—barely half Fitz's size—snatched the shining high hat from the fighter's bald head, dropped it to the ground and drove his heel through it. All honor to Lanky Bob! He could have killed his headgear's desecrator with one punch. Instead, he picked up the murdered hat and slouched mournfully out.

That was Fitz's way. Insanely fond of playing practical jokes, he took their reprisals with a queer meekness. Once, after a performance of his "Honest Blacksmith" play, I brought some friends to the deserted stage and asked him to forge souvenir horseshoes for them. Presently he turned from the forge and called to me: "I've made this first one for you. Catch!"

As he spoke, he tossed a horseshoe gently toward me. Some rare good luck enabled me to see he was holding the shoe by a pair of pincers, not with his fingers. I yanked back my outstretched hand and let the seemingly harmless horseshoe fall to the stage boards. It burned a neat crescent mark in them.

I took advantage of his momentary absence a little later to stick the steel handle of the pincers in the forge fire and afterward to shift it out of the coals with another bit of steel. Unaware, he picked up the pincers; and was burned most blisteringly in

the palm. I was on guard against a bull rush by way of punishment. All he did was to nod and say cheerily: "Score one!"

In the same sterling melodrama one of Fitz's spectacular exploits was to hurl the bulky villain out of an upper window into space; to a back-stage accompaniment of crashing glass, etc. The villain, of course, landed on a back-stage feather bed. One night, Fitz secretly removed the feather bed. In its place he heaped a little mountain of broken glass and chair legs and scrap iron. Out through the window he flung the villain.

The luckless actor fell hard, upon the wreckage. Thence, he was carried to a hospital, where he stayed for some days. Fitz paid all bills, ordered a private room for the invalid, and sent him six weeks' salary in addition to his regular pay.

Fitz's wife—I'm speaking of Rose Julian, a statue-like blonde with a rare sweetness and strength—fell ill, at Bob's Bensonhurst home. She was dying from pneumonia. The doctor said oxygen might save her; and he telephoned a Brooklyn hospital, five miles distant, for a tank of it. Bob, crazed by grief, could not wait. He ran five miles through deep snow to the hospital and staggered back with the heavy oxygen tank—to find Rose dead.

His heart was broken. He girt his hat in a five-inch crape band—but continued to wear with it his sky-blue suit—and he came to my desk almost every day to weep like a scared child and to tell me "his life was smashed forever."

Then for a week he disappeared. He came back, still wearing the crape-banded hat and the vivid blue suit.

"I'm married, Terry!" he announced with pride. "I thought my heart was dead, like the feller says. But it wasn't. I went to

visit some folks; and she was there. She sang the heart out of me. That's what they call fate, in the theater. Besides, poor Rose has been dead pretty near two months now."

If one may believe the later awesome tales of marital misery that he used to babble to me, "poor Rose" was amply avenged for the briefness of her spouse's mourning.

"Whenever you write pieces about me," he begged, the last time I saw him, "be sure you call me 'the Grand Old Man of the Prize Ring.' That's my title now. That's how I want hist'ry to remember me."

He wasn't old; except by prize ring standards. Perhaps he was not even grand. But he was a *Man*. Let the title stand.



FROM THE DAVIS COLLECTION

*Rose Julian and her brother Martin. They were famed acrobats. Rose married Bob Fitzsimmons; and Martin became his brother-in-law's wise manager.*



By Irvin S. Cobb

*A Story by—and about—  
a Shrewd Judge of  
Men*

AROUND the Star shop there was a saying that Crisp never read anything. By that, those who said it meant that he never read anything excepting the newspapers. In a way they were right, and then again in a way they were wrong. Certainly he did read the papers, especially his own paper. The Star was his Testament; he looked upon the rest of them as an authority on Scriptural interpretation looks upon the lesser Bible commentaries. He had been heard to say that in a good live daily he could find all the things some folks found in a whole Five Foot Shelf—drama, tragedy, comedy, pathos, intrigue, romance, high passions and low ones, science, history, and the fact stories that were better and more vivid than any the tribe of fictionists could hope to conjure up out of their fancies.

These may not have been his exact words; I merely am summing up the sense of what he meant and what he said. He confessed he looked inside a book or a magazine only when somebody told him that in it he might dig up material for news—where, for example, real individuals of real consequence had been pictured or parodied. He had no time, he said, for floundering through the labored efforts of tale writers when every hour nearly he saw better stuff dished up fresh in the dailies.

He failed to mention it, but he did read some other things. He read theater programs and advertisements on the billboards and in the street cars, and, most of all, he read people. He read a human being as some persons do a long book. He glanced, so to speak, through the introductory pages of a stranger's

surface personality, and then he turned to the last chapter to see how it all turned out. He did this swiftly, and when it was done he had in his mind an estimate of the subject's motives and emotions. Some great physicians are like that, and a few judges on the bench.

Crisp, though, was not content to stop here. For whatsoever he read, whether in a paper or in the face or the manner or the actions of a man met casually, that thing he did not forget. He stored it away in the most excellent card index of his brain as an item to be drawn against for possible future reference. The force in the city room were given to recalling instances of the working value of Crisp's memory system.

"Speaking of the Tate Torture Trio," he said one day, "I've got a notion."

The others present smiled to themselves. He would speak that way—in headlines. By preference he generally did; or perhaps it was by habit. I believe I somewhere have stated that to Crisp a small child almost invariably was a Tiny Tot, just as an official investigation always was a Probe; every suicide agreement was Death Pact; any general search was Dragnet.



# The A Good





Illustrations by  
Denman Fink

# Value of NAME

He didn't see that they were smiling. He went on:

"Yes, boys, I've got an idea about this Band of Mysterious Masked Thugs. If I were running the police department and wanted to find the head devil of the three of them that tied up old Mother Tate and toasted her with burning matches, I'd begin by Throwing Dragnets Out for some crook that had just finished a good long term in State's prison somewhere—for choice, a crook that had done his first sentence and hadn't been out more than a few weeks or a few months."

"What's set you off on that slant, Chief?" asked Flynn, top hand on the copy desk.

"Why, don't you remember that after they'd made her give up and were getting ready to beat it, the leader of the bunch let her mocking bird out of the cage? You ought to if you don't; we've printed it often enough; how the last thing the old lady remembered before she fainted away was the tall man stopping to open the cage door and then opening the window so the bird could fly away if it had a mind to. Well, now, under those circumstances who would be so apt to do such a curious trick as some sentimental ex-convict who'd been in the coop himself

for the past few years and therefore just naturally hated the idea of seeing any living thing locked up?"

"But say, Chief, looky here," put in someone else. "Would you expect to find any sentiment in the make-up of a brute who'd burn the finger tips of a sickly old woman to make her tell where her jewelry was hidden?"

Crisp aimed a cool gray eye at the man who asked the question. "Huh!" he said. "I judge you're one of those who confuse sentimentality with humanity. It's a mistake; as a rule, they're no kin. You don't even have to have sympathy in order to be sentimental. Who's the fellow in the top gallery at the tent-twenty-third that cries the loudest over the wrongs of the mistreated heroine? Why, it's the same fellow that, when the show's over, wipes his eyes and goes home to muss up his poor old gray-haired mother with a chair leg. You ought to patronize one of the melodrama houses once in a while. I do, regularly. It's a great place to study types and things."

"Boss," asked young Hurley, who was new to the staff, "do you mind my carrying this idea of yours to a friend of mine up in the Detective Bureau who's working on the Tate case?"

"Help yourself, son," said Crisp dryly; "only, remember this: The average Central Office bull hasn't got any place to put an idea after you give it to him. And anyway, if you're hoping to get the theory to your friend before he reads it in print you'll have to hurry. Because I just worked it up into a new lead for the Tate story in the Wall Street edition, which'll be out in about twenty minutes from now."

Young Hurley never forgot this. One reason why he never forgot it was because when the police nabbed Bullets Steiner, and Steiner confessed, his explanation of his act in freeing the miser's mocking bird agreed substantially with Crisp's deductions. And another reason was that it ran in his mind coupled

with a second instance of Crisp's faculty for buttoning his private beliefs to the recollection of a thing read or seen or observed.

Often after Hurley had quit the newspaper game—by request—to study law, he would summon up the reminiscence of this later occurrence. He liked to do it, perhaps for the reason that in this affair he himself had played a minor part. He liked to visualize the time and the setting and all. Across the intervening gap of time he could reconstruct the picture of the cluttered city room, with Crisp hunched at his desk seemingly doing nothing at all, but carrying in his head the news schedule of the day with its scores of loose ends and its dozens of shifting, jibing angles; the battery of the rewrite men over there, humped above their typewriters; the copy desk just here; the telephones yonder; the copy kids scuffling and skylarking on the sly in their corner; and he, young Hurley, coming in all puffed out with the optimism of a green hand and saying:

"Boss, I think I've got a line on what might turn out to be a pretty good human interest yarn. It's not exactly news, so I thought I'd tell you about it first, and if you didn't care for it maybe I could get space for a special in the Sunday magazine section."

"Go ahead," Crisp bade him. "If it's any good I'll run it. And if it's not any good we'll let those boobs across the hall have a whack at it—nobody over there knows the difference between a real news story and an imitation one, anyhow. If they did they wouldn't be working on the Sunday."

"Well, sir," said the youngster, "it's like this: My married sister's got a fool cat that she's very fond of—one of these long-haired Persian things. She's away on a visit, and while she's gone it's being boarded at a little bird and animal store that an old German runs over here on lower Sixth Avenue. Before she left she made me promise that about once in so often I'd drop in there and find out how Omar Khayyám—that's the fool cat's fool name—was getting along."

"Well, I went by there late yesterday afternoon to see about him, but I had to stand around a bit because the proprietor was busy listening to a well dressed, motherly looking old lady at the back of the store. Without stopping once, she must have talked to him fully ten minutes. She wound up by picking out two parakeets and he put 'em in a little wooden coop and carried them out and put 'em in her carriage—it was one of those old-fashioned open carriages with a coachman in livery—and she drove away."

"Then he came back to where I was waiting and he asked me in his broken English if I'd noticed the lady that'd just left. I said I couldn't very well help noticing her, seeing that she'd kept me waiting nearly a quarter of an hour. Then he went on and told me something about her. I won't try to imitate his pronunciation but here's about what he said:

"That is a very fine lady, and rich, what lives away uptown at the upper end of Riverside Drive in a private house. She lives all alone because all her folks are dead, and so she's crazy about pets. But she has such rotten luck with her pets—they all die on her. It makes business better for me; she's the best customer I've got, but all the same I feel sorry for her. Every week or so she comes in here and for cash she buys something out of my stock—maybe a cockatoo, maybe a Maltese kitten, maybe a pair of love birds or canaries, maybe a puppy dog or one of them marmosets like what you see yonder in that cage."

"Always they are in good condition; I positively absolutely wouldn't let nothing leave here unless it's healthy. But inside of one week or two weeks—never more than three weeks—she is back here some more and she tells me how again they have died on her. Never does she ask for her money back; she picks out something else for a pet and goes away and then pretty soon it is the same story all over again. More times than many, I have asked her why when they'd start ailing don't she bring 'em to me right away so maybe I could doctor 'em up and make 'em well. But always she says to me it is no use—they die on her too quick for that."

"Then she stands here with a funny look on her face and her eyes shining in a way what I could not describe to you, and for maybe twenty minutes she tells me how the poor little thing quivers with the pain and how finally it stretches out and the shivers quit running through it and it is dead. And then she tells me how she buries it with all the rest in her back yard and now she has come to me again for another pet."

"That's what he said, Boss, and some way the little yarn made quite an impression on me. So I was thinking perhaps we could make something out of it—one of those Nemesis yarns, you know—rich widow seeking solace for her loneliness in the

companionship of animal friends, but a curse killing them off as fast as she brings them under her roof—that sort of thing, I mean to say. But if you don't want it I'll try to peddle it to—"

"Don't try," said Crisp, "don't try, son. You've brought your goods to the right shop." There was a sort of soft eagerness in his tone.

"Then you think there might be a story in it?" Reporter Hurley asked, gratified.

After ten years or more, Attorney-at-Law Hurley could still recall how Crisp's eyelids had puckered and how Crisp's voice had sunk almost to a caressing purr as he had said:

"Son, I think there's a story in it. I think it's barely possible that before we get through with it there's going to be one whale of a story in it. Give me that old woman's name and address."

One whale of a story it was. Readers of the daily press whose memories revert readily to the early nineteen hundreds concur in this statement; here, there is no need to remind them of the Grebnoide poison case. They'll recall it without having to be reminded—the revealed life of the venerable and generally beloved Mrs. Martha Grebnoide, she a wealthy widow active in church work and charity, renowned in her neighborhood for good deeds, who with arsenic by slow degrees killed a husband, a sister-in-law, three cousins, a butler, two maidservants and a cook, to list only the established victims and not sundry others who merely were believed to have been victims; who plied this hideous secret calling for fifteen years and when she ran low on human material for her passion, turned to dumb brutes so that she filled a backyard with the graves of murdered creatures in an array that ran the way down from a Shetland pony to Java sparrows; who went through all those years unsuspected and undetected, and might never have been suspected excepting that a garrulous shopkeeper talked to a striping reporter who had called to inquire regarding the health and well-being of his sister's cat.

From the newspaper standpoint the story was incomplete in but one aspect. Gentle-eyed, soft-voiced old Mrs. Grebnoide did not live to be tried. To be sure, it almost was inevitable she would have been adjudged a maniac; still, the trial would have offered a daily succession of sweet dishes for the papers; the prospect was rich and fruity.

But this delectable apogee was denied. On the day before her case was to be called, a Tombs keeper found her dead on her cot in her cell; it was said she wore on her face the look of a saint asleep. Heart disease had carried her off peacefully and doubtlessly without pain, in the nighttime.

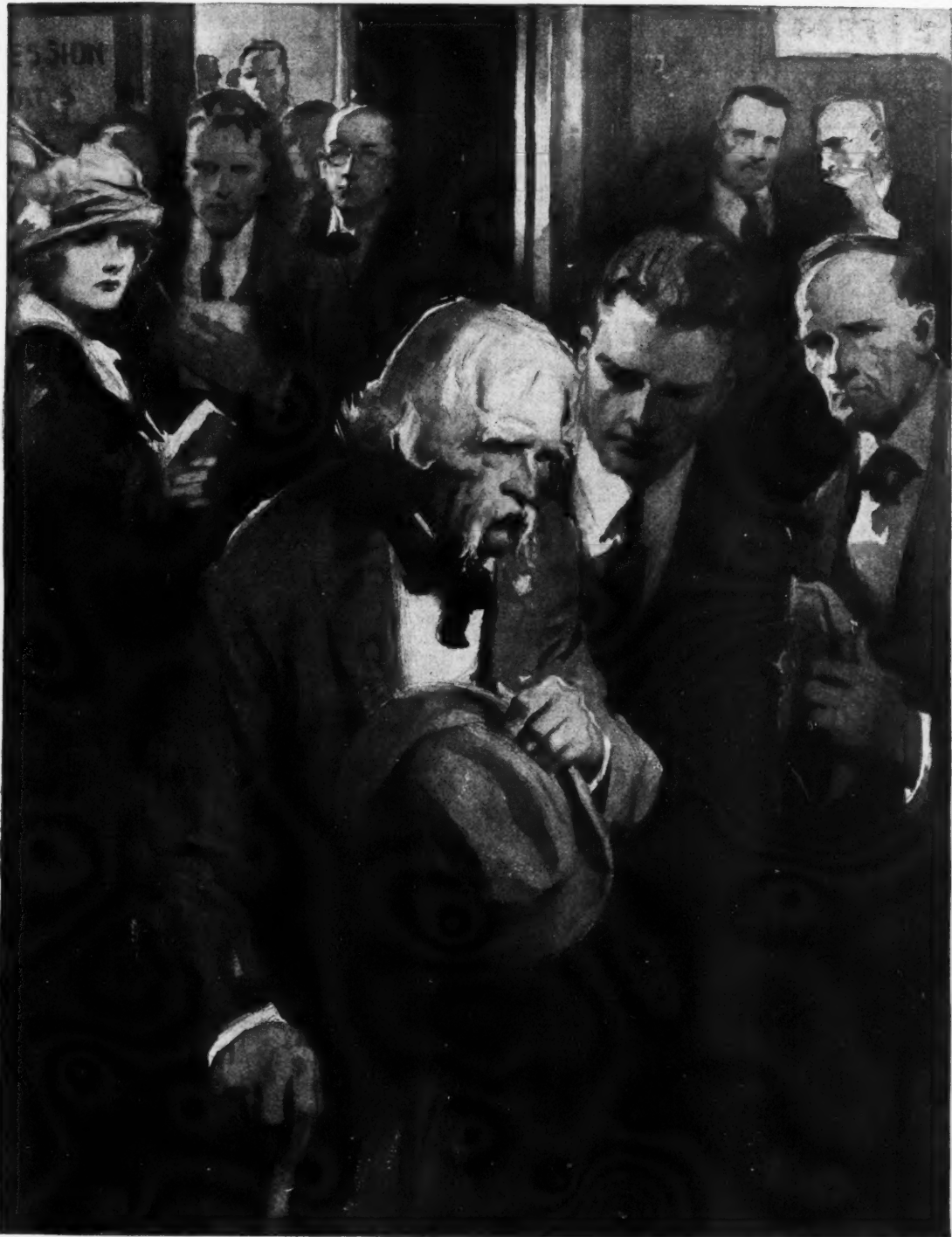
Even so, the Star had no just reason for complaint at this outcome. Once the story broke, it had shared with rival sheets the fat harvest of day by day developments, but to the Star, as the yield of months of secret, careful investigation, had appertained the glory of the first startling disclosure—a double page spread with pictures and all, and all of it, every line, exclusive.

One afternoon, a decade or more after the fact, Attorney-at-Law Hurley sat in his office and told his secretary all about this bygone epic beat.

"Yes, Miss Hickman," he said at the finish of his narrative, "that's the way the whole thing started. Old Ben Alibi, as we called him behind his back, got his tip that morning from what I in my innocence told him about my visit to that little bird and animal shop. You might have thought, as I did at first, that he was an expert in the psychology of professional poisoners. But that wasn't the case at all. I found out later that what he had to go by was his remembrance of a Sunday special he'd read I don't know how long before."

"Some space-grabber had taken for a text that famous old Torrington mystery—a trained nurse up in Connecticut who killed fourteen people before they caught on to her—and had turned out a page yarn telling how most of the great toxicologists of history—the Borgias and de Medicis and that Frenchman, whatever his name was—were supposed to have taken a degenerate joy in watching the death agonies of the people they'd poisoned and even of the animals that they tested their devilish concoctions on. So far as I could learn, that practically was all he ever had read on the subject. But the thing was that he didn't forget a single detail of it, and when the right time came—when I went to him with my scheme for a human interest yarn—there he was, set and ready to apply his knowledge."

"He used to say he never read anything except the newspapers. He wasn't ashamed of it, either—he actually boasted of it. I guess he still does. Well, I don't blame him—he can read more in a paper and out of it and between its lines than anybody I ever saw."



The old man broke silence to a swarm of reporters and begged them to deal gently with his erring child.

"I imagine you're wondering why I've been telling you all this stuff about my old boss," went on Hurley. "Well, I've got an idea; the thought came to me just a little while ago when I was going over these papers for about the hundredth time. I'm going to take this case we're working on now to Crisp and ask him privately and in confidence for his help."

"He never was a lawyer, was he?" asked Miss Hickman.

"No, but he's about the best rough and ready psychologist I ever saw or ever expect to see. In an issue involving obscure or hidden mental operations I'd rather have old Ben Alibi's opinions than the paid services of these so called experts that draw down big retainers for testifying in insanity trials up at the Criminal Courts. He'd take a short cut while a paid alienist

would be rambling all over the lot. And at an offhand analysis of human nature I've yet to see his beat.

"Let's see, now—it must be all of four or five years since the last time I ran into him, and then 'twas only for a minute. He sticks pretty closely to his job. The Star is his family and his religion too—all the religion he's got, I expect. Still, I guess he hasn't changed much since the day when he was chasing me out on measly little assignments. Besides, he did me a big favor once, although at the time I didn't realize it—he canned me bodily. I thought I was cut out to be a newspaper man, but he knew better and fired me. So now I'm going to ask him to do me another favor—I'm going to ask him what he'd do and how he'd go about doing it if he were handling the defense of Ina Fey.



"I'll put my cards right down on the table—tell him this is my first big criminal case and my first really big chance since I began practicing; and I'll tell him how I'm fighting a lone fight against odds to save this poor little scared kid from being convicted. He's supposed to have no heart. There used to be a staff superstition when I worked on the Star that he carried a chunk of ice where his heart ought to be. But I think I know how to appeal to his vanity—he's got his share of that commodity—and if I do succeed in flattering him it's possible he might come across with a line of suggestions that'll help us out of the fix we're in right now. Anyway, it can't do any harm, and I'm desperate . . . Please get the Star's city room on the wire, Miss Hickman—I suppose the number's still John four four hundred—and say Mr. Hurley would like to speak with Mr. Crisp on an important matter."

Hurley was as good as his word. That same evening, the appointment having been made, he did put all his cards on the table for Crisp to see. It took no great length of time for him to do this; he led, as the bridge sharps say, from weakness.

To begin with, there was his client. For client he had the girl Ina Fey, lately of the chorus. Describing her called for no great range of words. She was bewildered and she was frightened, with good reasons for being both; she was of a picayune personality with no particular graces, either mental or physical. She had the mind of a rather sophisticated city sparrow; the morals of the same, also. Such surface prettiness as she had was of a pinchbeck sort, a sort of German silver overlay. On her side she had youth—she was only twenty-two, by her telling—and ignorance, but not much else of her own to fight in her behalf.

She did have one distinction to her credit: she was of the musical show persuasion but she had not been in the original Floradora company. Otherwise, she was terribly commonplace. It was only the eminence of her present perilous place that temporarily glamoured her. She was on trial for the murder of one Roger Foley, ex-pugilist of a dubious repute, and in a fair way, it seemed, to be found guilty, if not of murder at least of manslaughter in one of its higher degrees.

For her lawyers she had had two men; now she had one. Her senior lawyer—her counsel of record, as the courthouse jargon puts it—was incapacitated from further service in her behalf. To put it brutally, he was at the end of a periodical debauch and in the beginnings of an attack of delirium tremens. His disablement had thrown the entire burden of the defense on the associate counsel, who was Hurley.

But Hurley, as a trial lawyer, almost was unknown; admittedly was inexperienced. He was blessed, though, in not having that gross conceit in his own powers which so often walks with juniorship when it is mated to ambition. He had the wit to

appreciate his weight of handicap in the responsibility which had been shoved upon him.

"Son," said Crisp, when Hurley had brought his tale this far, "it looks to me as though you didn't have so very many trumps in your hand. I guess you'll have to play your side cards, son."

"For instance, what?" asked Hurley.

"Well, that depends," answered Crisp. "First let me see if I've got the situation straight in my mind. Of course I've followed the story in the papers—I'd be a poor excuse for a city editor if I didn't—but you should know the inside story better than any reporter covering the assignment would. The evidence against this girl is purely circumstantial—that's conceded, isn't it?"

"Substantially it's circumstantial," said Hurley. "That is to say, there were no eye-witnesses to the actual shooting; the two of them were alone in the room together when it happened. But the State can prove they had been quarreling; in fact, the State did prove it by two witnesses, day before yesterday. The defense can't get away from that. And we can't get away from the fact that Foley was shot with the girl's gun. She bought it and she took it there with her—both strong points against her. And it won't do us much good, either, to deny that she'd been heard to make threats.

There's evidence of that, too. It's by these things largely that the other side hopes to show premeditation.

"When she takes the stand, she'll swear that she only carried the gun with her the day she went to meet him and talk things over, because she was afraid of him. She'll testify that his jealousy flamed up all over again and he started to attack her, or at least she was afraid he meant to attack her—he'd beaten her up before, as we can show; so to frighten him off she drew the gun; then he tried to take it away from her and in the struggle it went off and killed him. Her story will

be that the pistol was actually in his hand when the shot was fired—"

"I understand," said Crisp; "that'll be her story to the jury. For her sake and yours let's hope that also will be her story under cross-examination. But how about her private story to you, eh? Wait, you needn't answer," he added quickly, seeing that Hurley hesitated. "I don't want to infringe on the professional relation between client and counsel that you fellows talk about so much. I'll put it another way: I assume you believe in her innocence—that's better, isn't it?"

"Yes, I do," said Hurley stoutly. "I'll concede there're some weak places in her story, but honestly, Mr. Crisp, I don't believe



"Wuxtry, wuxtry, wuxtre-e-e!  
Ina Fey's ole mudder dyin' w'ile  
jury ballits on daughter's fate!"

she had any murderous intent. Anyway, that brute of a Foley deserved killing."

Crisp smiled a cynical little smile. "We all have our codes, don't we?" he said. "It's a lawyer's business to try to accept what his client tells him as the truth; it's a newspaper man's business to try to figure where the fellow he's smoking out has been lying to him. In our line we aren't disappointed very often, either."

"But Mr. Crisp," expostulated Hurley, "I don't see how you can consent to help me in this affair unless you see the thing in the same light that I see it. With you feeling that way, I don't see how I can accept your aid. The ethics—"

"Ethics be blown!" said Crisp almost jeeringly. "You must be green at your own game, son. Ethics are things for the criminal lawyer to spout about when he mounts the hobbyhorse of high morality and rides out on the stage with his grease paint on. But behind the scenes he can take off the make-up and be natural and admit that his real job is to clear the person whose money he's taken, regardless of everything else. If he does that he's a good lawyer, and if he doesn't he's probably a bad one. Let's quit beating about the bush and come down to brass tacks. You say old Jaycox is in such shape that he won't be able to come back into the case at all?"

"Shot all to pieces," said Hurley. "He's one of those alcoholics who can be full of whisky and yet look all right. He'll go along wagging a straight tongue in his head and there'll be no staggering. And then all of a sudden the collapse comes and he's out of commission for a month. He fooled me; I'd been sitting right alongside him for a week, too. I knew, of course, he was drinking hard, but what I didn't suspect was that he was living on his nerves and his powers of endurance. And then, bang!—yesterday morning in his office while I was there—he went out of his head and began seeing things. I got him smuggled uptown to his favorite sanitarium, where he does his sobering up, and gave out a statement to the papers that he'd been taken suddenly ill. And in court, as you know, I said the same thing and the Judge gave me a continuance until tomorrow."

"But by tomorrow I've got to be ready to do one of two things: One way, I've got to plead that so far I've only been a dummy, which is more or less the truth, and own up that with Jaycox out of the defense I can't go on with it alone and ask the court to discharge the jury and order a new trial, which will put me in a lamentable light, not to mention the effects on that girl. She's been under a terrible strain already for months past, and if she has to go through all this again I don't know what'll happen to her. She's practically out of funds, too. My fee from her will hardly pay my street car fares for a month. Or else I've got to go on with the case, putting up a single-handed fight against one of the best district attorneys this county ever had—a master at every courthouse trick there is."

"You know Jim Sikes, Chief? He's out to win the governorship nomination on the strength of his showing in this case. That's why he's prosecuting this girl himself instead of turning the job over to one of his assistants. He's crazy to get a conviction. Well, I've figured it all out, and as I told you I've just about decided to stand pat. There's no certainty that at this stage the judge would consent to declare a mistrial, anyhow. I guess I'll just have to go ahead and do the best I can for the poor kid. What would you say?"

"I'd say this: Go ahead. But don't do your best. Do your worst."

"But say now, Chief—say"—young Hurley's jaw had dropped—"that's pretty rough on me, isn't it?"

"I mean it," said Crisp. "You've asked for my advice; I'm giving it to you: Do your very worst. Or at least let it appear that that's what you're doing. Wait a bit," he said, seeing the younger man was about to interrupt him. "You seem to think this emergency has put you in a hole. The way I look at it, it's set you on the high ground; it's really given you your opening. Now the thing begins to develop into a first rate sporting proposition."

"Look here: Here's your client, alone, friendless, trapped, cornered, badgered, scared—no money, no influence, no position, just a poor, forlorn, scared, desperate little sidewalk drab—a Country Moth, its Wings Scorched by the Bright Lights of the Great White Way. No, not 'scorched'—'seared' or 'sing'd' would be better. Say, that's a corking good line for a subhead, isn't it? I'll have to remember to have 'em use it . . ."

"Well anyhow, there she is, strictly up against it. If she's never done any acting before in her life, you tell her she's got to act from now on—that she's got to be the perfect picture of a cowed, broken, shrinking, shriveled thing. And here you'll be—you, comparatively a novice, appearing awkward at cross-examination, seeming to be utterly unqualified to cope with an old tactician such as Bloodhound Jimmy Sikes is. That's the rôle for you to play—clumsy, blundering, floundering about, overlooking your advantages, muffing your opportunities, practically confessing by all you do and all you say that you are outwitted and outgeneraled."

"But Mr. Crisp," protested Hurley, "I'd hate like thunder to be shown up in that light!"

"No doubt," said Crisp dryly. "But the question is, what are you after in this case? Are you hoping to get this woman off or only trying to make a reputation for yourself?"

"Well, of course," confessed Hurley, "my first duty is to her, but—"

"Oh, son, don't you see what's going to happen?" Crisp's tone was impatient. "Sikes is going to fall into your trap. I saw him in action many a time twenty years ago when he was an



"All right, then," said Crisp, "stand by, son, for the next development. It'll pop inside of fifteen minutes."

JOHN H. MANN

assistant under old Laurence Sebastian and I was a reporter. Just let him taste blood once and he's a regular tiger for more. It's his one weakness as a prosecutor—he never knows when to slow up and show a little mercy. He'll go after you and your client like a hungry bobcat after rabbits. He'll bully you. And when he gets her on the stand he'll try to tear her to pieces.

"Let him go as far as he likes. Never mind your own private feelings. And just so she sticks to the main points in her story—and I guess you can drill her and coach her up to doing that much—it won't make any difference how badly he may trip her on side issues or how completely he shows her up for a woman of loose habits. Just sit back and let him have his head. All the time—unless I miss my guess—he'll be manufacturing sympathy for her and for you, too. Without realizing it, he'll be laying the foundations upon which you can build when your turn comes. By the way, what sort of a jury is it—the usual?"

"Just about," said Hurley. "Jaycox wasn't so befuddled but what he kept some remnants of his native shrewdness about him while they were weeding out the talesmen. Rum-dumb or not, he's a wizard at getting the best possible material for his side from a jury panel."

"I suppose he took good care to land some middle-aged men in the box—men with grown or half grown daughters?"

Hurley's eyes widened in appreciation of Crisp's knowledge of the ancient and more or less honorable science of jury-picking. "Naturally," he said; "trust Jaycox for that. I'd say the average age of the twelve men is forty-eight to fifty. There are a couple of young fellows in the lot, but on the other hand five or six of them, I should say, are old enough to be grandfathers, and two at least are what you'd call really old men—the foreman, for example. He's a Civil War veteran. I believe one of the others is a vet, too."

"That so?" said Crisp, stressing the words. This final scrap of incidental information seemed to have a special interest for him. But he didn't explain why he seemed pleased to hear it. He went on:

"Now then, boy, your time to shine will be when you make your final argument. That's when you ought to redeem yourself for all your seeming shortcomings in what has gone before. I hear you've developed into a pretty fair orator. All right, then, just pull the tremolo stops all the way out. Step on the pity pedals. Your line will be to appeal to the sympathies of the jurors rather than to their judgments. Leave their minds alone and go after their emotions—that's your main hope for an acquittal or, at the worst, a compromise verdict."

"You're lucky that this case is being tried in New York instead of in England. Over there, if you dragged in any sentimental appeal the trial justice would sit down on you so hard you'd look like a crushed hat. He'd look after the law and make you confine yourself to the facts. Consider yourself blessed that in this country a lawyer handling a murder case has so much more latitude. I like the idea myself—our way makes better copy for the papers, and that's what counts with me. Personally, I like a good snappy picturesque murderer. And that's what your client seems to lack—picturesqueness. Well, between us maybe we can remedy that—it would help the story."

"I don't see how, she being what she is," said Hurley, somewhat puzzled by the turn which the conference, as a result of Crisp's digression, had all of a sudden taken.

"Don't you? *Huh*, you never were much good as a reporter, Hurley," said Crisp, rather brutally. "Well, son, how about it—going to follow my line of suggestion or not?"

"I certainly am," said Hurley. "And I'm very grateful indeed to you for talking the thing over with me."

"*Huh*," grunted Crisp again, "thankful for small favors, aren't you? What I've advised was purely the obvious thing to do. What we really should do, though, is to import some real life and color into this defense—some tricks of pathos that would really be worth while. We ought to slip a nice, well staged, effective novelty or so over on Bloodhound Jimmy. Well, maybe we can, maybe we can."

He leaned back in his chair, his eyes turned to little slits. After a small pause, he spoke rather to himself than to Hurley: "Let's see, now . . . a couple of G.A.R. men on the jury, you just said, didn't you? . . . Stalwart old soldier type and all that sort of thing, I suppose? Hum! . . . No need, I take it, to tell you to paint the late lamented Foley in good black colors when you make your speech? That's the indicated and the self-evident thing . . . But those two old vets, now . . ." All at once he straightened up with a jerk. "Hurley, didn't I read it in the papers, months ago when this killing took place, that this Ina Fey was a Southern girl?"

"Well, that's the way the reporters got it," said Hurley. "I believe when she got her first job in a burlesque troupe she claimed to be a Southerner—for stage purposes. For some reason or other, I gather that Southern girls are supposed to be popular on the stage. As a matter of fact, though, she's told me in confidence that so far as she knows she was born somewhere in Kansas. But she isn't sure even on that point. She was just sort of fetched up any way, like Topsy—says she doesn't know anything about her people or even whether she has any kins-people."

"I see," said Crisp reflectively. "Well, your client may not be very bright in some regards, but she does appear to have realized at least one important fact, which is that Southerners are popular in this town, not only on the stage but off of it. The provincial boobs that live here—and New York is the most insular town on earth, I guess, and has more hicks in it to the square inch than Squedunk ever did—I say, the boobs that live here like to wrap up anything that's Southern in a sort of romantic halo. That's why these professional Southerners that infest the Broadway bars can get away with it . . . Well, even if she can't prove she's a member of an old Southern family—and for some reason or other all Southern families appear to be old—I guess nobody can prove she isn't . . . Hurley, how much longer do you figure this trial is going to last?"

"Well, the State ought to finish offering its evidence-in-chief by tomorrow evening or by noon of the day after, at latest. That'll be Saturday; court will adjourn then over Sunday. I'll put her on the stand probably on Monday afternoon. I haven't many other witnesses, so I ought to be through by Wednesday of next week. Then there'll probably be some rebuttal evidence for both sides; not much, from present indications. Then come the final speeches—Sikes's and mine. Say a week from today, before the case is ready to go to the jury."

"Good enough," said Crisp. "Then about next Monday morning, if everything goes well, we ought to be ready to hand judge and jury a nice little dramatic surprise, not to mention the reporters and the court room audience and, most of all, the prosecution . . . Hold on, son, I'm not going to tell you yet what I've got in mind. It'll be more or less of a surprise for you, too—if it works out. And if it doesn't work out I'd rather not make any rash promises in advance for fear of disappointing you. Anyhow, I'm afraid I might shock your professional sensibilities. I'm thinking you'll have to get rid of your conscience if you expect to succeed at criminal practice. I threw mine overboard years ago and I've never regretted it, either . . . Well, you keep in touch with me, personally or by telephone."

It was on Monday morning when court opened in Part II of General Sessions that there entered into the Fey trial an element which suddenly and entirely lifted it out of the rut of a sordid and almost colorless course, and for press purposes mightily exalted it. Until then the reporters had strained for atmosphere; thereafter the material was provided, free.

Without prior warning the new phase was introduced. With Ina Fey into court that morning came a stranger—a stranger to District Attorney Sikes, a stranger to the audience, but no stranger, it would seem, to the prisoner herself. For he came with his arm about her; with his fine and handsome old face working, with the great tears coursing his cheeks as he looked down at her and she looked up at him, she with a dazed stare, as though she scarcely could believe it were true. Through the Criminal Courts Building word of it spread and spectators came hurrying from other rooms and other floors; and the word was that Ina Fey's father had arrived to be with her in the supreme ordeal of her trial for her life.

The advent amounted to a sensation; indeed, that was what the reporters, practically without exception, called it. From bench to bench in the court room a whispered account spread and magnified in its travels—how, as the jail matron a few minutes before brought the girl across the Bridge of Sighs, this beautiful old man had run forward from where he had been waiting so patiently in a corner of the corridor and had taken her in his embrace, pressing her to his breast and, between his sobs, calling her his Honey and his Baby. Casual bystanders had themselves been moved to tears by the pitifulness of this reunion in such a place; the matron, used as she was to sorrowful sights, had choked up. The defendant apparently had been entirely overcome; she behaved as though she were stunned to the point almost of stupefaction. But somehow the old man had borne his grief with a dignity which made the sight of that grief all the more touching.

Now, before the eyes of the jurors (Continued on page 147)





Pete Kift's "Front!" caught Jimmy responding to the habit of a lifetime.

# H. C. WITWER Makes the World's Non-Stop Laugh Record with **Money To Burns**

Illustrations by  
J. W. McGurk

the Gladys Murgatroyd thing, which I admit sounds phoney—still, I'm a phone girl, so what could be sweeter?

However, one morning during a slight lull in the daily hostilities between me and the number-seeking guests, I am reading my favorite book—the Morning Squawk, the newspaper that made the expression "It is alleged" famous, or maybe it was the other way around. Spattered all over the front page is a highly sensational account of the latest adventures of one of these modern prodigal sons—in round numbers, Carlton Van Ryker, whose father celebrated his ninety-fifth birthday by entering a tomb in a horizontal position and leaving his only progeny two paltry \$500,000 bank notes. The young millionaire with the name like a Pullman and a soft collar had been stepping high, wide and fast with his pennies and at the time of going to press was the plot of an "alienation of my wife's affections" suit, a badly mismanaged shooting affair, and various other things that would keep his mind off the weather for quite a spell. While I'm drinking all this in with my lustrous orbs, along comes Mons. James Joseph Aloysius Burns, who was either the hero of this episode in my exciting career, or else he wasn't.

Although I've known Jimmy Burns for the worst part of two years, we're still good friends, both of us being refugees from the land of Utah. My home town was the metropolis of Bountiful, where I once won a beauty contest single-handed, and James fled from Salt Lake City, where smoking cigarettes is the same as throwing rocks at President Harding, in the eyes of the genial authorities.

But to get to the business of the meeting—Jimmy sported a sarcastical sneer as he approached my switchboard on this particular morning.

"Kin you feature a cuckoo like this dizzy Van Ryker havin' all that sugar," he snorts, nodding angrily at the newspaper, "whilst us regular white folks is got to slave like Uncle Tom or we don't eat? Is that fair?"

"Cheer up, Jimmy," I says with a smile. "We don't get much money, that's a fact, but then we can laugh out loud. That's more than Van Ryker can do! Look at the pushing around he's getting because he hauled off and inherited a million, poor fellow; he—"

"That mug was runed by too much jack!" butts in Jimmy. "He's what you call a weak sister. He wasn't *built* to handle important money—you got to be *born* that way! Knowin' how to spend money is a gift. I got it, but I ain't got the money!"

"WHEN fortune favors a man too much, she makes him a fool!" Neither Napoleon, Nero, Alexander, Jack Johnson, Mark Antony nor Bill Hohenzollern was the composer of that remark, though, honest, I bet they all *thought* it about the time the world was giving them the air. However, the boy who originally pulled the above wise crack was Mr. Publius Syrus, a master mind current in dear old Syria during the fiscal year of 77 B. C. Two thousand annuus after Publius gave up the struggle, Jimmy Burns, a professional bellhop—age, twenty; color, white; nationality, Broadway-American—decided to find out for himself whether or not Pubby's statement was true. It is! Loll back in the old easy chair for about approximately a half-hour and I'll do my stuff.

Perhaps you don't know me, as Eve coyly remarked to Adam, so taking advantage of your good nature I'll introduce myself. I'm Gladys Murgatroyd, a switchboard operator at the Hotel St. Moe. I was slipped into the cradle under the name of Mary Ellen Johnson, but as that smacks more of the kitchen than the drawing room, I changed that label some time ago to

"And you never *will* have the money, frittering away your life hopping bells in a hotel, Jamesy—not to give you a short answer," I says. "When they assembled you they left out the motor—*ambition!*"

"Blah!" says Jimmy courteously. "That's what *you* think. I got plenty ambition. My ambition is to wake up every morning for the rest of my life with a twenty dollar bill in my kick! Believe me, Cutey, I often wish I was a Wall Street bond messenger, a bootlegger or even a professional reformer—but I ain't never had a shot at no *big* dough like that. Why, if it was rainin' tomato bouillon, I'd be there with a knife instead of a spoon!"

"As if *that* would stop you!" I remark sweetly. I once saw James eat. "It seems to me you're always craving excitement," I went on, dealing out some wrong numbers. "Only last week you told me you had a massage."

"Go ahead and kid me," says Jimmy. "You should bite your nails—you're a woman, a good looker with more curves than a scenic railway, and they ain't no way *you* kin lose! But it's different *here*. It seems to me I been workin' for a livin' since the doc says 'It's a boy!' and the chances is I'll be workin' for a livin' till the doc says 'Get the embalmer!'"

Don't you love that?

"Why don't you check out of the bellhopping game and try your luck at something with a future in it?" I ask him, though, really, I'm about as interested in Jimmy's biography as I am in the election returns at Tokio. "If I was a man, this town wouldn't have *me* licked!"

"Apple sauce!" sneers Jimmy politely. "A guy without money has got the same chance in New York as a ferryboat salesman would have on the Sara Desert. It takes jack to make jack. With a bank roll I could make my name as well known as Jonah's, and I'd spot him his whale!"

"What do you *do* with your nickels?" I ask him. "I don't doubt that Chaplin and Fairbanks get more *wages* than you bellboys, but I thought your *tips* ran into better figures than they have in the Follies."

"Say, cutey, be yourself!" says James scornfully. "Most of the eggs in this trap is as tight as the skin on a grape—they wouldn't give a thin dime to see Tut-an-akh-Amen walk up Fifth Avenue on his hands! I could be railroaded to Sing Sing for

what I think of *them* babies. Why should I have to carry suitcases and hustle ice water for a lot of monkeys like that?"

"Don't put on dog, Jimmy," I smile. "The guests of the St. Moe are every bit as good as you are, even if you *are* a haughty bellhop and they are lowly millionaires. Suppose *you* had a million, what would you do with it?"

"Well," says Jimmy thoughtfully, "the first thing I'd do wouldst be to get me a education—not that I'm no dumb Isaac by no means, but they's a few lessons like algeometry, matriculation, mock geography and the like which I could use. I wouldn't get all tangled up with no wild women or pull none of the raw stuff which this Van Ryker jobbie done, that's a cinch! They'd be no horseplay what the so ever, as far as I was concerned. What I'd do wouldst be to crash into some business, make my pile and my name and not do no playin' around till I was about fifty and independent for life. Ain't it a crime when I got them kind of intentions to make good and no nonsense about it, that somebody don't slip me a million?"

"It's an outrage, Jimmy," I agree, allowing a giggle to break jail. "Still, all men are born equal and if it's actually possible that you *haven't* got a million, why, you must have thrown your chances away. When Eddie Windsor was your age, for instance, he had made himself Prince of Wales!"

"Me and him begin life in a different type of cradle!" says Jimmy. "And that stuff about everybody bein' equal when they're born is the oyster's ice skates. The only way me and them wealthy millionaires was even is that we was all babies!"

This debate between me and Jimmy was about like Adam and a monkey arguing over which of 'em was our first ancestor—we could have found plenty of people to side with both of us. Then again, the customers was beginning to snap into it for the day and craved the voice with the smile. I got as busy at the switchboard as a custard pie salesman on a movie comedy lot, so I gave the money-mad James the air for the time being.

A couple of weeks later, or maybe it was a jolly old fortnight, Hon. Guy Austin Tower returns from a voyage to Europe, and then the fun began! Maybe you all haven't had the unusual pleasure of meeting my boy friend, so with your kind permission I'll introduce him.

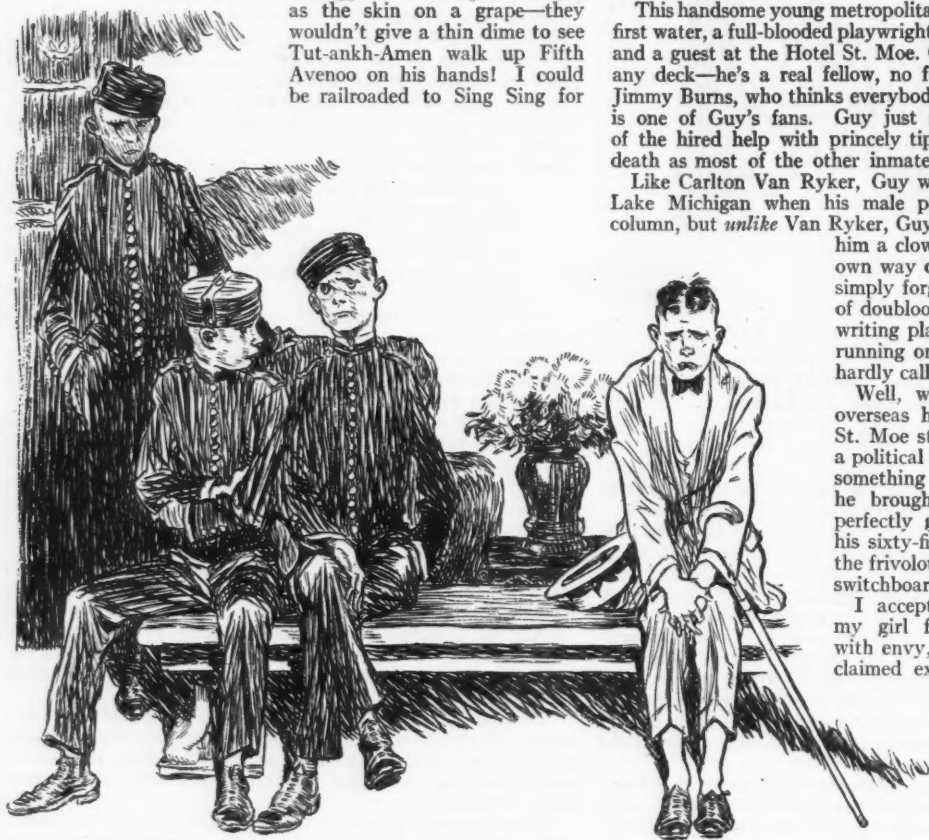
This handsome young metropolitan sheik is a millionaire of the first water, a full-blooded playwright, one of my wildest admirers, and a guest at the Hotel St. Moe. Guy would be a face card in any deck—he's a real fellow, no fooling. Even the parboiled Jimmy Burns, who thinks everybody guilty till proved innocent, is one of Guy's fans. Guy just sprays Jimmy and the rest of the hired help with princely tips and doesn't dime them to death as most of the other inmates do.

Like Carlton Van Ryker, Guy was left about *everything* but Lake Michigan when his male parent entered the obituary column, but *unlike* Van Ryker, Guy didn't let his millions make him a clown. He wanted to carve his own way on our popular planet, so he simply forgot about his warehouse full of doubloons and took up the trade of writing plays. As he's got two frolics running on Broadway now, you could hardly call him a bust.

Well, when Guy came back from overseas he got a welcome from the St. Moe staff that would have tickled a political boss. Honestly, he brought something back for everybody! What he brought back for *me* was some perfectly gorgeous Venetian lace and his sixty-fifth request that I renounce the frivolous pleasures of the telephone switchboard and enter matrimony.

I accepted the lace, which drove my girl friend, Hazel Killian, wild with envy, but on the wedding bells I claimed exemption. I like Guy, but

I'm by no means in love with him—or with anyone else! From what I've been able to observe on my perch at the St. Moe switchboard, there's a bit too much "moan" in matrimony, and, really, I get no more thrill out of contemplating marriage than Noah would get out



The miserable Jimmy sat on the bellhops' bench all night, trying to square things with his ex-playmates, but they put on the ice.



"Hot dog!" says Jimmy, much excited. "I've shot the works on 'Bellhop's' nose."

of contemplating Niagara Falls. I've seen too[much of it] I do get a kick, though, out of my daily struggle to remain a campfire girl and still keep from dying of too little fun. The swarming lobby of any costly Gotham hotel is the favorite hunting grounds of snips that pass in the night, always looking for the best of it—lounge lizards, synthetic sheiks of all ages and others too humorous to mention. Any young, well dressed member of my much advertised sex who doesn't resemble a gorilla is their legitimate prey, and trying to discourage 'em is like trying to discourage the anti-drys. But I got their number—being a phone girl, that's my job, isn't it? I meet five hundred representatives of the sillier sex every day, and it's a hobby of mine to treat 'em all with equal chilly politeness till they get out

of line. Then I turn off the politeness, just giving 'em the chill, and honest, when I want to be cold—which is generally—I'd turn a four-alarm fire into an iceberg with a glance!

However, there are a lot of yawns connected with plugging a telephone switchboard day by day in every way, and now and then a male will come along sufficiently interesting for little Gladys to accept temporarily as an accomplice in the assassination of time.

Dinners, dances, theaters, this and that—nothing my mother and I couldn't laugh over, so don't curl your lip!

Well, Guy Tower hadn't been back in the St. Moe a week when he began showering attentions on me from the point where he left off before he sailed away. Honestly, he dined





"Go roll yer  
hoop," says Jimmy  
to the detective.  
"and see kin you  
laugh that off!"

and theatered me silly! Hazel Killian watched me carelessly toy with this good-looking young gold mine with unconcealed feelings of covetousness. She simply couldn't understand why I didn't grab this boon from Heaven and marry him while he was stupefied with my charms. Hazel, who is an artists' model and no eyesore herself, is suffering from a lifelong ambition to become a bird in a gilded cage. She craves a millionaire, and in desperation she offered to match coins with me for Guy, but I indignantly refused. I know Hazel—she's a dear, but she'd have Rockefeller penniless in a month and every shop on Fifth Avenue sporting a "Closed to Restock" sign. She's just a pretty baby who loves to go buy buy and she makes 'em give till it hurts, don't think she doesn't!

Another person who got upset over Guy's inability to keep away from me was Jerry Murphy, house sleuth at the St. Moe. Jerry's so big that if he had numbers on him he'd look like a box car, and he's just another male I can get all dizzied up with a properly manipulated eye and smile. Really, he's not a bad fellow, but as a detective he's a blank cartridge. He couldn't catch pneumonia if it was against the law not to have it. Jerry don't know what it's all about and never will, because he's too thick between the ears to ask and nobody will tell him. He hangs around my switchboard like a hungry collie around a kitchen and he's just as eager, but I'm not collecting losers so

Jerry's meaningless to me. My bounding around with Guy fills Jerry with pain and alarm and he keeps me supplied with laughs by constantly warning me of the pitfalls and temptations that surround a little telephone girl who steps out with a millionaire. "If

'at big mock orange makes one out of the way crack to you, cutey, just tip me off and I'll ruin him!" says Jerry with a menacing growl. "I can't cuddle up to the idea of you goin' out with him all the time. Don't let him go to work and lure you somewhere away from easy callin' distance of help!"

"Cut yourself a piece of cake!" I says. "Mister Tower is a perfect gentleman, Jerry, and it would be impossible for him to act like anything else if he and I were alone on an island in the middle of the Pacific."

"Say, listen, cutey," says Jerry, wincing, "don't mention 'at alone on a island stuff in my presence! 'At's what I been dreamin' about me and you for a year. If we ever get on a ship together, I'll wreck it as sure as you're born!"

Now, isn't he a scream?

Well, at one of our dinner dates about a month after his return, Guy shows up haggard and wan and apparently all in. Generally a fellow who couldn't do enough for his stomach, he ordered this night with the enthusiasm of a steak fiend week-ending at a vegetarian friend's. When the nourishment arrived, Guy just dallied and toyed with it. Afterwards we favored the dance floor with a visit, and instead of tripping his usual wicked ballroom he acted like he had an anvil in each of his pumps. A dozen times during the evening he had to tap back a yawn, and really I began to get steamed up. I'm not used to seeing my boy friends pass out on me!

"I hope I'm not keeping you awake, Mr. Tower," I remarked frigidly as we returned to our table and the nineteenth yawn slipped right through his fingers, in spite of his well meant attempt to push it back.

"Forgive me!" says Guy quickly, and a flush brings some color to his face for the first time that night. "I—the fact is, Gladys, I don't believe I've had a dozen hours' sleep in the past week!"

"Then you've been cheating," I smile, "for you've always left me around midnight. Is she a blonde or a brunette, or have you noticed?"

Guy laughs and, leaning over, pats my hand.

"As if I would ever notice any girl but you!" he says, getting daringly original. "Oh, it isn't a girl, Gladys—though there is a woman at the bottom of the thing, at that. I'll explain that paradoxical statement. Rosenblum wants my next play to open his new Thalia Theater, which will be completed within two months—and I haven't the ghost of an idea, not the semblance of a plot! I've paced the floor like a caged animal, smoking countless cigarettes and drinking oceans of black coffee. I've written steadily for hours at a stretch and then torn the whole business up in disgust. That's what's kept me awake at night—that and my daily battles with this infernal Rosenblum!"

"How come?" I ask him in surprise. "I don't see the percentage in battling with the man who puts your plays on Broadway, Guy."

"He wants me to write a risqué farce, one of those loathsome—er—pardon me—bedroom things—for Yvette D'Lys," says Guy angrily, "and I ab-so-lute-ly will not do it! I refuse to prostitute my art for the sordid box office! I—"

"Hold everything!" I butt in. "Shakespeare wasn't below writing bedroom farces, and I think even you'll admit that he got some favorable mention as a playwright."

"Shakespeare write a bedroom farce!" gasps Guy. "Why, my dear girl, you—which of his marvelous plays could you possibly twist into that?"

"Othello," I says promptly. "In act five they clown all over the boudoir! You should go to the theater oftener."

For a second Guy looks puzzled, then he grins and the lines around his navy-blue eyes relax.

"You are delightful," he says. "If I cannot get mental stimulus from you, then I am indeed uninspired! Nevertheless, I am not going to do as Rosenblum requests. I have never written anything salacious or even suggestive, and I never will! Furthermore, I don't believe Miss D'Lys or any actress likes to play that kind of a part. It is managers of the Rosenblum type that force those rôles on them—callous, dollar-grabbing, cynical pessimists, who take it for granted that all women are bad!"

"Any man who takes it for granted that all women are bad is no pessimist, Guy," I says thoughtfully. "He's an optimist!"

"Great!" says Guy, slapping the table with his hand. "May I use that epigram in my play?"

"I'll loan it to you," I tell him. "If I break out with the writing rash myself some day, I'll want it back. And now let me hear some of the ideas you tore up in disgust—maybe one of them is the real McCoy. Trot 'em out and I'll give you my honest opinion."

Well, he did and I did. Guy rattled off a half-dozen plots, which failed to thicken and merely sickened. Honestly, they had everything in 'em but the Battle of Gettysburg, and really they were fearful—about as new and exciting as a beef stew, which is just what I told him, being a truthful girl.

Guy sighs and looks desperate.

"Gladys," he says, "I simply *must* have a play ready to open the Thalia in less than eight weeks! You know that my interest in playwriting is anything but mercenary—good heavens, I have more money than I know what to do with. What I want is to see my name on another Broadway success, and I'm absolutely barren of ideas! I've simply struck a dry spell, such as all writers do, occasionally. At this moment I'd give twenty-five thousand dollars for an original plot!"

I drew a deep breath and stared at him.

"Don't kid about that kind of money, Guy," I says solemnly. "And—don't tempt me!"

"I never was more serious in my life!" he quickly assures me. "Why, have *you* an idea? By Jove, Gladys, if you have—if you are the goddess from the machine——"

"Be of good cheer," I interrupt. "I'll go home and sleep over matters, which is what *you* better do, too—you look like you fell out of a well or something, really! I'll see you tomorrow. I don't think I'll have a plot for you by then, but——"

"Naturally—still, if you even have a suggestion that I might use," says Guy eagerly, "I——"

"I say I don't *think* I'll have a plot by then, I *know* I'll have one!" I finish.

And I did, really!

When I got home that night I went right to bed, but somehow Mr. Slumber and me couldn't seem to come to terms. My brain just refused to call it a union day but kept mulling over Guy and his magnanimous offer of twenty-five thousand lire for a plot. Good heavens, he could buy a plot with a house and barn on it for that! Then my half sleepy mind turns to Jimmy Burns, the gloomy bellhop, whose deathless ambition is to corral a fortune and dumfound Europe with his progress from then on. Suddenly these two trains of thought collide with a crash and out of the wreck comes an idea that I think will make Jimmy Burns famous and give Guy Tower his play! That trifling matter being all settled, I turned over and slept the sleep of the just.

The very next evening I propositioned Guy, who listened with flattering attention. After telling him I had his play all set, I furnished him with a short but interesting description of the life, habits and desires of James Joseph Aloysius Burns. I then proposed that Guy place his twenty-five thousand to the bellboy's credit for one month, James to be allowed free rein with the jack. If Burns has increased the amount at the end of thirty days, he is to return the original twenty-five thousand to Guy. If not, he must give back whatever amount he has left. All the principals are to be sworn to secrecy and that's all there is to my scheme—it's as simple as the recipe for hot chocolate!

"If Jimmy Burns is really miscast in life and has a brain and business ability far above hopping bells," I explain, "why, the use of twenty-five thousand for thirty days might make him one of the world's most famous men! It's a sporting chance, Guy—will you gamble?"

Guy looks somewhat perplexed. He stares into my excited face and clears his throat nervously.

"Well—I—of course, I am interested in *anything* you suggest, Gladys," he says. "I—eh—I suppose I am unusually stupid this evening, but I cannot see how my dowering this bellboy will assist me in writing my play."

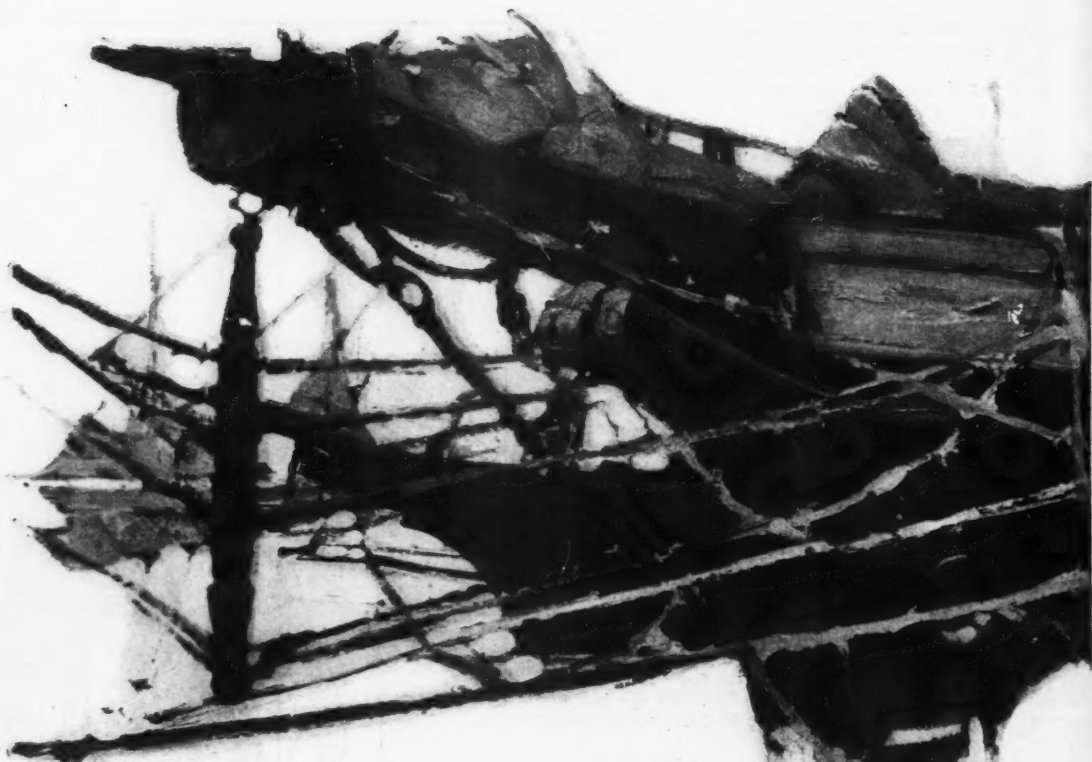
"Listen," I says. "You claimed you'd put out twenty-five thousand for a plot, didn't you? Well, believe me, the movements of Jimmy Burns with twenty-five thousand dollars to do what he wants with will supply all the ideas you can handle—if you don't think so, you're crazy!"

"But——" begins Guy.

(Continued on page 118)



Hazel tells me she's all through posing for artists and is determined to make Jimmy her very own. Oo la la!



# Never The Twain Shall Meet

Illustrations by Dean Cornwell

## *The Story So Far:*

OLD GASTON LARRIEAU, called Gaston of the Beard from his enormous hirsute adornment, has just reached quarantine at San Francisco with the ship Moorea, of which he is master. Aboard is young Tamea, daughter of Gaston and a South Sea Island queen, his wife. Through her mother's death, Tamea is now herself Queen of Riva; and she is being taken to America to complete her education, begun in a French convent. Between Gaston, who is a glorious old pagan, and Tamea, a beautiful and impetuous child of the South Seas, there is the warmest of ties.

But old Gaston's great content with life is shattered when the United States health officer comes aboard and after an examination announces to him that he has an incipient case of leprosy, and that he must be sent forthwith to the leper colony. Adjusting himself quickly to the great shock, Gaston first tries to guarantee Tamea's future by proposing bluntly that the doctor marry Tamea; an offer that the doctor, being an engaged man, refuses as politely as possible. Then Gaston asks that his friend Dan Pritchard and a lawyer be sent to the ship with large quantities of flowers.

When Dan Pritchard, younger partner in the firm of Casson & Pritchard, owners of the Moorea, receives this message, he is in his San Francisco office, daydreaming. Shortly Maisie, niece of his partner John Casson, drops in. To her Dan confesses that, in business, he is a square peg in a round hole. He wants to work with his hands; he is surreptitiously a landscape painter of some skill. He wants adventure, color. Yet when Maisie—who, it is evident, is greatly in love with Dan—urges him to follow his bent, Dan says he cannot; old John Casson is such a reckless fool that the business would go to pieces at once if he

left. As Maisie goes away, Dan is moved for some reason to kiss her, for the first time, and each is thrilled and surprised by the contact.

Obedying Gaston's request, Dan and a lawyer go to the Moorea, where Old Gaston tells them the news. Then Gaston's fortune—some quarter of a million in cash and bonds—is signed over to Tamea; and Dan is forthwith appointed her guardian. This done, the party goes to the deck. There old Gaston carries out the purpose he has had in mind; garlanded with a *lei* of flowers, South Sea fashion, he steps overboard and disappears, floating out to the sea he loves rather than submit himself to being herded into the leper colony.

Tamea, who has borne the separation stoically, says simply: "I am your Tamea now, Monsieur Dan Pritchard. You are my father and my mother." Stabbed by this simple speech, Dan takes her in his arms and comforts her while she empties her heart of its grief. Then, in an old pea jacket and carrying her father's accordion, she steps with Dan into the launch that is to carry her to her new land. As they go, they hear the Kanaka steward singing "*Aloha!*"

## CHAPTER IV

THROUGHOUT the ten minute journey from the Moorea to Meiggs Wharf, Tamea sat beside Dan Pritchard in the stern sheets of the launch, holding his hand tightly and, in silence, gazing ahead toward the lights of the city. She seemed afraid to let go his hand, nor did she relinquish it when they paused beside Dan's limousine, waiting for them at the head of the dock. Graves, his chauffeur, with the license of an old and favored employee, was sound asleep inside the car when Dan opened the door and



# Peter B. Kyne's

## *New Novel*



prodded him; at sight of his employer standing hand in hand with Tamea, Graves's eyes fairly popped with excitement and interest.

Tamea's lashes still held a few recalcitrant tears and she looked very childish and forlorn. Dan was carrying her accordion, and observing this, Graves instantly concluded that his master had casually attached himself to some wandering gipsy troubadour. He stared and pursed his lips in a soundless whistle; his eyebrows went up perceptibly.

Tamea's moist eyes blazed. Rage superseded her grief.

"Monsieur Dan Pritchard," she demanded, "is this man your servant?"

Dan nodded.

"If we were in Riva I should have him beaten with my father's razor belt to teach him humility."

Dan reflected, sadly humorous, that it would be like Gaston of the Beard to utilize a razor strop for any purpose save the one for which it had been intended. But the girl's complaint annoyed him.

"Oh, don't bother about Graves!" he urged. "He isn't awake yet. He thinks he's seeing things at night."

"The man stares at me," Tamea complained. "He is saying to himself: 'What right has this girl with my master?' I know. Yes, you bet."

"Graves," said Dan wearily, "you are, I fear, permitting yourself a liberty. Wake up, get out of here and in behind the wheel. And by the way, Graves, hereafter you will be

subject to the orders of Miss Larrieau. In her own country Miss Larrieau is a queen and accustomed to the most perfect service from everybody with whom she comes in contact. I expect, therefore, that you will remember your manners. Driving for a bachelor is very apt, I quite realize, to make any chauffeur careless, but from now on, Graves, whenever Queen Tamea of Riva craves snappy service, see that she gets it. I should regret very much the necessity for flogging you with a razor strop."

"Lay forward, you," Tamea commanded. "What business have you aft? Your place is in the fo'castle, not the cabin."

Fortunately, Graves was blessed with a sufficient sense of humor to respond humbly: "Beg pardon, Your Majesty. I

didn't mean to get fresh. As the boss says, wakin' me up sudden like that scared me sorter."

He carefully drew the curtains in the rear, on both sides and in front, for, notwithstanding his cavalier manner in the presence of royalty, Graves was more than passing fond of his employer and desired to spare the latter the humiliation of being seen with a lady of uncertain lineage and doubtful social standing riding in public with him in his limousine. Graves was fully convinced that his master suddenly had gone insane, and as a result it behooved him now, more than ever before, to render faultless service. He wondered where the Queen was taking the boss or where the boss was taking the Queen; already he was resolved to drive them through streets rarely frequented by the people who dwelt in Dan Pritchard's world.

Tamea's haughty voice disturbed his benevolent thoughts.

"Are you ashamed to ride with me, Dan Pritchard?"

"Certainly not, my dear girl. Graves, how dare you draw those curtains without permission? I'll skin you alive for this!"

"Beg pardon, sir," mumbled the bewildered Graves.

He raised the curtains, vacated the car immediately and stood at a stiff salute while Dan handed Tamea into the luxurious interior. As he followed her in he turned to Graves and growled, "Scoundrel! You shall pay dearly for this." A lightning wink took the sting out of his words, however, and caused Graves to bow his head in simulated humiliation; nevertheless the faithful fellow could not forbear one final effort. Just before he closed the door upon them he switched off the dome light. As he did so he saw Tamea's hand slip into Dan Pritchard's.

"All I ask," Graves murmured a moment later to the oil gauge, "is that Miss Morrison don't get her lamps on them two. She don't seem to have no success gettin' him to fall for her, but along comes this Portugee or gipsy or somethin' with an accordion on her arm, and the jig is up. She's dressed like a North Beach wop woman that's married a fisherman, but she tells him she's a queen and wants to step out with him in his automobile. Right away he falls for her. Bing! Bang! And they're off in a cloud of dust. Ain't it the truth? When these quiet birds do step out they go some!"

There was a buzzing close to his left ear.

"Sailing directions," murmured Graves and inclined his ear toward the annunciator.

"Home, Graves!" said the voice of Daniel Pritchard.

Graves quivered as if mortally stung, but out of the chaos of his emotions the habit of years asserted itself. He nodded to indicate that he had received his orders and understood them, and the car rolled away down the Embarcadero.

"Now," murmured the hapless Graves, addressing the speedometer, "I know he's crazy! Of course I can stand it, Sooeey Wan won't give a hoot and Julia probably won't let on she's saw anything out of the way, but Mrs. Pippy'll give notice p. d. q. and quit quicker'n that . . . Well, I should worry and grow a lot of gray hairs."

He tooted the car carefully through rough cobbled streets which ordinarily he would have avoided, and by a circuitous route reached Dan Pritchard's house in Pacific Avenue. "I'll be shot if I'll pull up in front to unload them," he resolved, and darted in the automobile driveway, nor paused until the car was

in the garage! As he reached for the hand brake the annunciator buzzed again; again Graves inclined a rebellious ear.

"While appreciating tremendously the sentiments that actuate you, Graves," came Dan Pritchard's calm voice, "the fact is that my garage is scarcely a fitting place in which to unload a lady. Back out into the street and so maneuver the car that we will be enabled to alight at the curb in front of the house."

Again the habit of years conquered. Graves nodded. But to the button on the motor horn he said dazedly:

"He's got the gall of a burglar! Here I go out of my way to help him and he throws a monkey wrench into the machinery. Very well, boss! If you can stand it I guess I can. I ain't got no proud flesh!"

With a sinking heart he obeyed and stood beside the car watching Dan Pritchard steer Tamea up the steps; saw the incomprehensible man open the street door with his latchkey; saw him propel Tamea gently through the portal and follow; saw the door close on the incipient scandal!

Then he looked carefully up and down the street and satisfied himself that he had been the only witness to the amazing incident; whereupon he put the car up and hastened into the servants' dining room to ascertain what, if any, impression had been created upon Mrs. Pippy, the housekeeper, Julia, the maid, and Sooeey Wan, the Chinese cook, who, with Graves, constituted the Pritchard *ménage*.

As Graves took his seat at the servants' table and gazed inquisitively through the door into the kitchen where Sooeey Wan,

squatted on his heels, was glowering at something in the oven, Pritchard entered the kitchen. Sooeey Wan looked up at him but did not deem it necessary to stand up.

"Boss," he demanded, "wha' for you allee time come home late for dinner?"

"I don't come home late for dinner all the time. Confound your oriental hide, Sooeey Wan, are you never going to quit complaining?"

The imperturbable Sooeey Wan glanced at the alarm clock on an adjacent shelf.

"You klazy, boss," he retorted. "You fi', ten, fi'teen, twenty-fi' minute late. Dinner all spoil, ever'thing go lotten boss don' come home on time."

"Go to thunder, you old raven! Quit your croaking," Dan admonished the heathen.

Sooeey Wan flew—or rather pretended to fly—into a rage. "Hell-uva note," he cried, and shied a butcher knife into the sink.

"Twenty year I cook for you papa, but he never late. Papa allee time in heap hurry. Son, allee time go slow, takum easy. Well, you likee lotten dinner I ketchum, boss. You likee A-numba-one dinner no can do—gee, Missa Dan, wha's mallah? You no look happy."

"I'm a bit distressed tonight, Sooeey Wan."

Sooeey Wan stood up and laid a hand on Dan's shoulder. "You tell Sooeey Wan," he urged, and in his faded old eyes, in his manner and in the intonation of his voice, no longer shrill with pretended rage, there was evidenced the tremendous affection which the old San Francisco Chinese servant class always accords to a



Sooeey Wan



In the twilight it seemed that an organ was softly playing. Tamea's eyes were bright with unshed tears.

kindly and generous employer and particularly to that employer's children.

"A good friend has died, Sooy Wan."

"That's hell," said Sooy Wan sympathetically. "Me know him, boss?"

"Yes, he was a friend of yours, too, Sooy. Captain Larrieau, the Frenchman with the big beard."

"Sure, I remember him. When he come Sooy Wan have sole for dinner. He teachee me how makum sauce Margie Lee."

"Yes, poor Gaston was very fond of tenderloin of sole with sauce Margery, as it is made in Marseilles. Well, he's dead, Sooy Wan, and tonight I brought his daughter home with me. I am her guardian."

"Allee same papa, eh?"

Dan nodded, and Sooy Wan thoughtfully rubbed his chin. "All li, Missa Dan," he replied. "I have A-numba-one dinner!

Too bad captain die. Him one really nice man—him likee Missa Dan velly much. Too bad!"

He patted his employer on the shoulder in a manner that meant volumes.

"The lady has to dress, Sooy Wan, so we cannot have dinner for half an hour yet."

"You leavee dinner to Sooy Wan," the old Chinaman assured him. "Missa Dan, you likee cocktail now?"

"Never mind, thank you."

"Sure, boss, you likee cocktail now. You no talkee Sooy Wan. Sooy Wan fixee nice Gibson cocktail. My boy ketchum cold heart, Sooy Wan makum heart warm again . . . Shut up, shut up! Boss, you allee time talkee too damn much."

Realizing the uselessness of protest, Dan stood by while Sooy Wan manufactured the heart-warmer. And when the drink was



ready" the old Chinaman produced two glasses and filled one for himself. "I dlink good luck to spirit Captain Larrieau. Hoping devil no catchum," he said. "Tonight me go joss-house and burn devil paper."

He set down his empty glass and with paternal gentleness thrust Dan out of the kitchen; as the door swung to behind the latter, Sooley Wan began audibly to discharge a cargo of oaths, both Chinese and English. This appeared to relieve his feelings considerably, for presently he commenced to sing softly, which emboldened Graves to address him.

"Say, Sooley," he suggested, "I wouldn't mind bein' wrapped around one of those cocktails of the boss's myself."

Sooley Wan looked at him—once. Once was sufficient. Ah, these new servants—these fresh American boys! How little did they know their place! What a febrile conception of their duty toward the author of the payroll was theirs!

"Bum!" hissed Sooley Wan. "Big American bum!" Seizing the poker he commenced stirring the fire vigorously, from time to time favoring Graves with a tigerish glance which said all too plainly, "I stir the fire with this, but if I hear any more of your impudence I'll knock your brains out with it."

Graves subsided. He knew who was the head of that house!

#### CHAPTER V

FROM the moment that he and Tamea left the schooner Dan's thoughts had been occupied with the weightiest problem that had ever been presented to him for solution. What was he to

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As Dan entered the house with Tamea, Mrs. Pippy paused like Lot's wife when that lady was metamorphosed into a pillar of salt. "Good heavens, Mr. Pritchard!" she exclaimed.

do with Tamea and where was he to take her? For a while he was comforted by the thought that he could not possibly do better than bring her to Maisie Morrison, explain the circumstances and ask Maisie to take the orphan in for the night, lend her some clothing and tell her a few things about life in a civilized community which it was apparent she should know at the earliest opportunity. Then he reflected that Maisie might not be at all obliged to him for thrusting such a task upon her; clearly it



was none of her business what happened to this half-caste Polynesian girl. Always practical, Maisie would, doubtless, suggest that the girl be taken to a hotel; even if she did not suggest it, that pompous old ass, Casson, would.

Dan remembered that Gaston of the Beard had never liked Casson and that Casson had never liked Gaston of the Beard. Nothing save Gaston's record for efficiency and shrewd trading, plus Dan's influence, had conduced to keep the pagan in the employ of Casson & Pritchard.

So Dan resigned that plan, but not before he had broached it to Tamea.

"Who is the woman, Maisie?" Tamea queried without interest. Dan informed her.

"I do not like her," Tamea decided. "I will not go to the home of a woman I do not know."

It was then that Dan considered the plan of taking the girl to a hotel. But the prospect horrified him. He could not abandon her to her own resources in a metropolitan hotel. He had no definite idea how far Riva had progressed in civilization, but he assumed it was still, to all intents and purposes, in the Neolithic Age, and consequently Tamea would find plumbing, hot and cold water, electric lights, telephones, strange maids and perky little bellhops much too much to assimilate alone on this, her first night in her new environment. Moreover, Dan shrank from the task of entering the Palace or the St. Francis hotels with Tamea, registering her as Queen Tamea of Riva, and

having the room clerk, for the sake of publicity for the hotel, give the ever watchful hotel reporters a tip on an interesting story of a foreign potentate, clothed in white cotton and a pea-jacket, who had just arrived tearful and bareheaded, with no baggage other than a huge accordion, and accompanied by a wealthy shipping man.

Decidedly he could not risk that. He must avoid publicity. Remained, therefore, no alternative save taking her to his own home, in San Francisco's most exclusive residence section on Pacific Heights:

Thank God, he had in his employ as housekeeper a prim and proper person, a Mrs. Pippy. In her fiftieth year Mrs. Pippy's husband, a bank cashier, had absconded to parts unknown with a lady somewhat younger and handsomer than Mrs. Pippy, who thereupon had been forced to earn her living in almost the only way possible for a woman of her advanced age. Knowing her to be a woman of taste, culture and refinement, Maisie had induced Dan to engage her as his housekeeper, which he was very loath to do, owing to serious objection on the part of Sooeey Wan. Maisie had run this oriental tyrant quickly to earth, however.

Sooeey Wan could cook a dinner, but he couldn't order one and he couldn't see that it was served properly; wherefore, since Dan liked to entertain his friends at dinner very frequently, Mrs. Pippy could be depended upon to manage his household affairs efficiently and delightfully.

At Maisie's suggestion, Mrs. Pippy had engaged as waitress and housemaid an exile from Erin who answered to the name of Julia. Julia was an amiable creature who daily entrusted Sooeey Wan with the sum of twenty-five cents to be bet for her in a Chinese lottery in Washington Alley. Dan remembered now that Julia was about the same size as Tamea, and only the Sunday afternoon previous he had seen Julia leaving the house clad in a tailored suit that gave her what Graves termed a "snappy" look.

"I'll buy that suit from Julia and pay her a fine price for it," Dan soliloquized. "Tamea has just naturally got to have something decent to wear downtown when the horrible job of shopping begins. And I wouldn't be at all surprised if Julia could sell me a pair of shoes, some stockings and a shirtwaist, and do Tamea's hair up in an orderly manner. Mrs. Pippy will take her in hand and do the needful. If she doesn't," he added fiercely, "I'll dismiss her immediately."

Fortunately, Tamea's mournful thoughts claimed her attention; she was content to sit perfectly quiet and hold Dan's hand, as if from the contact she drew strength to face the unknown. When Dan broached the subject of turning her over to Maisie she had been distinctly alarmed, and when he sang Maisie's

praises so generously, she decided that he was very fond of Maisie, and, for a reason which she did not consider necessary to analyze, Tamea made up her mind instantly that she was not going to like Maisie; which decision, in view of the fact that she had never seen Maisie, must be regarded as only another example of the extraordinary instinct or intuition of the feminine sex, wheresoever situated and without regard to age, color, creed, or previous condition of servitude.

She was relieved when Dan abandoned the subject without comment or urging; she had a hazy impression that he had been rather nice about it and that her father had selected, to take his place, a singularly kindly and comfortable person, indeed. She gave his hand a little squeeze, which he didn't even notice.

Mrs. Pippy was just ascending the stairs from the entrance hall when Dan let Tamea and himself into the house. The good lady paused in her ascent with much the same abruptness which, we imagine, characterized the termination of the flight of Lot's wife when that lady was metamorphosed into a pillar of salt.

"Good heavens, Mr. Pritchard!" she exclaimed—and assumed a regal attitude.

"Good evening, Mrs. Pippy," Dan saluted her cheerfully. "May I have your attendance here for a moment, dear Mrs. Pippy? . . . Thank you so much. Mrs. Pippy, this young lady is Miss Tamea Larrieau, and in her own land, which is the island of Riva, in eastern Polynesia, she is quite the most important person of her sex. In fact, Miss Tamea is the hereditary ruler of the Rivas, or Rivets, or whatever one might term them. Tamea, this lady is Mrs. Pippy, who is kind enough to manage my household. Mrs. Pippy is a kind lady who will take good care of you, won't you, Mrs. Pippy?"

Mrs. Pippy favored Tamea with a wintry nod and an equally wintry and fleeting smile. She still stood on the stairs in her regal attitude; apparently, in the presence of royalty, she was not impressed.

Immediately Tamea gave her guardian additional evidence of an alert mentality and extreme sensitiveness to the slightest atmosphere of disapproval or hostility. She favored Mrs. Pippy with a long, cool, impersonal glance, before she turned to Dan and said, naively:

"She looks like Columbia, the gem of the ocean!"

Decidedly, Dan Pritchard was not in humorous mood; nevertheless he burbled and churned inwardly for several seconds before conquering an impulse to burst into maniac laughter. He realized in time, fortunately, that he could not possibly afford to laugh at his housekeeper. The good soul was arrayed in a black *crêpe de Chine* gown, trimmed with lace—a voluminous and extremely frippery garment; standing there, her cold countenance handsome with a classic handsomeness (Continued on page 153)

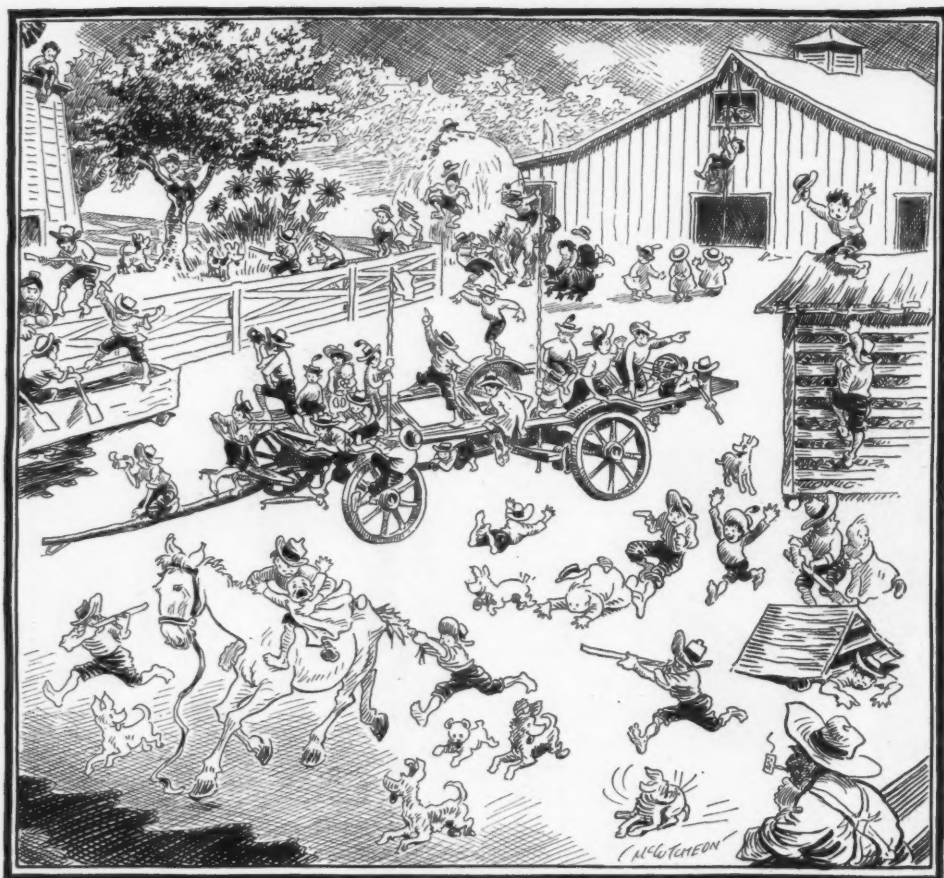


If Tamea could only have managed a smile of happiness, Dan





told himself, she would have been ravishingly beautiful. "You're perfectly tremendous!" he assured her.



*Then*

# HEROES *Words and*

**I**T WAS an ill-fated voyage, that of the great East Indiaman Royal George, that sailed from Marblehead bound for the Spice Islands in search of buried treasure. Admiral Dewey was in command and almost before the splendid clipper ship with her great spread of canvas had cast away from her moorings, he ordered the masts cut away. And when all had been cut away, he ordered them put up and again cut away.

A few minutes later as the vessel was in latitude 200 north the lookouts perched on the bowsprit sighted a towering iceberg off the starboard bow, and upon the top of it was Captain Peary. John Silver and Captain Kidd, the two lookouts, reported the iceberg ahoy, but Admiral Dewey took no action to relieve the intrepid but somewhat disappointed explorer.

While passing the Moluccas, a band of man-eating lions attacked the ship but were soon dispatched by Colonel Roosevelt and his trusty elephant gun.

There were a number of pesky redskins on board, but they gave no trouble owing to the presence of Buffalo Bill and Detective Pinkerton. One stowaway was discovered down amidships and by order of Captain Kidd was thoroughly keelhaunched and then put ashore on a desert island that conveniently happened along.

In latitude 300 east, a shipwrecked mariner was observed swimming for his life. "Let him swim," said Captain Kidd, and no further action was taken regarding him. This so annoyed the mariner that he leaped up and joined in the pursuit of Ivan the Terrible, who had just stolen the Princess. He was mounted on his demon charger, the best steed in the royal stables, and was riding like the wind across the lonely steppes. Behind him, in the snow, came a horde of hungry wolves snapping at the heels of his charger and hoping for a nice meal on the Princess.

From the top of the castle hard by, the King, enraged by the abduction of his only daughter, issued royal commands in a high voice and then hastened down to obey them. In the meantime,

General Funston and Kit Carson kept up a fusillade of shots at a range of ten or twelve feet, but Ivan bore a charmed life.

Some of the Rough Riders under command of Theodore Roosevelt and Tom Sawyer tried to bring a squadron of cavalry into action, but the cavalry was too intent upon a bunch of clover to respond. Even the Big Stick falling upon his dusty flanks served no purpose save to keep the flies away.

Among those pursuing Ivan were the following well known characters: General Grant, Jack the Giant Killer, Sinbad the Sailor and Queen Elizabeth, who fell and was nearly run over by Robin Hood and one of his band. And this was far from all.

In a dense jungle of sunflowers and sparrow grass, Stanley the explorer had a thrilling encounter with a lion. Wolves treed another hunter whose name is not mentioned, but he was treed, all right. Paul Revere made a dashing ride but lost his hat and most of his balance—otherwise it was quite a ride while it lasted; so thrilling, in fact, that it almost entirely diverted attention from Wilbur Wright, who was making a series of successful airplane descents, and the Count of Monte Cristo, who was escaping from the Chateau d'If.

Richard Pearson Hobson drew many plaudits as he directed his doomed ship into the mouth of the harbor and was just succeeding in his daring plot when his mother arrived and cautioned him not to get his pants wet. "She's always interfering," said Captain Hobson to his gallant crew.

The Wild Man of Borneo was imprisoned in a cage and "grrr-rr-ing" something terrible, although attracting scant attention, much to his chagrin. When he found that nobody was noticing him, he crawled out and became a knight errant, devoted to saving the Princess.

At half-past three in the dog watch, the Royal George was wrecked and all perished. Later she was raised and the voyage continued. All hands were reported safe at dinner time.



Now

## Pictures by John T. McCutcheon

THE Overland Limited, loaded with wealth and society and ten millions of gold for the payroll of the Universal Diamond Mines, emerged from the tunnel on the Great Divide in the high Sierras. It was a wild and lawless territory where men are men. Suddenly the train came to an abrupt halt. A lone bandit, standing in the track with loaded pistols, held up the train. Terror-stricken and at his mercy, the passengers were just about to do the bidding of the bandit, who was none other than Black Bart, when Tom Mix galloped up and lassoed him. "Saved!" shouted the passengers.

Encouraged by the applause, Tom then attempted to lasso a band of hungry wolves that were threatening to attack the helpless passengers. The savage fangs of the wolves tore the lasso into shreds, and for a moment death in a horrid form seemed to stare everybody in the face. Just as all was given up for lost General Pershing, at the head of a picked body of troops, arrived on the scene and effected a rescue.

Charlie Chaplin was an interested spectator and stood by fully armed to reinforce General Pershing in case of necessity.

High up on the cliffs, silhouetted against the sky, Douglas Fairbanks leaped from peak to peak, showing his teeth at the band of pursuing Indians. In his pocket was the reprieve signed by the Governor which would save an innocent man from hanging, and Douglas was striving to reach the jail before the trap fell. He had only two hours to do fifty miles. It seemed a superhuman feat. The redskins were almost within reach. He could feel their hot breath on his neck. With a laugh he flung himself down and they all tripped over him and went hurtling down to the rocky depths of the canyon below. They were all killed except Red Cloud, who escaped through a cave and was presently joined by his lately deceased comrades still thirsting for more devilry. They lurked and lay in wait and uprose repeatedly, no matter how often they bit the dust.

For a time it looked dark for the innocent man who had been so misunderstood by the jury that he was now looking up at the sky through his barred windows for the last time. He had partaken of the last traditional breakfast of ham and eggs, wheat cakes, coffee, fried potatoes, fruit and cereal. The death warrant had been read. He was now reading his Bible.

Fortunately Thomas Edison was seated upon a high crag experimenting with his radio outfit. "Can you take a message?" laughed Doug, leaping down from a neighboring mountain peak. "Sure," said Edison. "Then send this collect. 'Governor has granted reprieve. Call off hanging.'" Five minutes later the ex-doomed man had laid aside his Bible and was packing up.

These thrilling events might well have seemed enough for one day, but not so. High above the earth, poised for flight, two daring airmen were covering a vast immensity of distance in record-breaking non-stop flights. They had just crossed the continent and were now about to hop off for Japan.

Near by Colonel Roosevelt, armed to the teeth, was making short work of pernicious lions that beset his path, too intent upon the business in hand to observe Wally Reid's hair-raising record-breaking transcontinental race, in which he won by a hood. Mary Pickford and two other million dollar screen favorites occupied a box at the finish.

Near by Jack Dempsey and Jackie Coogan engaged in a fight for a million dollars, sixty percent for the winner, and motion picture rights divided equally.

John D. Rockefeller created much excitement by spending a thousand million dollars at a lemonade stand conducted by the sisters Gish, after which they held the watch on a marathon dance by Rodolph Valentino and the girl who holds the latest record for the same. The pleasure of the occasion was slightly marred by Babe Ruth's home run, escorted by his mother. Otherwise the day was free from casualties.





# The White Collar Girl

Illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell

**T**HE VAUNTED practicality of woman curls up and dies when Romance pokes his mischievous head around the corner. Also, Romance, like gold, is where you find it. Permit me to prove my case.

An age-old superstition invests the upper classes with the trappings of romance, but I say pish-tush! A suit of armor wrought boils upon the body of the knight who wore it, and the modern chiropodist is supported by ladies of the *haut monde*. It needs no million dollars to erect the palace of romance. How much does it take? That depends. Sadie Carter put the minimum at three hundred thousand dollars.

A practical girl, Sadie; though you wouldn't have thought so at first sight of her humid gray eyes, her bobbed brown hair, the tilted corners of her mouth and the inviting roundness of her slim figure. She was a cuddlesome sort of girl, only she wouldn't cuddle. In an era of spooning, Sadie's was a knife and fork attitude. You dipped sweetness with a spoon, but you couldn't cut up roast beef with it. She wanted to be certain of roast beef.

And if you wanted anything hard enough and kept your mind concentrated on it without ever wavering, it would come to you. This was her belief, her philosophy of existence.

The interest on three hundred thousand dollars, carefully invested in tax-free bonds, would yield twelve thousand a year.

The woman handling that income could divide it into very pretty portions. So much for rent, so much for a servant—one might even have two—so much for food, so much for clothing, for amusements, for vacations, for trips abroad—there might even be enough for the husband, who would provide this neat income, to indulge himself in an occasional friendly poker game. It would have to be understood, however, that he confined himself to a ten cent limit game.

Amusement was one thing, but gambling is a vice. Besides, with servants demanding from eighty to a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month, and with rents mounting so that anything decent cost from one hundred and fifty dollars up—even a tiny apartment—one would have to count the pennies. If anything, a ten cent limit was too high. Why couldn't men play games for the fun of it?

Still, a thousand a month could be made to answer.

"So all that's keeping us from getting married is a mere trifle like enough money to make Jack Dempsey fight?" demanded Harry Conroy. "Why don't you ask me to throw a lasso over this new star Beetle Goose and drag it down to you for an engagement ring?"

Sadie was very sweet. "I think the wires are crossed somewhere, and you're talking to the wrong number. It seems to me

By ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

*A Love Story of a Girl  
who wanted a Millionaire*



that one of us ought to take a course in memory culture. Correct me, Mr. Conroy, if I'm playing from the wrong hand, but I don't seem to recollect having said that I'd marry you if you had three hundred billion."

"My mistake, Miss Carter. Would you be pleased to permit me to fetch Mr. Vanderbilt? That's him with the checked vest—oh, pardon me, I mean waistcoat—at the second table to the left."

Sadie's lips parted in the faintest carbon copy of a yawn.

"I always feel so hysterical when you're being humorous, Harry. As if the house was on fire, or something really ridiculous like that."

"I'm sorry I made you cry," hummed Harry. His scornful indifference was an artistic triumph.

She reached suddenly over and patted his hand. The touch of her fingers was worth infinitely more than a kiss from any other girl, and Harry immediately melted.

"I'm not peevish," he declared. "That ain't Vanderbilt; it's Astor." She smiled at him and, having melted, he now began



"Tell me," said Harry, "that you spend your money for angel food—ham never built those eyes."

to steam. "Listen, Sadie. I ain't a bad little guy. I'm no kibbo, and I don't wear cake-eater's clothes, but even if I ain't got three hundred thousand dollars, I got a good job. Forty bucks a week will buy considerable ham and eggs."

Her eyes, always dewy, twinkled with mirth now. "Your arguments, Mr. Conroy, are subtle and profound. We are

always proud and happy at any little tribute of esteem from our valued customers; it is this friendly relation between buyer and seller that makes for goodwill in business. Call around again, Mr. Conroy, and even if our Mr. Schmalz doesn't find it convenient, in the present condition of the market, to place an order, he will be glad to look at your samples. Good afternoon,



Mr. Conroy." She lifted her pretty hand as though beckoning to someone departing. "Oh Mr. Conroy, I'm buying thirty dollars' worth of ham and eggs every week myself."

"I don't believe it. Tell me that you spend your money for angel food and I'll believe it. But ham never built those eyes."

"Now, that's the way I like you," said Sadie.

"As long as I don't get serious, I'm all right, eh?"

Harry's expression darkened. A personable youth, quite patently belonging to the mechanic class, many other girls in the Coney Island dance hall cast approving glances in his direction. He could have brought a quickening to the pulse of many a maiden here. Perhaps it was knowledge of this fact that inspired his next remark.

"Where do you get all your airs, anyway?" he asked. "I ask you to marry me, and you tell me that no man with less than three hundred thousand dollars can ever hope to have you see that his laundry comes home by six sharp on Saturday. Just whereabouts on Park Avenue is your home, Miss Carter?"

She looked at him; the mirth left her eyes and the corners of her mouth drooped.

"That's exactly it, Harry. You know the tenement in Harlem where I live. You know my father and mother, and the three other children besides myself. You know that I work for my living in a wholesale ribbon house. Perhaps you've noticed my mother, Harry?"

"Of course I have. One of the nicest ladies I ever saw. And a peach, too. She must have been a raving beauty when your father married her. Even now——"

"Yes, even now," said Sadie bitterly. "With lines in her face, and her hands rough, with broken nails, she's beautiful. With a figure stiffened by washing, and ironing, and sweeping, and making beds, and having babies——"

"You're kinda frank," said Harry.

The girl's eyes flashed fire; they made Harry, who was not given to poetic fancy, think of lightning gleaming through the rain.

"That's the whole trouble with poor folks—they aren't frank. Look at my mother. She had a mother, didn't she? Suppose her mother had been frank with her when she fell in love with my father? If my mother had been told what marriage really meant—what fun has she had in life?"

"Perhaps life ain't meant to be all fun," suggested Harry.

"But it isn't meant to be all misery, all drudgery, either," cried the girl.

"She's had love," said Harry.

Sadie's sweetly formed mouth was almost ugly. "Love? Suppose she has had it! Has that repaid her for what she's undergone? To have to scrimp eternally! To be unable to do things for your children! To have children and then not be able, because you can't afford a nurse, to take proper care of yourself! Oh, she's had love, but I'd prefer money. And look at my father. Bless his dear heart, it's almost killed him to see mother do without things. He's only forty-seven, but he looks sixty-seven. He was a bookkeeper when mother married him, and he's a bookkeeper now.

"White collar folk, that's what we are! If mother and father had had no education, if they'd given me none, I wouldn't feel the way I do, and they wouldn't be so miserable. But they are gentlefolk, Harry, and they can't accept the hideous makeshifts of poverty without a struggle. And the struggle has crushed their spirit. But it shan't crush mine."

She had never been so beautiful as she was now, in this moment of protest against life itself. Harry's breath came quicker.

"I'm going to make good; I won't always be repair man in a garage, Sadie. With you to make me work, with you to work for——"

She shook her head; but the fire left her eyes to be replaced by a gentler light.

"You're good, Harry, and you're sweet. But even if you had a million, you're not the man for me."

He sensed that this was his final rejection. It hurt his pride much more than it injured his heart.

"Then it ain't money alone. For all you sneer at love, you've got to have it along with the money."

"Of course," she said simply. "But if love comes without money, I'll treat it as I would money without love. I'll have nothing to do with it."

Harry sneered. "Where you going to find your millionaire?"

"I don't know that, but I will," she retorted.

"What you been doing, reading Cinderella, or going to the movies too much?" he jeered.

"Please don't be angry with me," she pleaded.

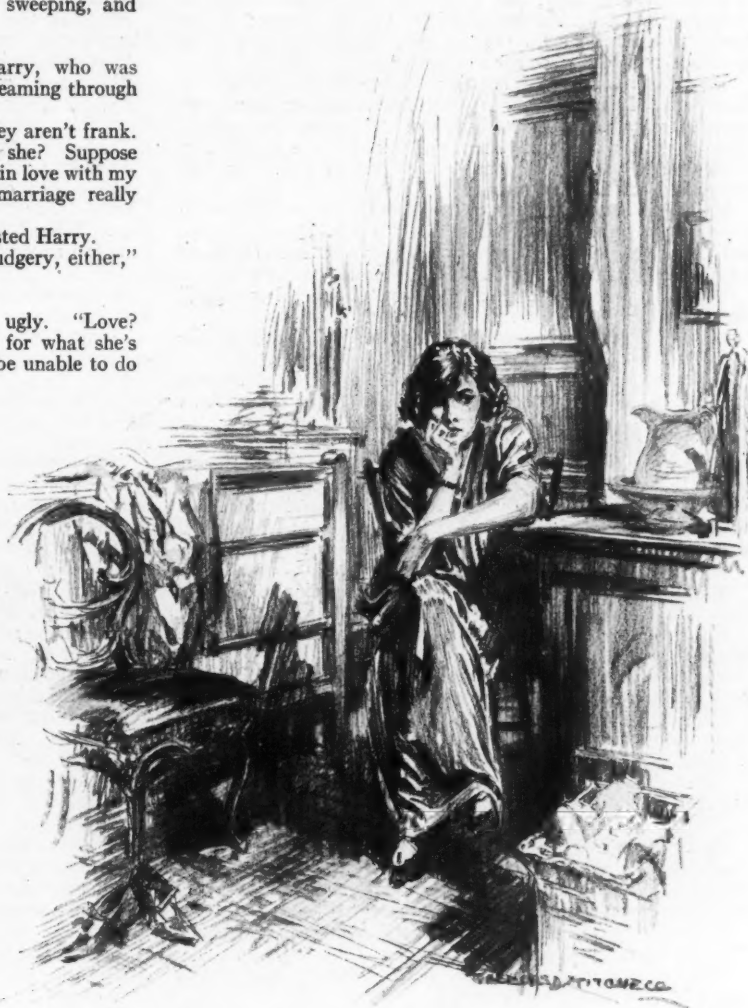
Now Harry Conroy was a decent young fellow. And his heart had not been too seriously engaged. He had been in love before and had recovered. He seemed to know that he would recover from this affair. Furthermore, he liked Sadie, and that is very different from love. We sometimes kill those we love, but we shrink from hurting those we like.

"I'm not," said Harry. "If I knew any millionaires I'd dig them up for you. That's fair enough, isn't it?"

"It's more than fair; it's dear," she smiled. "Shall we dance?"

She was quite gay the rest of the evening, and for the first time in some years Harry Conroy discovered that it was pleasant to be the escort of a girl even if you knew beyond peradventure that you could never kiss her. However, both he and she knew, when he bade her good by that night, that they would only meet casually, accidentally, in the future.

This was unreasonable, but happens to be a law in certain sections of society. One either "goes with" a girl or one doesn't. In the latter case, one never sees her by design.



For one year—or less—of rapture, she must give the rest of her life. And so Sadie made her decision.

## The White Collar Girl

Indeed, to the memory of Harry's courtship Sadie shed tears. She liked to play fair; so, when Harry's love for her had seemed to become serious, she had tried to impress him with the hopelessness of his regard. Tonight she had succeeded, and she was rather unhappy. After all, a young girl does not like to give up the pleasures of youth. She was giving them up. Of course some other boy would soon wish to "go with" her, but she was almost decided not to permit it. It wasn't fair to them.

Oh, how unfair life itself was to the poor! Suddenly she felt a bitter distaste for the cheap little pleasures that the youths of her acquaintance could give her. How could she ever fall in love with a man without proper setting? She had admitted to Harry that she expected love and had permitted him to infer that a poor man might arouse it in her bosom.

But lying in the bed which she shared with a younger sister, she knew that Harry's inference had been wrong. For she met men only in the humble tenement where she lived; or in cheap restaurants or dance halls where they took her; in elevated trains to Coney, or excursion boats up the Hudson. If she walked in Central Park with some young man and sat down upon a bench, their resting place was invaded by fat old peasant women from central or southern Europe, who were accompanied by sticky and squalling infants.

Romance, she felt, needed its setting. To the poor even privacy, the first desideratum of romance, was denied. She knew not how it might be with other girls, but to her love was a delicate, fragile flower which would perish in cheap surroundings, even if it were conceivable that it could blossom in them.

Love, then, could never come to her. And yet it *must*. For if you wanted a thing, and wanted it long enough and hard enough, you got it. As she fell asleep, a smile appeared on her tear-stained face. In her dreams her philosophy seemed more feasible than it did when she was awake.

Now Harry Conroy was not merely a decent young fellow; he liked Sadie. But he also liked a joke. And it is a fact, regrettable though it may be and snobbish though its utterance may sound, that the humor of a garage repair man is not the humor of a philosopher. Harry's humor lacked certain subtleties and possessed a crudity that verged on brutality.

He, too, although he shed no tears, spent the next forenoon in a slightly saddened state. Sadie was a peach. A darned nice girl. He agreed with the observation of Pete Markham, chauffeur for one Mr. Rodney Grey, when the latter mentioned Sadie.

"Certainly was a little queen with you at Coney last night," said Markham. "How do you get them?"

Harry colored with embarrassed pride. "It's a gift," he admitted.

Markham sighed. "I wish I had it. I thought I had a pretty girl with me. Then I saw the girl with you and I knew that I was all wrong about my partner."

Harry looked up from the carburetor of the beautiful two passenger car, belonging to Mr. Grey, with which he was tinkering. His eyes lighted upon a tall young man whose light tan suit fitted very well a powerful body. He saw a clean-cut face with a good chin, a kindly mouth, a large nose and high forehead that spoke of brains and imagination, and two merry blue eyes.

"Forget her," he advised. "She's not for you."

Markham grinned. "I had no intention of trying to steal her from you, Harry."

Harry shrugged. "She don't belong to me. But no guy with less than a million need waste her time."

Markham's grin grew broader. "That bars me. But she didn't look the mercenary type to me."

"You sure can sling language," said Harry admiringly. "That 'mercenary' is a corker. Sadie would like that."

"And what's her last name?" inquired Markham.

"Carter. I had an idea that maybe it would be Conroy, but she took that idea and busted it into about four million pieces."

"That's tough," said Markham sympathetically.

Conroy shook his head. "I've been thinking it over. A peach and a darned nice girl, but we'd never team up. Too much ambition. No, I want something comfortable and easy-going." He smiled mischievously. "Like to meet her?"

"I make forty-five dollars a week," chuckled Markham. "You've already answered your question."

The vague shadow of an idea veiled Conroy's eyes. "You certainly look like a millionaire."

"Much obliged," laughed Markham. "But looking and being aren't quite the same thing. How many millionaires, at the present moment, are battling for the lady's favor?"

Harry's smile became slightly wry. "That's the funny part of it. I don't believe she knows a single man who has eight dollars

left, after paying the bills, on Saturday night. But her mother and father are pretty classy people even if they haven't money. They've brought her up careful. She can toss words like 'mercenary' as easy as you can. You went to college, didn't you?"

Markham nodded. "The trenches didn't help my health, although I'm all right now. But I have to work outdoors. So my college education hasn't made me eligible for Miss Carter's acquaintance. I'm shy of having a million dollars by exactly nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand, seven hundred and seventy-five dollars."

"I only got one year in the high school, but I can subtract with anybody. Where did you get the two twenty-five?" Harry looked incredulous.

"You'd never make a detective, Harry," said Markham. "Here it is noon, in the middle of my working day, and I'm not wearing my livery. Does that mean anything?"

"The boss away?" asked Harry.

"Exactly. He's gone to Europe for five weeks. He paid me in advance. Five times forty-five—you know the answer."

"Some people have it so soft that they get bedsores," commented Harry.

"You ain't heard the 'alf of it, dearie," laughed Markham.

"Mr. Grey has a lot of valuable things in his apartment. His cook-valet wanted to go to his home while the boss was away, so Mr. Grey told me to live in his apartment. The janitor's wife does all the cleaning, and I can rustle my own breakfast. My other meals I take wherever fancy moves me. If you have any friends that you'd care to impress, bring them around. We might stage a little game of penny ante in my palatial residence."

And now the idea whose premonitory pangs had shadowed Harry's eyes came full-born into being.

"Say, what a joke it would be on Sadie!" he exclaimed.

"Elucidate," said Markham.

Conroy nodded with emphatic delight. "Why, it would be a cinch! You got swell clothes, and you certainly can wear them. I'll bet you have a dress suit, too."

Markham admitted the impeachment.

"We could certainly fool Sadie to a fare-you-well," said Harry. "You could even throw a party up at your Mr. Grey's place. Why, I'd be willing to pay for the eats. We could get in a Jap servant for the night—you got Grey's car here—it's the swellest joke I ever heard."

"I'll be laughing, too, when you tell me what the joke is," said Markham.

"Why, I see Sadie. I tell her that a millionaire that gets his car fixed at this garage, and knows me, came to see me today. He says to me that he was doing a little slumming at Coney last night and sees me with Sadie. He wants to meet Sadie, and his objects ain't nothing less than matrimony. Get me? Ain't it a dorb?"

"Seems rather shabby to me," was Markham's comment.

"It won't hurt her none, will it? Or are you so stuck on yourself that you think she might really fall in love with you?" demanded Harry.

"Of course not," replied Markham indignantly. "But it doesn't seem quite the thing."

"Aw, it would do her good. She needs taking down. Besides, she'll love it. Here's a girl that's all hopped up with the idea of marrying a millionaire. She'll meet you, and all her life she'll remember it. It will be the bright spot in her life—the millionaire she once knew."

Now Markham was just as decent, and better bred, than Conroy. But here was a pretty girl who scorned all men save millionaires. And youth loves to impress, even though under false pretenses. It was shabby, but still, as Harry pointed out, it wouldn't do any harm. And it would be fun to arouse the admiration of Sadie Carter, even though one wore borrowed plumage. And Conroy pleaded and urged. Markham yielded.

The party was a great success. Sadie had thrilled to her innermost fiber on being told by Harry that she had won the instant admiration of a millionaire. And considering that Harry was taking his own sister to the dinner at Mr. Markham's apartment, there was nothing shocking to her sense of what was proper in attending the affair, even though it was held in a bachelor's apartment. Poverty is content with the slightest chaperonage; it must be.

The dinner was delightful. A well trained Japanese, hired for the evening, cooked and served the meal. Harry wore hired evening clothes, out of deference to his surroundings, and the dinner suit of Mr. Markham fitted him perfectly. And their host was so tactful, so graceful at putting (Continued on page 127)



**M**ARION DAVIES in one of her most appealing rôles—the resourceful Irish lass, Patricia O'Day, who in the Cosmopolitan film, "Little Old New York," comes to America disguised as a boy to win herself a fortune.





**H**ELEN MACKELLAR, a girl out of the far West who from amateur theatricals achieved stardom on the professional stage and last season played the spectacular title rôle in the melodrama, "The Masked Woman."

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL REED.



**G**ENEVIEVE TOBIN—of the Tobin family of footlights fame—long beloved in juvenile parts, not long ago put up her hair and insisted on being a woman. Given the lead in "Polly Preferred" she scored a hit at once.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED HERBERT LINDEN



**A**NITA STEWART, whose first part in the new features she is to play for Cosmopolitan Productions will be the society girl, Hope Warner, in the screen version of a Cosmopolitan story by Frank R. Adams, "The Love Piker."

PHOTOGRAPH BY EDWARD TRACY BIRDBY





By *G*ouverneur MORRIS

*A Fantasy of the Future*

# Derrick's RETURN

*Illustrations by F. R. Gruger*

**D**ERRICK dreamed that Indians had captured him and had laid him face down in their camp fire and were slowly burning his head off. As a matter of fact a surgeon was working out a difficult problem in the back of Derrick's throat, and for a little while, toward the end of the operation, anesthesia had not been complete.

The operation was a success. Something that ought not to have been in Derrick's throat was now out of it, and an incorrect arrangement of this and that had been corrected. The only trouble was a slight, ever so slight bleeding which could not be stopped. The measures taken to stop it were worse than the cream about the Indians, and, still worse, they didn't stop it. The thin trickle of blood kept on trickling until the reservoirs from which it came were empty, and then the doctors—there were a good many of them now—told the woman who sobbed and carried on that her husband's sufferings were all over. They told her that Derrick was dead.

But Derrick wouldn't have admitted that. Even the bleeding and the pain of which he seemed to have died were now but vague and negligible memories. The great thing was to get out of that body which had already begun to decay, and making use of a new and perfectly delightful power of locomotion, to get as far away from it as possible. He caught up with sounds and passed them. And he discovered presently that he could move a little more quickly than light. In a crumb of time some unerring intuition told him that he had come to the Place to which some other unerring intuition had directed him.

Among the beautiful lights and shadows and colors of that Place, he learned fast. There were voices which answered his questions just as fast as he could think them. And something wonderful had happened to his memory, because it was never necessary to think the same question twice. Knowledge came to stay. To discover how very little he had ever really known

about anything didn't humiliate him. It was funny. It made him laugh.

And now that he was able to perceive what insuperable obstacles there must always be between the man-mob and real knowledge of any kind, he developed a certain respect for the man-mob. It had taken them, for instance, so many millions of years to find out that the world on which they lived was not flat but round. The wonder was that they had made the discovery at all. And they had succeeded in prying into certain other secrets that they were not supposed to know—ever. As, for instance, the immortality of the soul, and how to commit race suicide.

To let the man-mob discover its own immortality had been a dreadful mistake. Everybody admitted that now. The discovery had made man take himself seriously and caused him to evolve the erroneous doctrine that the way to a happy immortality lay only through making his brief mortality and that of others as miserable as possible.

He thought a question and received this answer, only the answer was in terms of thought rather than in words:

"No, they were put on earth to be happy and to enjoy themselves. For no other reason. But for some reason or other nobody told them, and they got to taking themselves seriously. They were forced to invent all kinds of sins and bad habits so that they could gain favor by resisting them . . . But with all respect to what you are now, you must perceive and admit what a perfect ass you were up to the time of your recent, and so called, death."

He thought another question. The answer was a negative. "No. They will not evolve into anything better. They have stood still too long and got themselves into much too dreadful a mess. As a pack they will never learn that they were meant only to be happy and to enjoy themselves. Individuals, of course,

have from time to time had this knowledge and practiced it, and will, but the others won't let them practice it. But don't worry. Man will die out, and insects will step in and succeed where he failed. Souls will continue for millions of years to come to this place, to learn what you are learning, and be happy to know that they have waked forever from the wretched little nightmare they made for themselves on earth. And since happiness is inseparable from laughter, it will make them laugh to look back and see how religiously they side-stepped and ducked out of everything that was really worth while."

## II

IN THE first days of some novel, beautiful or merely exciting experience a man misses neither his friends nor his family. And it was a long time, as time is reckoned here on earth, before Derrick realized that he had parted from all his without so much as bidding any one of them good by.

In time, of course, they would all come to the place where he now found himself, and share with him all that delicious wealth of knowledge and clear vision the lack of which now stood between them and happiness. Here the knowing how to be happy seemed the mere *a b c* of happiness. It was the first thing you learned. You not only learned how to be happy; but you applied your easily acquired knowledge and you actually *were* happy.

But how, the earth-dweller asks, can the spirit of a man, separated from his wife and children and from the friends he loves, and conscious of the separation, be happy? Very easily. It was one of Derrick's first questions, and the answer had been perfectly satisfactory.

He could always go back. He had learned that almost at once. There is no such thing as separation. If he chose to wait where he was, gathering the sweetest and delightfulest knowledge among the lovely lights and shadows and colors and perfumes, even as a man gathers flowers in a beautiful garden, in the course of time all those whom he had loved so greatly would come to him and be with him forever. But if waiting would make him unhappy, here where no one need be unhappy, he could always go back. When? Now. Soon. Whenever he liked. Oh, it took a little time to get back; but not much. If, for instance, his wife at a given moment were about to lift her hands to her hair, and at that same moment he made up his mind to go back to her and actually started, he would get to her before her hands had moved more than a thousandth of an inch from her lap.

How could he communicate with her? As of old, if he liked. He could be with her. She could hear his voice, on occasions, if the actinic and electrical conditions were just right. She might actually see him. And of course he would be able to see her and to hear her. There was never any trouble about that. If he wanted to be with his family *all* the time, until they in turn got ready to come here, there was nothing to prevent—absolutely nothing. But had he, in his earth life, ever wanted to be with his dear ones *all* the time? Probably not. One of these days he would probably run into Romeo and Juliet. Very likely he would find them together. They were often together; but not always. Probably, like other loving spirits, he would not wish to be with *his* family *all* the time. He would probably do as other spirits did—go and come, and go and come.

About communicating? He would probably find that plain straight talk was too strong for earth-dwellers. It had been tried out on them often, and usually disastrously. It was like forcing champagne and brandy on men who had always been content with beer. Straight talk from the spirit world often produced epilepsy among earth-dwellers. It was too much for them to have all at once. And then such a very little was enough to content them, and he would find it far more satisfactory to furnish them with a little—a mysterious and nicely stage-managed *little*—than with a plain-spoken straight from the shoulder *lot*. To the wise, and he was now beginning to be wise, a hint is sufficient. Suppose, his wife being at her dressing table, he were to plant himself beneath and rap out a few words in the Morse code? Let him keep on with these rappings until she called in someone to interpret them for her.

He could not only comfort her about his death and reassure her as to his general whereabouts and activities, but he could have a lot of fun with her. There is no harm in having harmless fun with those you love. It is the fear of fun, the suspicion with which it is regarded, more than any one single thing, that has given the man-pack such a miserable run for its money. By means of the Morse code, he could persuade her to buy a ouija board. He would love that, and so would she and the children.

But Derrick kept putting off his return to the earth.

If a loving husband and father were turned loose in the finest jewelry store in the world and told to take his pick of the diamonds and rubies and pearls, as many as he could carry, he would not at once rush off to tell his loved ones of the astounding privilege that had been extended to him. He would stick to the store. He would hang about it possibly for days, taking mental stock of all its precious contents. Blurring the tops of the glass show cases with his breath and staring till his eyes ached.

Derrick was in somewhat the same case. He had the impulse to rush off at once to his family to tell them of the extraordinary wisdom and mental equilibrium which were being lavished upon him; but he was restrained by the very natural wish to remain where he was until the last vestiges of earth-marks had been rubbed from him.

He had been a very decent man as men go; but the amazing sense of purity which now pervaded his being was new in his experience. It was not so much a smug consciousness and conceit in personal purity as a happy negation of all that is not directly of the spirit in its most calm and lucid moments.

Here nothing soiled, and nothing tired. An immense and delicious mental activity swept one past all the earthly halting places. There was no eating or drinking or love-making. There was no sleeping, and the mere fact of existence among the lights and shadows and colors was more cleansing than the most refined species of Oriental bathing.

Life here was mental. Burning curiosities and instantaneous satisfactions thereof seemed at once the aim and the end of existence. And since there can be no limit to the number and extent of the spirit's curiosities, it was obvious that there could be no limit to existence itself. And Derrick together with those spirits which had passed into the Place at the same time with his own began to have a clear understanding of humanity.

Here, for instance, all that one learned about God was fact, but there was so much to learn that heaping fact on fact, with a speed unknown on earth—even in the heaping of falsehood upon falsehood—it would take from now until eternity to learn all about God. And this, of course, had to be the case. Since God is infinite, He can only be wholly revealed to those who, by pursuing knowledge to infinity, have acquired infinite knowledge.

The man-mob conception of God seemed very absurd to him. For man had formed it in the days when he still believed the earth to be flat, and had subsequently seen no good reason or obligation to change it. The man-mob had never gone beyond the idea that God was a definite person to whom certain things like praise and toadying were infinitely agreeable, and to whom certain other things like being happy and not very serious were as a red rag to a bull. This conception was the work of certain men who, the moment they had conceived a God in their own narrow and intolerant image, became themselves godlike. To men of that stamp simple and practical discoveries in geography, mechanics or ceramics would have been utterly out of the question. But the greatest discovery of all with its precise descriptions and limitations lay to their credit. And from that time to this no very great number of men had ever taken the trouble to gainsay them, or ever would.

"I never did, for one," thought Derrick, and he recalled with a smile the religious phases through which he had passed in his earth-life. As he remembered that he had once, for a short period of his childhood, believed in the fiery, old-fashioned Hell of the Puritans, the smile broadened, and he burst into joyous and musical laughter.

## III

THERE was one thing that he must be prepared to face. His wife and their three children would *look* just as they had looked when he last saw them, and as a matter of fact they would be just what they were; but to him, with all his new and accurate knowledge and his inconceivably clear vision, they would seem to have changed greatly.

He had always considered his wife an intelligent, well educated, even an advanced woman, and he had considered his children, especially the youngest, who was a girl, altogether brighter and more precocious than his neighbors' children. Well, along those lines he must be prepared for shocks and disillusionment.

It would not be possible, for instance, to sit down with his wife to a rational discussion of anything. She would seem like a moron to him; superstitious, backward, ignorant, and stubborn as a mule. He would find her erroneous beliefs and convictions hard to change. It would be the same with the children, but in less degree. The oldest was twelve, and his brain was still capable



The amazing sense of purity which now pervaded Derrick's being was new in his experience.

of a little development. He would have some inclination to listen to his father and to believe what his father told him. With Sammy, aged ten, and Ethel, aged eight, much might be done.

He would begin by asking these young hopefuls to forget everything that had been taught them, with the exception of that one startling fact, that the world is round. He would then proceed to feed their eager young earth-minds on as many simple and helpful truths as would be good for them, and he would show them, what was now so clear to him, how to find happiness on earth with a minimum of labor and worry.

A question carelessly thought and instantly answered caused him to return to earth sooner than he had intended. The answer to his question had been in the nature of a hard jolt. It had to do with sin.

Sin, he learned, is not doing something which other people regard as sinful, but something which you yourself know to be sinful. Lying, theft, arson, murder, bigamy may on occasion be acts of light, charity and commiseration, no matter how the man-mob may execrate, judge and punish them. But the same things may be also the worst of crimes. (Continued on page 145)





# Kale and FAREWELL

Illustrations by

**I**N THE Broadwaysque section of New York termed the Roaring Forties is the lair of the Gold Digger. There, with pouting lips, baby stare and déagé smile, she lies in wait for those who go intriguing incog.

The past year has been rich with "pay dirt" in the flaming Gulch of the Diggers. Men in high places who have strayed from peaceful hearths to seek the Understanding Woman have plunged spectacularly to social, financial and domestic ruin.

Their bleached bones are the "Stop, Look and Listen!" signs along the way. One was untrussed by a murder, another by blackmail and countless others by the inexorable law that has its way of dealing with the faithless.

Broadway will tell you, "The bigger they are, the harder they fall!" There is unlimited precedent for the axiomatic truth.

It is not the rheumatic old roué with a spare tire under each eye who sinks in the Broadway bog. More often than not it is your man of affairs—the person who inspires the headline tribute of Financial Wizard. Not until his honey-dripping letters are read to a dozen men with whom he has not even a bowing acquaintance and they return with the verdict does he realize his quest for the Understanding Woman has failed.

He may be the pillar of great commercial enterprise, an upstanding figure with steely eye and granite jaw; but when he falls into the hands of the digger he becomes the "heavy sugared papa"—topic of café jest.

The mountainous bank roll, he learns, has not dwindled for the sole maintenance of "the girl who understands" but for the upkeep on the side of her pomaded gigolo, who bears Broadway's priceless sobriquet—"My Daddy."

There is in New York a group of the illuminati known colloquially as "The Poor Fish Club." The spirit is one of mockery. The members are those who have been hooked through the gills.

The president lost his heart to a member of that amazing sisterhood, "the beautiful but dumb." Tortured by insomnia, he walked the streets by night, neglected his business by day, and was saved from a breakdown by the ministrations of a Christian Science healer.

And there is that recurring rumor that pops into the social gossip weeklies from time to time of the enormously rich New Yorker who, in a magnanimous moment, purchased an entire apartment house in an exclusive area when admittance was denied the sepia *comédienne* of a midnight supper club.

Who, then, are the Gold Diggers—the little rays of sunshine illuminating the far away corners of the darkened grill?

Hardened habitués of that half-world of the Tenderloin call them "Dumb Doras." Farther uptown they are "O. M. D.'s"—Old Men's Darlings.

They are the "ladies of the evening"—buoyantly light-hearted, extravagantly dressed and always hungry. Their jaunty flag of piracy bears the inscription, "Kale and farewell!"

The attraction is their youth, and so in idle hours their time is spent in an unceasing round of the coiffure parlors and beauty shops. They know the tragedy of fading beauty.

Their chatter is the almost unintelligible flippancy of the day. Such as: "Be yourself!" "Ain't you funny?" "Don't be ridic!" and "I'll tell the cock-eyed world!"

There is the story of one Forty Niner with cutely bobbed hair who was having the "*amour impropre*" with a man who was an occasional patron of the art galleries.

Once she accompanied him to view the canvases. Going home she was silent but thoughtful. Finally she sighed, "Well, I ain't took up art yet, but when I do I'll make it hum."

It is a custom among them to select euphonious names. Thus in the telephone books they are listed as Jacqueline Jonquil, Trixie Torton, Goldie Gondola and other pseudonyms as fairly airy.

They come to New York from the aspiring metropolises of the East, West and South seeking a career—generally on the stage. They will tell you, aided by excellently trained tear ducts, of their failure because they refused to "pay the price."

That is their lament, but in most cases they were untrained for the stage; and after being greeted day after day at the agencies with "Sorry, but nothing today," they swing off into the primrose path, the path Tin Pan Alley lyricizes as leading to Potter's Field.

The bright lights of the cabaret and midnight supper haunts beckon. In this atmosphere they learn of Barnum's failure as a mathematician. Instead of one being born every minute there is one every second.

They discover there are "tired business men" who will pay fifty dollars for a ready





# By O. O. MCINTYRE

Wallace Morgan

dinner companion; and so their education proceeds, here a little and there a little, until they become adroit in the art of polite blackmail.

These are the girls who spill the scalding tear in the caviar at the mawkish sentimentality of a "home and mother" song, holding the hand of the errant husband who will soon achieve the first pages. He may not know it, but sooner or later he is going to provide for her what is known in headlines as "heart balm."

In the beginning the apotheosis of existence is a fur coat; after that a home uptown and a cabriolet; and finally a \$20,000 a year apartment on Park Avenue, a platinum-lined car fully equipped with a day and a night chauffeur.

Few att in the latter stage of glorification, but the few who have are the shining examples that spur the others on.

The most exclusive shops welcome their patronage, for they buy the best. Of course, the items are entered in "green," which indicates the bill must be mailed to the office of the sap who pays the bill.

The Gold Digger is a hedonist. Each night she wants to go "café-ing." She does not care to be alone with troublesome thoughts. She realizes some day "papa's sugar" will turn to salt, and then the annoyance of digging up the letters cached in a safety vault and trotting off to the lawyer.

This means shocking news for the folk back home, clicking cameras, brash reporters, etc., etc.

The digger is not always the wanton. She has her code, and in her opinion it is far removed from those who line up in police courts, members of the oldest profession.

In her excursions to Broadway she has learned many things. Among them is that there are "saps" and "square shooters." She angles for "saps." They are the men who, reversing the Kipling dictum, will pay and pay and pay.

A lightly tossed smile, a coy reluctance to go out to dinner, a baby lisp—these are the ephemeral implements that dig the golden nuggets. Then there is the family she has to support, the cruelty of the big pitiless city and the final weep in the taxi going home. Life indeed is hard!

Broadway pays its tribute to the digger's art in all-night shoe, millinery and drug stores. These places are open so that a

sudden whim for boots, hats or cosmetics may be gratified. The urge for a pair of red or green shoes with criss-crossed strappings may be developed over the final quart of champagne at the supper club. "Do it now!" is the digger's favorite slogan. Tomorrow may be too late.

A part of the sun dodger's equipment is a gambling device—a toddle top, a pair of dice, or a set of miniature cards. Of course, they know nothing about gambling. But it is all such childish fun, and then, too, no gentleman would win from a lady.

The gay creature knows the public café is "Divorce's Halfway House," and so when she slips away with some wandering spouse to summon Rabelais and the brave Boccaccio she always manages to pilot him to the "great open space" of the dansant. His public appearance with her may prove valuable later.

Many of the most skilful diggers are not out of their 'teens. There is one who carries around a Teddy Bear and still others who wear their hair in childish ringlets. But the veneer of youth is thinly coated—underneath is the flint of ages.

Among the twentieth century Loreleis, so young in years and old in worldliness, is a camaraderie of trickery. The Lothario who fears to be caught may take along his emissary, who, like the bird that warns the rhinoceros, scans for danger. He may use fictitious names, but if he is "heavy sugared" they will find him out. They work in unison. The goal is luxury without toil.

No digger is complete without her ukulele. She is adept in the psychology of cheap sentiment. She knows the effect of a few gin and gingers followed by a plaintive, crooning song. The combination mellowes the stoniest heart.

Men famed for nickel-nursing sign on the dotted line. And perhaps when this is over and the lights are low, as luck will have it, a furrier or jeweler raps at the door demanding back payments.

Does he get it?

In diggers' lore, "I'll tell the cock-eyed world he does." Then the next day when a few of them have gathered around to discuss the spoils they thrum their ukes and sing in doubtful lyrics this Broadway classic:

Dig a little deeper, dig a little deeper,  
There's a dumb Santa waiting for me and for you,  
Dig a little deeper, dig a little deeper,  
And we'll have the little hovel on Park Avenue.





Mills had entered through the kitchen—

### *The Story So Far:*

**W**HEN young Bruce Storrs's widowed mother confesses on her deathbed the one lapse in a faithful married life which makes him the son, not of her husband, but of one Franklin Mills, his whole nature is shocked. But after a long walking trip to readjust his views, he goes, in compliance with his mother's request, to the Mid-west city where Mills lives, to be near his real father.

Keeping his secret to himself, through his old college friend Bud Henderson, who seems to know everybody worth while in the city, he secures a position with Freeman, a successful architect. And meeting one by one his father, his half brother Shepherd and his half sister Leila, he finds a curious situation.

Franklin Mills is wealthy, eminently successful, but cold-blooded, domineering, aristocratic—and at heart unhappy. He believes that he can run his little world his own way and tramples ruthlessly on other people's personalities. His idealistic son Shepherd, whom he rather despises as a weakling, he

MEREDITH

# *The* Hope

*Illustrations by*

puts in charge of a battery manufacturing plant, and then refuses to sanction Shepherd's plans for the well-being of his employees. Shep's wife Constance he looks down on as a social upstart. His daughter Leila, who is frivolous but delightful, he plans practically to coerce into marriage with his secretary, Carroll, though she is in love—in her own way—with a divorced man by the name of Thomas.

Bruce, much against his own will, is gradually brought into peculiarly intimate contact with each member of the family. Leila he saves from one or two embarrassing situations when she has drunk too much, and gains over her impetuous nature a certain restraining influence. Connie flirts with him, and once when he is in a desperate mood he goes so far as to kiss her—and is promptly ashamed of it. Shepherd he helps out of a serious crisis, which occurs when his father, discovering that he has sold certain stocks to carry out his scheme for an employees' clubhouse, upbraids him with a quiet, devastating sarcasm, and takes him summarily out of the battery plant to become a vice-president in a new trust company he himself is forming. Shepherd, almost in a suicidal mood of despair, is completely cheered and rejuvenated by a heart to heart talk with Bruce, and determines to go at his new work with a good will.

But Bruce's most serious contact is with his father. Franklin early realizes Bruce's identity, partly through his likeness to a portrait of his, Franklin's, own father. One night he invites Bruce in to dinner, and adroitly feels him out to discover if he knows the secret of his parentage. He even, casually, offers Bruce a high-salaried business position. Bruce carries off the meeting well. He gives no hint of his knowledge of Mills's secret and deftly refuses the business offer, which he suspects to be what it is—an attempt to close his mouth by gratitude.

All of this would not trouble Bruce so greatly were it not for one thing—Bruce is falling more and more deeply in love with Millicent Harden, a friend of Leila's. And Franklin Mills, in his calculating cool way, is also in love with Millicent. In fact, he determines to marry her quickly; and to that end he secretly sets in motion certain forces that will add to the Hardens—who are socially unacceptable because Doctor Harden made his money in patent medicines—that measure of ultra-respectability which is compatible with an alliance with the house of Mills.

Naturally Bruce, seeing all this, seeing Mills constantly with Millicent, reading perhaps too harshly Mills's character, and brooding despite himself over his own illegitimacy, is in an unhappy frame of mind despite his cheerful exterior.

### CHAPTER X

**D**UTY was a large word in Franklin Mills's lexicon. It pleased him to think that he met all his obligations as a parent and a citizen. In his own cogitations he was well satisfied with his handling of his son Shepherd. Shepherd had needed just the lesson he had given him in the matter of the sale of the Rogers Trust Company stock. Mills, not knowing that Bruce Storrs was responsible for Shepherd's change of mind, was highly pleased that his son had expressed his entire satisfaction with his transfer from the battery plant to the new trust company.

The fact that Shepherd was now eager to begin his new work and evidently had forgotten all about the community house project increased Mills's contentment with his own wisdom and his confidence in his ability to make things happen as he wanted



# NICHOLSON'S *Vital Novel* of *American Life*

# of Happiness

Pruett Carter

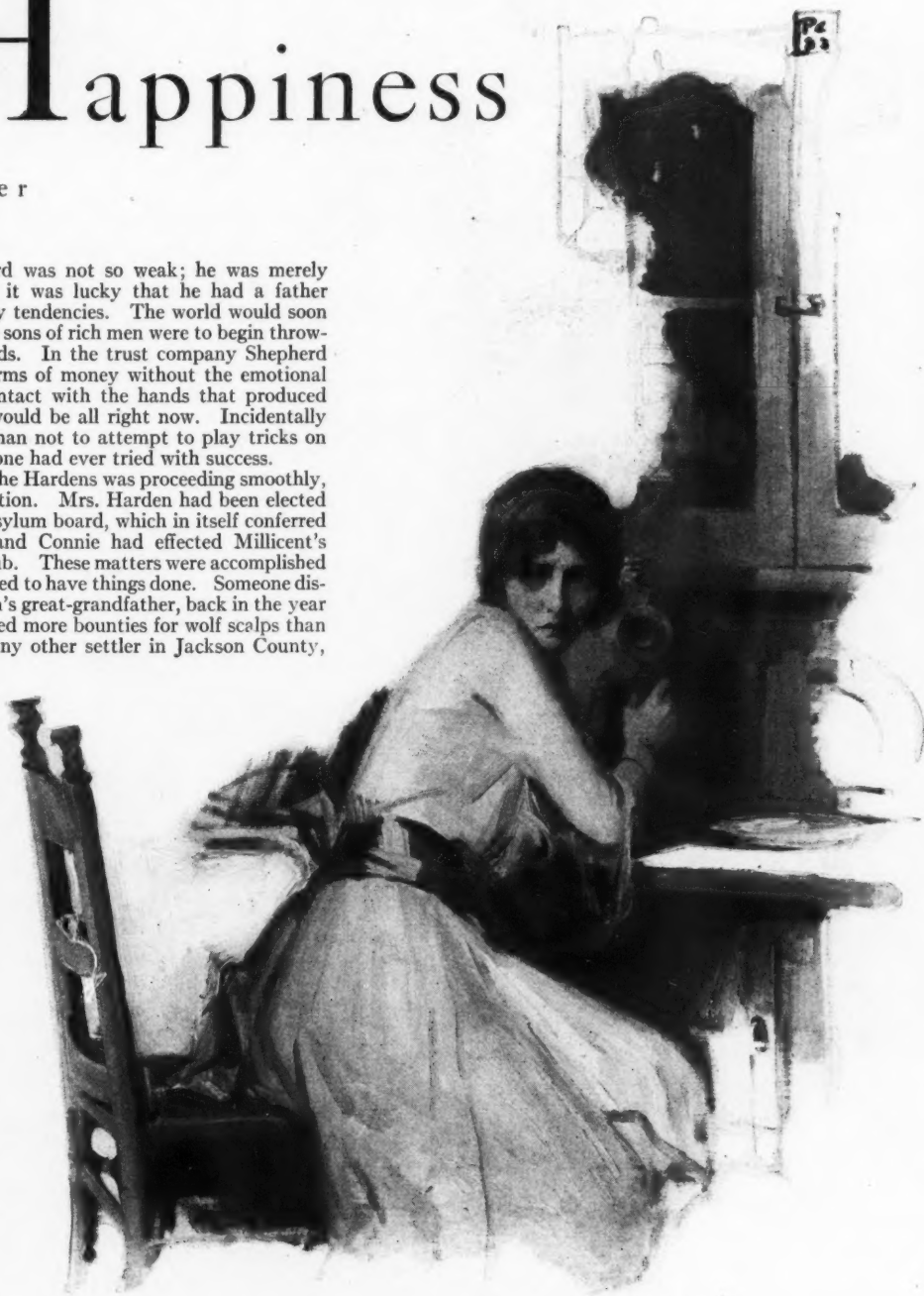
them to happen. Shepherd was not so weak; he was merely foolish, and being foolish, it was lucky that he had a father capable of checking his silly tendencies. The world would soon be in a pretty mess if all the sons of rich men were to begin throwing their money to the birds. In the trust company Shepherd would learn to think in terms of money without the emotional disturbances caused by contact with the hands that produced it. Shepherd, Mills felt, would be all right now. Incidentally he had taught the young man not to attempt to play tricks on him—something which no one had ever tried with success.

The social promotion of the Hardens was proceeding smoothly, thanks to Connie's cooperation. Mrs. Harden had been elected a member of the Orphan Asylum board, which in itself conferred a certain dignity. Leila and Connie had effected Millicent's election to the Dramatic Club. These matters were accomplished without friction, as Mills liked to have things done. Someone discovered that Doctor Harden's great-grandfather, back in the year of the big wind, had collected more bounties for wolf scalps than had ever been earned by any other settler in Jackson County, and the Doctor was thereupon admitted to fellowship in the Pioneer Society. The Hardens did not climb; they were pushed up the ladder, seemingly by unseen hands, somewhat to their surprise and a little to their discomfiture.

The only cloud on Mills's horizon was his apprehension as to his daughter's future. Fred Thomas had been persistent in his attentions, and he would not do; but Leila was not a child to whom *no* could be said with impunity. Thomas was calling at the house less frequently and Mills was encouraged to believe she was wearying of his attentions. To deny Thomas the house altogether might precipitate a crisis, and Mills disliked a crisis. A critical situation with Leila was something he particularly wished to avoid.

Satisfied with the orderly course of his affairs in every other way, Leila was a source of uneasiness. Mills was increasingly aware that she couldn't be managed as he managed Shepherd. He had gone as far as he dared in letting Carroll know that he would be an acceptable son-in-law, and he had perhaps intimated a little too plainly to Leila the desirability of such an arrangement. Carroll visited the house frequently; but Leila snubbed him outrageously. When it pleased her to accept his attentions it was merely, Mills surmised, to allay suspicion as to her interest elsewhere. It was his duty to see that Leila married in keeping with her status as the daughter of the house of Mills.

In analyzing his duty with respect to Leila, it occurred to Mills that he might have been culpable in not laying more stress upon the merits of religion in the upbringing of Leila. Leila had gone to Sunday school in her earliest youth; but churchgoing was not to her taste. He was unable to remember when Leila had last attended church, but never voluntarily within his recollection. Leila needed, he decided, the sobering influence of religion. God, in Mills's speculations, was on the side of order, law and respectability. The church frowned upon divorce; and Leila must be saved from the disgrace of marrying a divorced man. Leila needed religion, and the idea broadened



And Leila knew her last words were enough to convict her.



A vast silence hung upon the place as Bruce entered. On a long couch under the window lay Leila.

in Mills's mind until he saw that Constance and Shepherd, too, would be safer under the protecting arm of the church.

The Sunday following Christmas seemed to Mills a fitting time for renewing the family's acquaintance with St. Barnabas. When he telephoned his invitation to Constance, carefully putting it in the form of a suggestion, he found his daughter-in-law wholly agreeable to the idea. She and Shepherd would be glad to breakfast with him and accompany him to divine worship. When he broached the matter to Leila she did not explode as he had expected. She took a cigarette from her mouth and expelled the smoke from her lungs.

"Sure, I'll go with you, dada," she replied.

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He had suggested nine as a conservative breakfast hour, but Constance and Shepherd were fifteen minutes late. Leila was considerably later, but appeared finally, after the maid had twice been dispatched to her room. Having danced late, she was still sleepy. At the table she insisted on scanning the society page of the morning newspaper. This annoyed Mills, particularly when in spreading out the sheet she upset her water glass, with resulting deplorable irrigation of the tablecloth and a splash upon Connie's smart morning dress that might or might not prove permanently disfiguring. Mills hated a messy table. He also hated criticism of food. Leila's complaint that the scalloped sweetbreads were too dry evoked the pertinent retort that if she

hadn't been late they wouldn't have been spoiled. "I guess that'll hold me for a little while," she said cheerfully. "I say, dada, what do we get for going to church?"

"You'll get what you need from Doctor Lindley," Mills replied, frowning at the butler, who was stupidly oblivious of the fact that the flame under the percolator was threatening a general conflagration. Shepherd, in trying to clap on the extinguisher, burned his fingers and emitted a cry of pain. All things considered, the breakfast was hardly conducive to spiritual uplift.

It was ten minutes after eleven when the Millses reached St. Barnabas and the party went down the aisle pursued by an usher; to the chanting of the "Venite, exultemus Domino."

The usher, caught off guard, was guiltily conscious of having a few minutes before filled the Mills pew with strangers in accordance with the rule that reserved seats for their owners only until the processional.

Mills, his silk hat on his arm, had not foreseen such a predicament. He paused in perplexity beside the ancestral pew in which five strangers were devoutly reinforcing the chanting of the choir, wholly unconscious that they were trespassers upon the property of Franklin Mills.

The courteous usher lifted his hand to indicate his mastery of the situation and guided the Mills party in front of the chancel to seats in the south transept. This maneuver had the effect of publishing to the congregation the fact that Franklin Mills, his son, daughter-in-law and daughter, were today breaking an abstinence from divine worship which regular attendants knew to have been prolonged.

Constance, Leila and Shepherd knelt at once; Mills remained standing. A lady behind him thrust a prayer book into his hand. In trying to find his glasses he dropped the book, which Leila, much diverted, recovered as she rose. This was annoying and added to Mills's discomfiture at being planted in the front seat of the transept where the whole congregation could observe him at leisure.

However, by the time the proper psalms for the day had been read he had recovered his composure and listened attentively to Doctor Lindley's sonorous reading of the lessons. His seat enabled him to contemplate the Mills memorial window in the north transept, a fact which mitigated his discomfort at being deprived of the Mills pew.

Leila stifled a yawn as the rector introduced as the preacher for the day a missionary bishop who had spent many years in the Orient. Mills had always been impatient of missionary work among peoples who, as he viewed the matter, were entitled to live their lives and worship their gods without interference by meddling foreigners. But the discourse appealed strongly to his practical sense. He saw in the schools and hospitals established by the church in China a splendid advertisement of American good will and enterprise. Such philanthropies were calculated to broaden the market for American trade. When Doctor Lindley announced that the offerings for the day would go to the visitor to assist in the building of the new hospital in his far-away diocese, Mills found a hundred dollar bill to lay on the plate . . .

As they drove to Shepherd's for dinner he combated the assertion of Constance that Confucius was as great a teacher as Christ. She confessed hastily that she knew nothing about Confucius except from occasional quotations. Leila said she'd like to adopt a Chinese baby; the Chinese babies in the movies were always so cute. To Mills this was an impious thought; he rebuked Leila. Shepherd's philanthropic nature had been deeply impressed by the idea of reducing human suffering through foreign missions. He announced that he would send the bishop a check.

"Well, I claim it was a good sermon," said Leila. "That funny old bird talked a hundred berries out of dada."

When they reached the table, Mills, the generous mood induced by the sermon still upon him, reproved Leila for asserting that she guessed she was a Buddhist. He declared his belief that there was good in all faiths. He thought Christianity was escaping from cumbersome dogma and finding practical ways of asserting itself. The miracles, he thought, were written into the Gospels, honestly, by zealous advocates of Jesus who wished to magnify Him by attributing to Him extraordinary powers.

"Millie says there's nothing in the Bible so wonderful as the world itself," said Leila. "Millie has marvelous ideas. Talk about miracles—she says the grass and the sunrise are miracles."

"Millie is such a dear," Constance murmured in a tone that implied a lack of enthusiasm for grass and sunrises.

"Millicent has a poetic nature," Mills remarked, finding himself self-conscious at the mention of Millicent. Millicent's

belief in a Supreme Power that controlled the circling planets and guided the destinies of man was interesting because Millicent held it and talked of it charmingly.

"Did you see that outlandish hat Mrs. Charlie Felton was sporting?" Leila demanded with cheerful irrelevance. "I'll say it's some hat! She ought to hire a blind woman to buy her clothes for her."

"I didn't see anything the matter with her hat," said Shepherd. "You wouldn't, dear!" said Constance.

"Who's Charlie Felton?" asked Mills. "It seemed to me I didn't know a dozen people in church this morning."

"Oh, the Feltons have lately moved here from Racine, Fond du Lac or St. Louis—one of those queer Illinois towns."

"Those towns may be queer," said her father gently. "But they are not in Illinois."

"Oh, well, give them to Kansas then," said Leila, who was never disturbed by her errors in geography or any other department of knowledge. "You know," she continued, glad the conversation had been successfully diverted from religion, "that Freddy Thomas was in college with Charlie Felton and Freddy says Mrs. Felton isn't as bad as her hats."

Mills frowned. Shepherd laughed at this more joyously than the remark deserved and stammeringly tried to cover up the allusion to Thomas. It was sheer impudence for Leila to introduce into the Sunday table talk a name that could only irritate her father; but before Shepherd could make himself articulate Mills looked up from his salad.

"Freddy? I didn't know you were so intimate with anyone of that name."

This was not, of course, strictly true. Leila always referred to Thomas as Freddy; she found a mischievous delight in doing so before her father. Since she was made aware of her father's increasing displeasure at Thomas's attentions and knew that the young man's visits at the house were a source of irritation, she had been meeting Thomas at the homes of one or another of her friends whose discretion could be relied on, or at the public library or the Art Institute—it was a joke that Leila should have availed herself of these institutions for any purpose! Constance in giving her an admonitory prod under the table inadvertently brushed her father-in-law's shin.

"I meant Mr. Frederick Thomas, dada," Leila replied, her gentle tone in itself a species of impudence.

"I hope you are about done with that fellow," said Mills harshly.

"Sure, dada, I'm about done with him," she said with intentional equivocation.

"I should think you would be! I don't like the idea of your name being associated with his!"

"Well, it isn't, is it?"

Mills disliked being talked back to. His annoyance was increased by the fact that he had been unable to learn anything detrimental to Thomas beyond the fact that the man had been divorced. The decree of divorce, he had learned in Chicago, was granted to Thomas though his wife had instituted proceedings. While not rich, Thomas was well-to-do, and when it came to the question of age Arthur Carroll was a trifle older. But Leila should marry Carroll. Carroll was ideally qualified to enter the family by reason of his familiarity with its history and traditional conservatism. He knew and respected the Franklin Mills habit of mind, and this in itself was an asset. Mills had no intention of being thwarted in his purpose to possess Carroll as a son-in-law.

Gloom settled over the table. Mills, deeply preoccupied, ate his dessert in silence. Leila presented a much more serious and pressing problem than foreign missions. Constance strove vainly to dispel the cloud. Leila alone seemed untroubled; she repeated a story that Bud Henderson had told her which was hardly an appropriate addendum for a sermon on foreign missions. Her father rebuked her sternly. If there was anything that roused his ire it was a risqué story.

"One might think," he said severely, "that you were brought up in a slum from the way you talk. The heathen are not all in China!"

"Well, it's a funny story," Leila persisted. "I told it to Doctor Harden and he almost died laffin'. Doc certainly knows a joke. You're not angry—not really, terribly angry at your 'little baby girl, is 'ou, dada?"

"I most certainly am!" he retorted grimly. A moment later he added: "Well, let's go to Deer Trail for supper. Connie, you and Shep are free for the evening, I hope?"

"We'll be glad to go, of course," Constance replied amiably.

The Sunday evening suppers at Deer Trail were usually discontinued after Christmas, and Leila was taken aback by the





announcement. Her father had not, she noted, shown his usual courtesy in asking her if she cared to go. She correctly surmised that the proposed flight into the country was intended as a disciplinary measure for her benefit. She had promised to meet Thomas at the Burtons' at eight o'clock, and he could hardly have hit upon anything better calculated to awaken resentment in her young breast. She began to consider the hazards of attempting to communicate with Thomas to explain her inability to keep the appointment. As there were to be no guests, the evening at Deer Trail promised to be an insufferably dull experience and she must dodge it if possible.

"Oh, don't let's do that!" she said. "It's too cold, dada. And the house is always drafty in the winter!"

"Drafty!" Her father stared at her blandly. The country house was steam-heated and this was the first time he had ever heard that it was drafty. The suggestion was unfortunate. "Had you any engagement for this evening?" he asked.

"Oh, I promised Mrs. Torrence I'd go there for supper—she's having some people in to do some music. It's just an informal company, but I hate dropping out."

Constance perceptibly shuddered.

"When did she give this invitation?" asked Mills, with the utmost urbanity.

"Oh, I met her downtown yesterday. It's no great matter, dada. If you're making a point of it I'll be glad to go to the farm, of course!"

"Mrs. Torrence must be a quick traveler," her father replied, entirely at ease. "I met her myself yesterday morning. She was just leaving for Louisville and didn't expect to be back until Tuesday."

"How funny!" Leila ejaculated, though she had little confidence in her ability to give a humorous aspect to her plight. She bent her head in the laugh of self-derision which she had frequently employed in easing her way out of predicaments with her father. This time it merely provoked an ironic smile.

Her father, from the extension telephone in the living room, called Deer Trail to give warning of the approach of four guests for supper; there was no possible escape from this excursion. Thomas filled Leila's thoughts to the exclusion of everything else. He had been insisting that they be married before the



Constance and Whitford were talking in low tones to the fitful accompaniment of the piano. Now and then Constance's happy laugh reached Bruce and Nellie in the adjoining room.

projected trip to Bermuda. The time was short and she was uncertain whether to take the step now or postpone it in the hope of winning her father's consent in the intimate association of their travels.

Today Mills's cigar seemed to be of interminable length. As he smoked he talked in the leisurely fashion he enjoyed after a satisfactory meal. Constance never made the mistake of giving him poor food. He had caught Leila in a lie—a stupid, foolish lie; but no one would have guessed that it had impressed him disagreeably or opened a new train of suspicions in his mind. Constance was admiring his perfect self-restraint; Franklin Mills, no matter what else he might or might not be, was a thoroughbred.

"If you don't have to stop at home, Leila, we can start from here," he said—"at three o'clock."

"Yes, dada. I'm all set!" she replied.

Constance and Shepherd left the room and Leila was prepared for a rebuke for her stupid blunder, but her father merely asked whether she had everything necessary for the Bermuda trip. He had his steamer reservation and they would go to

New York a few days ahead of the sailing date to have a look at the theaters and she could pick up any little things she needed.

"Arthur's going East at the same time. We have some business errands in New York," he continued in a matter of course tone.

She was aware that he had mentioned Carroll with special intention, and it added nothing to her peace of mind.

"That's fine, dada," she said, reaching for a fresh cigarette. "Arthur can take me to some of the new dancing places. Arthur's a good little hopper."

She felt moved to try to gloss over her blunder in pretending to have an engagement that evening with Helen Torrence, but her intuitions warned her that the time was not fortunate for the practice of her familiar cajoleries upon her father. She realized that she had outgrown her knack of laughing herself out of her troubles; and she had never before been trapped so neatly. Like Shepherd, she felt that in dealing with her father she never saw his hand until he laid his cards on the table—laid them down with the serenity of one who knows thoroughly the value of his hand.

She was deeply in love with Thomas and craved sympathy and help; but with her father within arm's reach she felt quite as Shepherd always did, that she was in the presence of a stranger. He had always indulged her, shown kindness even when he scolded and protested against her conduct; but she felt that his heart was as inaccessible as a safety box behind massive steel doors. On the drive to Deer Trail she took little part in the talk, to which Shepherd and Constance tried to impart a light and cheery tone.

When they reached the country house, which derived a fresh picturesqueness from the snowy fields about it, Mills left them, driving on to the stables for a look at his horses.

"Well, that was some break!" exclaimed Constance the moment they were within doors. "Everybody in town knows Helen is away. You ought to have known it yourself! I never knew you to do anything so clumsy as that!"

"Oh, shoot! I didn't want to come out here today. It's a bore; nobody here and nothing to do. And I object to being punished like a child!"

"You needn't have lied to your father; that was inexcusable," said Constance. "If you've got to do such a thing, please don't do it when I'm around!"

"See here, sis," began Shepherd with a prolonged sibilant stutter, "let's be frank about this! You know this thing of meeting Fred Thomas at other people's houses is no good. You've got to stop it! Father would be terribly cut up if he found you out. You may be sure he suspects something now after that foolish break about going to Helen Torrence's."

"Well, I haven't said I was going to meet anyone, have I?" Leila demanded defiantly.

"You don't have to. There are other people just as clever as you are," Constance retorted, jerking off her gloves.

"I can't imagine what you see in Thomas," Shepherd persisted.

"I don't care if you don't. It's my business what I see in him." She nervously lighted a cigarette. "Freddy's a fine fellow; father doesn't know a thing against him!"

"If you marry him you'll break father's heart," Shepherd declared solemnly.

"His heart!" repeated Leila with fine contempt. "You needn't think he's going to treat me as he treats you. I won't stand for it! How about that clubhouse you wanted to build—how about this sudden idea of taking you out of the battery business and sticking you into the trust company? You didn't want to change, did you? He didn't ask you if you wanted to move, did he? I'll say he didn't! That's dada all over—he doesn't ask you; he tells you! And I'm not a child to have my playthings snatched away whenever his majesty gets peevish."

"Don't be ridiculous!" said Constance with a despairing sigh. "You're going to make trouble for all of us if you don't drop Freddy!"

"You tell me not to make trouble!"

Leila's eyes flashed her scorn of the idea and something more. Her words had the effect of bringing a deep flush to Constance's face. Constance walked to the fire and sat down. Leila was an uncannily keen young person and knew that Whitford's attentions were rather more marked than it was becoming for a married woman to encourage. Constance was uncomfortable. There was no counting on Leila's discretion; and if she eloped with Thomas the town would hum with talk about the whole Mills family.

"Now, Leila," began Shepherd, who had not noticed his wife's perturbation or understood the spiteful little stab that caused it. "You'd better try to square yourself with father."

"I see myself trying! Please don't talk to me any more!"

She waited until Constance and Shepherd had found reading matter and were settled before the fireplace, and then with the remark that she wanted to fix her hair went upstairs; and after closing the door noisily to allay suspicions, went cautiously down the back stairs to the telephone in the butler's pantry. Satisfying herself by a glance through the window that her father was still at the stables, she called Thomas's number and explained her inability to go to the Burtons' where they had planned to meet. Happy to hear his voice, she talked quite as freely as though speaking to him face to face, and his replies over the wire soothed and comforted her.

"No, dear; there'd only be a row if you asked father now. You'll have to take my word for that, Freddy."

"I'm not so sure of that—if he knows you love me!"

"Of course I love you, Freddy!"

"Then let us be married and end all this bother. You're of age; there's nothing to prevent us. I'd a lot rather have it out with your father now. I know I can convince him that I'm

respectable and able to take care of you. I've got the record of the divorce case; there's nothing in it I'm ashamed of."

"That's all right enough; but the very mention of it would make him furious. We've talked of this a hundred times, Freddy, and I'm not going to let you make that mistake. We're going to wait a little longer!"

"How long?" he demanded.

"Well, I've got to go on this trip! I'll be ever so nice to him so when the blow falls he won't be so hot about it!"

"I don't like your being away so long. It's going to be terribly lonesome."

"You'll have only half of the lonesomeness, dear. I'm going to miss you terribly, Freddy."

"You won't go back on me?"

"Never, Freddy!"

"You might meet someone on the trip you'd like better. I'm going to be terribly nervous about you!"

"Then you don't trust me! If you don't trust me you don't love me!"

"Don't be so foolish. I'm mad about you. And I'm sick of all this sneaking round for a chance to see you!"

"Be sensible, dear, it's just as hard for me as it is for you. You know I've taken some big chances just to have an hour with you. And people are talking!"

In her absorption she had forgotten the importance of secrecy and the danger of being overheard. The swing doors had creaked several times but she had attributed it to suction from an open window in the kitchen. Constance and Shepherd would wonder at her absence; the talk must not be prolonged.

"I've got to go!" she added hurriedly.

"Say you care—that you're not just putting me off——"

"I love you, Freddy! Please be patient. Remember, I love you with all my heart! Yes, always!"

As she hung up the receiver she turned round to face her father. He had entered the house through the kitchen and might or might not have heard part of her dialogue with Thomas. But she was instantly aware that her last words, in the tense, lover-like tone in which she had spoken them, were enough to convict her.

"Hello, dada! How's the live stock?" she asked with poorly feigned carelessness as she hung the receiver on the hook.

Mills, his overcoat flung over his arm, his hat pushed back from his forehead, eyed her with a cold stare.

"Why are you telephoning here?" he demanded.

"No reasons. I didn't want to disturb Connie and Shep. They're reading in the living room."

"That's very thoughtful of you, I'm sure!"

"I thought so myself," she replied and took a step toward the dining room door. He flung out his arm arrestingly.

"Just a moment, please!"

"Oh, hours—if you want them!"

"I overheard some of your speeches. To whom were you speaking—tell me the truth!"

"Don't be so fierce about it! And do take off your hat! You look so funny with your hat stuck on the back of your head!"

"Never mind my hat! It will be much better for you not to trifle with me. Who was on the other end of that telephone?"

"What if I don't tell you?" she demanded.

"I want an answer to my question! You told me one falsehood today; I don't want to hear another!"

"Well, you won't! I was talking to Mr. Frederick V. Thomas!"

"I thought as much. Now I've told you as plainly as I know how that you've got to drop that fellow. He's a scoundrel to force his attentions on you. I haven't wanted to bring matters to an issue with you about him. I've been patient with you—let him come to the house and go about with you. But you've not played fair with me. When I told you I didn't like his coming to the house so much you began meeting him when you thought I wouldn't know it—that's a fact, isn't it?"

"Yes, dada—just a few times, though."

"May I ask what you mean by that? That a girl brought up as you have been, with every advantage and indulgence, should be so basely ungrateful as to meet a man I disapprove of—meet him in ways that show you know you're doing a wrong thing—is beyond my understanding. It's contemptible; it's close upon the unpardonable!"

"Then why don't you act decently about it?" She met his gaze unwaveringly. "If you didn't hear what I said, I told him I love him; I've promised to marry him."

"Well, you won't marry him!" he exclaimed, his voice quavering. "A man who's left a wife somewhere and plays upon the sympathy of a credulous (Continued on page 163)



# FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER

*Presents*

*a Question that has been  
asked by Many  
Women—and  
its Answer  
for One*



## Why Not?

*Illustrations by Harrison Fisher*

"WHY NOT?" The words swept in bold, vigorous characters halfway across the narrow whiteness of the page. Why not, indeed? the girl at the desk asked herself, her lips drawn in a thin scarlet line. It was a question many women had asked before her, and been unable to answer.

She rested the point of her pen upon the desk blotter and watched the tiny spot of ink grow in widening circles to a dark, sinister stain. Was it like that, she wondered, when once the clean freshness of the soul was touched by the smallest speck of black? An ever widening stain? She shivered for a moment, her eyes moody, somber, then glanced up and smiled. The famous actress who looked so serenely down at her from the gilt frame above the desk, her love-child in her arms—had *her* soul been black? If so, the world had cared little enough about it, for the greatest of earth had struggled to do her honor—to crown her with laurels, as they had crowned countless others like her.

In spite of the emotions which shook her, the girl at the desk preserved a calm and singularly compelling beauty. Beyond the mere charm of youth, of color and line, of warm brown hair and eyes like old amber, she possessed something more—a smooth beauty of refinement beyond mere surface polish—a something which spoke of innate fineness of texture, of grain, exquisitely soft, infinitely desirable.

The room in which she sat, in spite of its many limitations, struggled feebly to express her. It is not easy to express much of one's self within the limits of a hall bedroom, an equally narrow income. With unlimited space and money, Pauline Grey would probably have found expression in Italian gardens, rare books, exquisite porcelains, brilliant and colorful paintings. As it was,

the room contained some geraniums in a green window box, several inexpensive but well chosen French prints, a tiny Chinese rug and a small bronze figurine of the god Pan. It was the best she could do on the leavings of twenty-five dollars a week; at least it was a step in the right direction.

Two letters lay on the desk before her. One, in a scrawling masculine hand, had been written several days earlier in the week; the other was dated that morning. Beside it lay a small, flat key. The girl picked up the first letter and began to read it with drooping interest.

"Dear Pauline," it said. "I have been expecting your answer all week. Can't you bring yourself to say 'Yes'? I know it doesn't seem very wonderful, to marry a chap like me, but even if I can't give you everything I'd like, at least you know that my love is honest, dear girl, and sincere. We're both young. Why not fight things out together? Other people have done it, and been happy. It may not be easy at first, but things worth while in this world never do come easy, I guess, although maybe we enjoy them more when we get them.

"I'm not asking you to give up your work. A wife ought to be something more than just a housekeeper, or a cook. And with my salary and yours we could get a nice little apartment—I saw some dandy ones over in Brooklyn the other day, three rooms and bath—fix it up to suit us—on the instalment plan, if we have to—and settle back and enjoy life. I'd be glad enough to say good by to my boarding house, and I guess you would, too.

"We'd have our breakfasts together at the apartment—rather fun to get them, don't you think, with a nice little kitchenette and everything?—lunch in town, the way we do

now—and have dinner out or at home, as we feel like it. As for the future, the Old Man has promised to move me into the sales department the first of the year, with a drawing account of seventy-five a week, to say nothing of commissions, if I make good, so we should worry.

"I know how you feel about books, and pictures, and those other high-brow things you're interested in, and I'll be right along with you on them. I'm not such a dumbbell as you think when it comes to things like that—I've got both the books you told me about, and say, they're great.

"Well, dear, I'll be out here on this repair job a couple of days more at least, but Saturday night will see me back in the old burg, and if you haven't written me it's 'Yes' before that, I'm coming right up as soon as I strike town and make you. How's that?

"All my love, sweetheart, and a million kisses.

Jerry."

Pauline Grey's eyes rested upon the letter for a long time after she had finished reading it, but she no longer saw its closely written pages. The picture of a tall, loosely built man in khaki rose before her, a vigorous, vital man, ruddy with health and youth. She had thought him handsome when she first met him on his return from France, and during the intervening years a certain pleasant friendship had grown up between them. At least she had always looked upon it as a friendship, until the past few months; but Jerry Adams, it seemed, thought otherwise, since he had now asked her to marry him.

Well—why not? Did she love him? At times, when the youth in him called so compellingly to the youth in herself, she thought that she did. At others, when she dreamed of the rarer things of life, of expressing the keen vividness of her nature through them, and found him floundering miles behind her, she decided that she did not. She wondered at times whether her father, himself a dreamer, had done wisely to open her eyes to such alluring vistas; it might have been better to have remained blind, since these vistas were forever closed to her. But were they closed? Her eyes sought the other letter, the key which lay beside it, and for a moment an expression of eager longing rested on her face. Then with a frown she once more turned her attention to the letter she had been reading.

How optimistic it was! How pleasant the picture it painted! The little Brooklyn flat, the breakfasts, so joyously prepared in the tiny kitchenette, the cozy dinners together, the evenings at home or at the movies.

Too optimistic, she well knew. Men were like that, insisting on the joys of the meal—forgetting the inevitable dishes to be washed, the children, the bills, the grim realities.

She saw long, drab years stretching before her—years of dull, uninspiring slavery, of grudging economy, of final and bitter disillusionment. Or, if they happened to be more fortunate, a smug, second-rate comfort in a smug, second-rate way, with the two of them growing old in the service of children who would feel no gratitude for their efforts, their sacrifices, whose inevitable future would be to grow up and repeat the same stupid and



I sat perfectly still while Mr. Jerrold was speaking and every word he said burnt into my brain like fire.

aimless process in another generation. Was that all life had to offer her? She tossed the letter irritably on the desk and took up the one which lay beside the key.

"My dear and very rare child," it said. "I have been patient, but now you must give me your answer. Believing that you will not disappoint me, I have arranged everything as you would wish it—a perfect setting for a perfect jewel. The enclosed key will open the door to a new life for you—a life holding all the beautiful things of which you have dreamed. When you have

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closed that door behind you, sorrow and regret and all the sordid things of life will be on the other side. The key to happiness, my dear. The address is on the tag. I shall be there, waiting for you, tonight.

C. J."

Pauline Grey stared fixedly at the shining flat bit of steel. Again the picture of a man rose before her—a man of fifty, gray-haired, aristocratic, high-bred, with eyes that held understanding, but not love, unless it were the love for beautiful things. Doubtless she was a beautiful thing, like the rare tapestries, the priceless porcelains he collected, and as such he desired her. Well, he took good care of his tapestries and his porcelains, provided them with exquisite settings, guarded them jealously and with pride. The world, she knew, called him variously a libertine, a financier, a patron of the arts, yet it was as none of

MONDAY

Today Mr. Atkinson called me in to his private office to take some letters. The great Mr. Jerrold was there—a handsome man, even if he is gray-haired and over fifty. Nella McCormick says he owns our company and a lot of others besides.

It was a pleasure to take dictation from him, he spoke so clearly. His voice reminded me of old ivory, if you can describe a voice that way. Most men speak as though they had a mouth full of potatoes.

When I had finished the letter he gave me, he complimented me on my quickness, and the absence of any mistakes. He kept looking at my hands and finally asked me where I came from. When I told him Massachusetts and said that father had been a professor at Amherst, he seemed very much interested, and we had quite a talk. He said he could always



the three that he appealed to her now. Just what, then, was his appeal? She turned back the pages of the diary in which she had been writing—the last words her puzzled "Why not?" The entries devoted to Mr. Charles Jerrold were not many; she had known him scarcely a month.

tell a woman of breeding from her hands, and asked me if I loved music. Rather curious, I thought, seeing that father always wanted to make a musician of me. When I told Jerry, he sniffed and said it was just a good guess.

It must be wonderful to have as (Continued on page 112)



Louis  
Joseph  
Vance's

*New  
Mystery  
Novel*



# *The* Lone Wolf Returns

*Illustrations by W. D. Stevens*

## *The Story So Far:*

MICHAEL LANYARD, once famous as a European jewel thief under the name of the Lone Wolf and now a member of the British secret service on leave of absence in America, is in love with the beautiful Eve de Montalais; and he is determined to make his new life so clean that he can marry without bringing reproach on her. But a New York bootlegger and director of criminals, Morphew by name, is equally determined to make Lanyard a member of his gang of crooks. Between these two begins a duel of wits and nerve.

First Lanyard is drugged by Pagan, a satellite of Morphew's, at the home of Folly McFee, a wealthy young widow. Awaking, he finds in his clothes the famous emeralds of Folly. Presumably they were "planted" on him; yet he cannot be certain that, drugged, he did not steal them.

Very shortly he manages to turn the tables, however, when he foils an attempt to blackmail Folly on the part of Mallison,

another of Morphew's henchmen. During a fight, he manages to "plant" the jewels on Mallison; and they are found there when Mallison is arrested by Lanyard's detective friend, Crane.

Morphew's next move to catch Lanyard ends in a motor accident to Lanyard. When he recovers consciousness, he is startled to find himself on board a ship. One of his fellow passengers is Liane Delorme, an old underworld acquaintance of Lanyard's, now attached to Morphew.

From her he learns that for seven months his mind has been under a cloud as a result of the accident. In that time, she says, he took to thieving again, and became her lover. Finally the police got so hot on his trail that he fled. Eve, says Liane, long ago went back to France.

As they talk, members of the ship's crew come to place Lanyard under arrest in accordance with radio instructions. He apparently leaps overboard, but really hides in a lifeboat. In port, he swims to a vessel, which proves to be engaged in bootlegging, and he is marooned on an island in the Bahamas. Here he



"Mallison!" A passion of indignation exploded, such as Morpheus had never before betrayed. "Get that idea out of your head, Lanyard."

## CHAPTER XIX

MORPHEUS was holding down a huge easy chair without any appearance of ease: his feet well apart and planted solidly, huge and bedizened paws firmly clasp each an arm of the chair as if to forestall its wickedly slipping out from under him. His face of a pale beast, with its unwinking light eyes under leaden hoods, its gash of a mouth, its flaccid jowls and wattles, was void of any readable expression; but for seepage of smoke from its nostrils and the corner of the mouth that wasn't filled by the cigar, it might have passed for a devil mask modeled by hands of decadence.

Above and somewhat behind this unholy vision, Mr. Peter Pagan, resting folded arms on the back of the chair, presented the face of a subseñile imp in familiar attendance, innocent, however, of his master's affection for the pose imperturbable—his clown's lips wide with a gleeful grin, beady eyes alive with malice. "I suppose," he said, as one might to a troublesome child, "you think you're smart, keeping decent, law-abiding folk up like this till all hours!"

Lanyard reflected on this pleasantry with a weary droop of eyelids, otherwise he held still and dumb.

With dramatic deliberation Morpheus relaxed the hold of one hand on the chair long enough to extract the cigar from between his teeth. All in a grunt he commanded: "Frisk him!"

Trained fingers turned out the pockets of the captive. "This guy's got no gat," the man on his chest reported in a plaintive note of disappointment.

"Never thought he had," Pagan acidly commented. "Bluff is the good man's middle name."

falls in with another gang of bootleggers who eventually let him work his way to New York on one of their vessels.

So, one night, Lanyard, in seaman's garb and with a beard, shows up in Crane's room. There he tells Crane all that has happened, and learns in return that the Lone Wolf has continued thieving while he, Lanyard, was in the Bahamas. He also sees a snapshot of himself, mechanically set off, kneeling before a safe. But he learns, too, of certain discrepancies in Liane's story, notably that Eve did not go to Europe when Liane had said. While he cannot prove it, Lanyard now believes that someone has been cleverly playing the part of the Lone Wolf—probably Mallison, who has jumped bail; and he induces Crane to give him a free hand to clear his name.

His first step is to go to Morpheus's town house—which Crane says is empty. But as he crawls into a darkened second story room he immediately senses that he has walked into a trap. In the dark, he is overpowered; the light is switched on; and he lies looking up into the apathetic mask of Morpheus.

## The Lone Wolf Returns

"Let him up," Morphew ordered, "but stand by in case he still feels hostile."

A free man once more, Lanyard scrambled to his feet, shook himself like a dog, gave his seagoing slacks a practiced hitch, the sleeves and skirts of his makeshift coat a scrupulous dusting, and smiled sunny reassurance first on the watchful circle round him—noting impenitently that one man was nursing a swollen nose while another was uttering a loosened tooth or two—then, with an impudent color of indulgence added, upon the seated arbiter of the scene.

"Monsieur is needlessly alarmed," he said with an urbanity unaffected by hastened breathing. "Something tells me I were well advised to put off our overdue accounting against a more favorable occasion."

"All the accounting that's going to be done," Morphew heavily countered, "is going to happen right here and now, before either you or me leaves this room." He shifted a passionless glare to his henchmen. "Clear out and wait in the hall; I'll give a whistle if I want you again. If I give two whistles, one of you can call a cop—the rest come running."

Lanyard yawned indecorously, then gave an open laugh as the battered bodyguard retreated. Uninvited, he took possession of an overstuffed lounge chair and sighed in grateful relaxation.

"A policeman, my good Morphew! do my ears mislead me?"

"No," Morphew replied definitely, "they don't."

Pagan cocked a critical eye at the ears in question. "Even foreshortened," he volunteered, "they don't look like ears to mislead anybody else."

But Pagan could wait; Lanyard couldn't afford to let an antic second distract any of the attention due his principal.

"I am to understand," he persisted, addressing Morphew, "it is your intention to give me in charge?"

"That rests with you."

"Monsieur is undoubtedly pleased to be humorous . . ."

"Maybe so, maybe not." Holding Lanyard fixed with an unintelligible stare, Morphew thoughtfully champed his cigar. "There's a lot of popularity lying around loose in this town, waiting to be pinned on to the hero that puts the Lone Wolf behind the bars. And you ought to know whether you've had enough."

"But if you ask me," Lanyard laughed frankly, "too much!"

"All right," Morphew agreed in gloomy satisfaction. "That puts it up to you which you want to do now—go up the River to do a nice long stretch or stick on in town here and take life easy."

"Not so long ago, it was the Lone Wolf's boast that he never found it necessary to take life easily or otherwise . . . as you were good enough to remind me, Monsieur, the last time we had the pleasure of conversing together."

"Not the last time by a long sight," Morphew bluntly contradicted; "but I know when you mean."

"Today one begins to wonder if that boast was good only because the Lone Wolf had never then been given proper provocation."

Morphew took time to digest this. "You talk as crooked as you work," he concluded; "but the way I take it, that's a threat."

"It is altogether as you care to take it . . ."

"If you don't like the way you've been handled, you've only got yourself to blame. I've given you every chance to come through like a gentleman—"

"But constituted yourself judge of whether I did or not."

The wooden set of Morphew's features became, if possible, more than ever marked, the puffed lids curtained more jealously those repellent eyes, his ruminative way with the cigar knew a momentary break.

With a vaguely innocent smile Lanyard snuggled down into luxurious upholstery and utilized the wait to look the room over with intelligent interest in the taste which had ruled its composition. A surprisingly handsome library, decorated and furnished with a dignity in no degree oppressive; all at wide odds with an environment such as one might have expected that bejeweled block of flesh to create for itself.

But the ominous pause was beginning to irk Pagan's nerves. He moved restlessly from his station at Morphew's back and laid hands upon a decanter which, with glasses and a siphon bottle, occupied a tray on one end of the library table.

"How about a little snifter, what?" he suggested with a leer over-shoulder.

"Thank you," Lanyard returned politely, "but one recalls too well your black art as a bartender, Monsieur; one hesitates to risk another waking up to find oneself accused of—it might well be—murder."

As if involuntarily, but without moving a superficial muscle, Morphew permitted a meditative rumble to escape him: "Murder . . ." And in a startled movement not altogether affected Lanyard sat up.

"Pardon, Monsieur! one ought to keep a better guard upon one's tongue, lest one put ideas in your head."

"Oh, I say now! cut it out, can't you?" Pagan hastily remonstrated. "Why not be a sport, call that little affair of ours the fortunes of war, and let it go at that? No end of water has flowed down the Hudson since that night when you cut up so nasty—about nothing at all, practically—Morph here had to give you a taste of the whip. Not that he wanted to, but you asked for it, Lanyard—now you know you did!"

"But truly, Monsieur, this grows too fatiguing . . ."

"Everything's so different tonight," Pagan brightly argued. "We've all been through so much, we know one another heaps better—there isn't any sense at all in our keeping on at loggerheads."

"There is not?"

"Why, if the last half-year has proved anything it's that we're all traveling in one direction, aiming at the same mark . . . Or shall we say marks, so long as the dear American people ain't listening in? And now we've all made our mistakes, and are ready to admit and profit by them—you're going to cut out all this running round in circles and frothing at the mouth, going to come in and lie down under the table and be a good dog."

"I am?"

"Sure thing. Ask Morph: he knows. And you will, too, before long, if you don't now. And then we'll all be just like this"—Pagan illustrated by lacing his fingers—"just girls together, you know, all out for a good time. So why not begin the peace conference with just one friendly little hooter? It'll do us both good; you've had a hard day of it, and you've given us a long night."

"It desolates me, Monsieur, to think I have been, however unwittingly, the agent of your martyrdom to insomnia."

"Well—what *did* you think?" Giving up the ungrateful work of trying to seduce Lanyard into drinking, Pagan philosophically mixed himself a lonely solace. "Didn't suppose we'd be able to sleep a wink, did you, when you'd got us all excited up?"

"I! but how?"

"Pulling off this pussy-foot return of the prodigal."

"It is true," Lanyard considered thoughtfully, "by what appears, you did know of my return."

"If we hadn't, there wouldn't have been any sense in our staging this swell reception in your honor."

"I presume it seems stupid of me to be surprised—"

"Dear man!" Pagan advised him benignly, "we brought you back."

"I am afraid I am incurably stupid . . ."

"It was one of my boats you came north on from Rum Cay," Morphew explained brusquely. "If I hadn't given the boys down there the word by wireless when they reported you'd turned up, you'd be there still, high and dry on the beach."

"Stupid," Lanyard insisted, "is too weak a name for my imbecility. And I never guessed!"

"Never struck you it was funny," Morphew inquired in ponderous contempt, "a bootlegging outfit would let a total stranger get the low-down on the way the game was worked, and then give him free transportation north and turn him loose to tell all he knew to the enforcement gang?"

"One must confess one thought those fine fellows strangely trustful . . ."

"You likely charged it all up to your fascinating little ways," Pagan sweetly observed over the rim of his tumbler. "Not that I want to rub it in . . ."

"But do go on. It is really a consolation to hear your wit improvise so brilliantly upon the theme of my infirmity—when I myself am at a loss for words."

"Like thunder you are!" Pagan complained with an anguished grimace. "Not so's anybody'd notice it."

"But still I find myself so feeble-minded," Lanyard confessed, "nothing yet gives me to understand why—"

Pagan started vivaciously to pursue the advantage which Lanyard conceded; but a baleful glance from Morphew reined his tongue in time and drove him to bury his snubbed nose silently in strong drink.

"It's like this," Morphew began with consequence, but paused to clear his throat when Lanyard turned on him a look of bright attention. "I'm a hard guy to cross," he stated with the simplicity of a strong, plain man, "a confounded hard guy to cross, if





Folly: "I don't believe you're glad to see me!" Lanyard: "And I—I'm wondering if I am."

you don't know it. What I make up my mind I want, I get"—a pause lent the next word weight—"always. Maybe I have to wait awhile sometimes, but in the end I always get what I go after. Always."

"Spoken like a one hundred percent he-citizen, Monsieur, of this land of bred-in-the-bone go-getters."

"All right," Morphew replied, mysteriously tolerant. "I don't mind your funny cracks at me, if they amuse you. That's your line, and I'll say you're pretty good at it, too. It isn't mine, and maybe that's my misfortune; a person can't have everything in this world, that's sure . . . But somehow I notice, no matter how many laughs I miss when they're being handed around—somehow I always manage to bag the last one. I've let you get away with a lot of rough stuff at my expense, Lanyard, but I'm not done with you yet. If you'd only lay off being a comedian long enough to think things over, it ought to teach

you something and make it easier for us to understand each other."

"But continue, I beg you, Monsieur," Lanyard replied with a speciously straight face. "I am all attention, as you see."

Morphew darkly chewed his cigar for another moment . . . "I let my boys fetch you back to New York because I figured out maybe you'd had knocks enough to bring you round to a more docile frame of mind than you were in when you high-tailed it for South America." A side alley of self-revelation proved too tempting: "That's the way I am, you see; when a man I want bucks on me, I make it a rule to give him all the rope he wants to wind himself up in good and tight before I start hauling in the slack. That night we first met, now . . . I made you a plain, open-and-shut business proposition, take it or leave it. If you hadn't r'ared back, showed your teeth and the whites of your eyes and made such a fuss altogether about your lovely virtue,



Observing him in covert wonder, Lanyard perceived the chink in armor of this uncouth colossus; Morphew was madly

I and you wouldn't ever had any trouble. But if there's one thing I despise worse than poison it's phony righteousness. And the way you carried on that night showed me plain enough kind treatment wasn't ever going to gentle you. So I laid off and let you perform. What happened?"

"Must we go into that? See—you're embarrassing Mr. Pagan here frightfully."

Morphew gave his head a shake, as one pestered by a buzzing insect. "What happened?" he iterated obstinately. "You went off and got loaded on a thimbleful of liquor, forgot all about being nature's nobleman and pulled off one of the rawest jobs of second story stuff ever."

"But surely you are dealing unfairly now by the talents of that poor but willing creature Mallison."

"Mallison!"

A passion of indignation exploded in that snort, such as Morphew had never before betrayed capacity for feeling; and seeming to choke on a rush of words, he was temporarily unable to continue, while Lanyard, forbearing to question or comment, continued in a wide stare of a sudden grown genuine. Unmistakably his mention of Mallison had touched a spot so sore that the iron rule of stolidity had been unseated. But for an instant only; quick to pull himself together, Morphew resumed his level drone of habit.

"Get that idea out of your head—if it's in it. Mally's a crooked little fool if there ever was one, but he never in his best days had the nerve to tackle big business."

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"But, if memory serves, you were of another mind when we met at Mrs. McFee's——"

"You had me at a disadvantage——"

"How generous an admission!"

"It was your word against mine; and what chance did I have of proving you had everything all wrong, with the little McFee daft about you, ready to believe black was white if you told her so?"

"It isn't fair to confuse me with such flattery. Pardon a slight digression—I am interested to know what became of Mallison."

"I don't know," Morphew admitted, lowering. "But I will before long . . ." He gave a minute to savage brooding.

"If that boy had only had sense enough to trust me . . . But he got panicky for fear we'd fall down trying to alibi him, and blew without so much as a fare-you-well."

"And you have not seen him since?"

"Fat chance. He knows enough to steer clear of me after jumping the bail I put up for him."

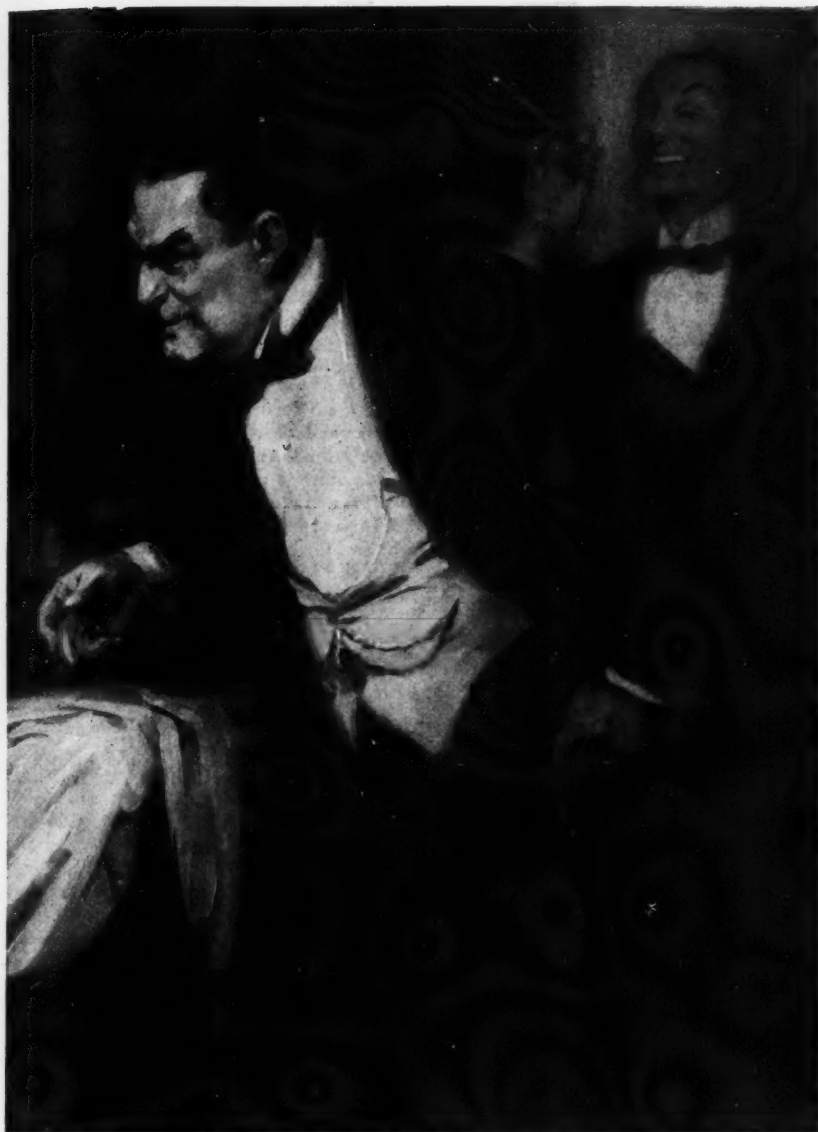
"Still, one is hardly convinced that Mallison is the simple innocent you claim."

"I suppose"—Morphew's manner was irritating by intention—"what you want me to believe is you don't remember owning up you'd done that job yourself."

"Ah!" Light from yet another angle promised now to illuminate the darker recesses of Liane's duplicity. "You have been talking with Mademoiselle Delorme——"

"With both of you."

"Pardon?"



in love, in bondage absolute to one of those late-blossoming passions.

"I'm telling you the three of us talked all that business over, I and you and Liane, half a dozen times if once, last winter. You didn't make any bones then about admitting you'd turned that trick at Folly's while you were lit. What good do you think it's going to do you to stall about it now, try to feed the bull to me the way you did to Liane on board that steamer! Maybe she swallowed your yarn because she wanted to; but I'm no crazy woman, I'm not so dead stuck on you I'll let you get away with telling me to my face you don't remember anything that went on in this town last winter. I'm wise, I'm on, I know what you've got in mind; and that tale won't go down a little bit with yours truly."

"I see . . ."

"Well," Morphew insisted roughly, "what do you see?"

"For one thing, that one was not mistaken in assuming you had recently talked with Mademoiselle Delorme."

"Why not? She hiked right back to town as soon as you left her flat on the Port Royal."

"And promptly reported to you, of course."

"Who do you think? What other friend did her and you have with pull enough to keep the cops off your backs while you were running that continuous performance of yours last winter?"

"Nevertheless, your extraordinary influence with the authorities failed to save Liane from deportation."

"She came back all right, she's here now, isn't she? Well, then—who do you suppose fixed things up for her?"

"Pardon, Monsieur; I do but merely marvel that power so autocratic should even once have failed a friend."

"Pretending you've forgotten all about how that happened, too, eh?" An uglier sneer overcast Morphew's countenance. "I suppose you don't remember anything about how you two got to feeling your oats, after you'd been Lone Wolfing awhile and making a good thing out of it with my protection, and thought you could give me the air and never miss me—"

"No! not really?"

"I suppose you don't remember how I nudged the government into deporting Liane to teach her discipline and then, when I found you didn't handle any better with her away, let her sneak back, gave you another chance, and when that didn't work made town so hot for you both you had to take a running jump off the Battery . . . I suppose it's only natural you wouldn't remember little things like that!"

"And very handsome it is of you to suppose so, and prove you do by itemizing in such minute detail all I pretend to have forgotten."

"That line of talk won't get you anywhere with me, Lanyard. Sarcasm won't stop my checking up to show you where you get off trying to pull that lost memory stall on me. Why!" Morphew snorted in disgust, "you must think I'm easy, Lanyard."

"But no, Monsieur! my memory is hardly so bad as all that."

"It's only on the blink when you want it to be, I guess."

"What it really needs now," Pagan put in with animation, "is for you to get yourself lammed over the bean again." He grasped the neck of the decanter suggestively. "I hate to do it, but for a friend . . . Just say the word, Lanyard, and I'll crown you King of Cracksmen."

"Shut up!" Morphew brutally snapped.

With a little moan the sycophant applied himself anew to the soothing Scotch; and for a few moments no more was said, while Lanyard, sitting forward, bent a thoughtful frown to the rug at his feet, and Morphew studied his man with a subtle smile.

"Licked," he resumed at length; "that's what you are, Lanyard, licked to a standstill. Your nature started the job and I finished it. You'd ought to've known better than to try to buck a combination like that."

"I'm sorry," Lanyard replied, looking up with an apologetic smile, "but if it isn't too much to ask you to be more plain-spoken . . ."

"All I mean is—there's no cure for a crook. If you were born crooked you'll die a crook, no matter how hard you struggle. It's your nature, and it's no use any man's trying to lick his nature; you're licked before you start. God knows I don't blame you for not wanting to believe that, on account of that dame you were stuck on—"

"By your leave, Monsieur!" Lanyard sharply insisted. "We will not discuss that aspect of my affairs."

"Just as you like. No offense intended, none, so far's I'm concerned, taken." Morphew had shifted suddenly to an amazingly conciliatory line. "I bear you no ill will, Lanyard, in spite of all you've done to sprain my patience. Why! that battle you put up against your nature and me was a classic, and a man can't help but admire you for it even if he did know all along you never had a chance. But now you know it, too, you're too sensible to keep on kicking (Continued on page 134)





# The Isle of

By Berton Braley

IT WASN'T an Ancient Mariner  
With a heavy and matted beard,  
But an old, old guy with a glittering eye  
Who casually appeared;  
Appeared on the pier when the ship drew near,  
And, as the gangway dropped,  
Of all the crew and passengers too,  
I was the bird he stopped.

"'Twas in 'sixty-three," he said to me  
As he held to my coat lapel,  
"That I came to these isles where the warm sun smiles  
And the gentle Hawaiians dwell.  
Much cash I'd spent on a ticket meant  
To carry me to Japan:  
I had felt the lure of the Orient  
And I had sailed with the full intent  
Of crossing the seas to scan  
The drowsy East, where the soft winds blow  
And the Chinese junks sail to and fro."

I strove to leave, but he grabbed my sleeve,  
And his eyes had a baleful glisten;  
Though I longed to laugh at this gaffer's gaff  
I had to stay and listen.  
"Did I sail," he cried, "on the billowy tide  
To the lands of the storied East?  
No, I thought I'd pause for a while, because  
I went to a native feast,  
Where the hula girls with their supple grace  
Sway to the hollow sound  
Of the beaten gourds; and the pulses race  
As the dancers swirl around.  
And I ate raw fish from the common dish  
And tasted the tang of poi,  
And I said, 'I'll go in a month or so,  
But while I am here—oh boy!'  
Those days are 'pau,' we are modern now,  
And the hulas are few and seldom,  
But in my youth I was there, in sooth,  
Whenever the natives held 'em!"

He wasn't an Ancient Mariner,  
But his fingers clutched my arm.  
"Oh, week by week," I heard him shrill...  
"I fell for the lazy charm  
Of these isles serene that are ever green,  
Where man exhibits a smiling mien  
And isn't ashamed of mirth.  
On each ship that went to the Orient  
I ordered anew my berth,  
Then I'd cancel it on the sailing day,  
Deciding to make a longer stay  
Ere I roamed to the ends of earth.

"For the trade wind blew from the Palis  
And over the mountain passes,  
And down through the lovely valleys  
Were flowers that bloomed in masses,  
And under the moon I would hear the croon  
Of beach boys singing a native tune,  
Unearthly sweet,  
To the throb and beat  
Of the steel guitar and the ukulele,  
And the spell of it all grew stronger daily."

"Ah yes," I said as I strove to go,  
"No doubt the things that you say are so.

# Procrastination

Illustrations by Charles Sarka

But I'm in haste  
With no time to waste,  
Though your narrative quite enralls me.  
I must go and speak to the shipping man  
Regarding my passage to Japan—  
It is urgent business calls me."

He wasn't an Ancient Mariner,  
As I've mentioned, perhaps, ere now,  
But still to my arm he clung; and "Sir!"  
He babbled, "I know just how  
The East can lure with a magic sure,  
For once I was young as you,  
And I almost went to the Orient  
In the year of 'seventy-two.

"Yes, I walked the gangplank from the dock  
With a confident gait and bold,  
And my friends came down in a sizable flock,  
And my baggage was in the hold;  
My friends came down and they hung my neck  
With the leis of farewell,  
And they crowded about me on the deck,  
And the tears from my eyelids fell.  
But I steeled my heart,  
'Oh, I will depart,'

I said to myself, said I,  
Though I felt bereft as my comrades left  
The vessel and waved good by.  
So we swung away from the quay that day  
And headed for open sea,  
When, sweet and fair on the quiet air,  
A melody came to me—  
A little song which a careless gang  
Of brown-skinned, soft-voiced natives sang.  
Have you heard that song? Oh, bēyond a doubt,  
'Twould tear the toughest of heartstrings out,  
And it stirs you to the core.  
It came to my ears—attend my tale!—  
I climbed and dived from the after rail  
And swam from the ship to shore.

"My trunks went on both hither and yon,  
To Java, Borneo, Sulu;  
Yes, my luggage went to the Orient,  
But I was in Honolulu.

"The years went by," said this ancient guy,  
"And I took to myself a wife—  
A girl from home who had meant to roam  
Through the Orient's pulsing life.  
But she stopped for a time in this pleasant clime  
In the scented Maytime weather,  
And for forty years, or it may be more,  
We've lingered here on this sunny shore,  
Postponing our trip—together.  
"Wait, wait," he said  
When I would have fled,  
And his hand had a firmer grip;  
"I want to explain why I still remain  
With an uncompleted trip.  
There were things to learn, there were things to see,  
For how could I sail afar  
Until, for instance, I'd learned to be  
A shark on the steel guitar?  
Or had learned to do each hula step  
With the proper amount of vim and pep  
In each undulatory movement?





Or how could I leave Hawaiian turf,  
Until my riding the rolling surf  
Showed anyhow some improvement?  
It was years until I could boast my skill  
At the terpsichorean art,  
And more years passed ere I felt at last  
That I had acquired, in part,  
The trick of riding a plunging plank  
Through roaring combers—a sport I rank  
As glorious sport indeed!  
So what with trying the things I'd try,  
And teaching my wife—the years went by  
With inconceivable speed.  
And each time we'd plan on a sailing date  
We'd find a reason to make us wait,  
For my friends would say to me,  
'Don't hurry away in a style abrupt,  
For Mauna Loa will soon erupt—  
It's a sight that you ought to see!'

The old man held me by the arm,  
Which was sore from his clutching hand.  
'Have you seen the Halemaumau pit,  
Where the flames of Hades seem to flit—  
I say, have you ever scanned  
That pit of everlasting fire  
Where the lava bubbles like seething mire?  
Oh man, but it's something grand!  
So we'd linger there where the great flames flare,  
Awaiting the moment when  
The caldron below might overflow  
As Pele raged again.

'We learned to hula, we learned to surf,  
We had seen the crater rage,  
And my wife said, 'Joe, it is time to go  
To China, Java and Borneo!'  
But—our children reached the age  
When we must teach them how to ride  
A surfboard over the surging tide  
'On the beach at Waikiki,'  
And various other vital stunts  
Which even children can't learn at once,  
So—we never did go, you see!'

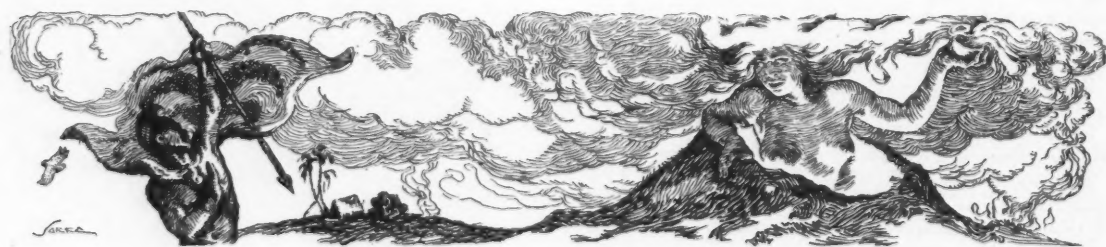
The old man took from his pocketbook  
A paper all soiled and frayed.  
'This,' said he, 'in 'sixty-three  
Was the ticket for which I paid—  
A ticket meant for the Orient,  
Where I planned to go and cruise.  
I shall leave it now in my will, I vow,  
For my great-grandchild to use!'

I left that old gentleman there on the dock  
Still going as strong as a thirty day clock,  
And I wandered along  
Where the streets were a-throng  
With Portuguese, Hindus, and GuGus, and Japs,  
And Chinese in numbers, those slant-eyed Mongo-  
lians  
Engaged in pursuit of the well known simoleons.  
And others who plainly revealed on their maps  
That they were a mixture of various races  
Who'd come to the Islands from far distant places.  
Of girls there were plenty—Hawaiian maids  
Whose skins were a brown that delectably shades  
Into gold in the sunlight; slim, trim Japanese,  
And dainty Celestials whose figures would please  
The eyes of an artist.  
As smart as the smartest,  
In gowns of the latest American mode,  
They skipped through the traffic that constantly flowed  
Past native policemen, who all of the while  
Directed the long streams of cars—with a smile!  
Yes, lots of 'Wahinis' were ever in sight,  
The yellow and brown and the girls who were white  
(Though I found it hard, as the women I scanned,  
To know which were brown—and which heavily  
tanned).

Then I boarded a trolley for Waikiki beach,  
Which isn't at all as the song writers teach,  
For the hula girls never perform there at all!  
But nowhere I've been do I seem to recall  
Such wonderful water to surf or to swim in,  
Such deep-chested men and such beautiful women.  
By day it is lovely, but under the moon,  
With white breakers pounding far out on the reef  
And music boys singing some soft native croon,  
Its beauty and wonder are past all belief.

It's a Puritan town on a tropical isle,  
Is 'Fair Honolulu,' but linger awhile,  
And though every party may end at eleven  
And nobody's seen on the streets after seven—  
Still, nevertheless, it is pretty near Heaven!

For there are the mountains and there is the sea,  
And skies that are tenderly blue,  
And somehow or other you feel you are free  
From all that's been worrying you.  
And I know that old gentleman there on the quay  
Said things that were perfectly true,  
For though I intend to continue my trip,  
I keep on postponing it, ship after ship!





By Frank R. Adams

A Story  
of the  
Foolish  
Husband  
and the  
Wise  
Wife

# Allure

Illustrations by  
M. L. Bower

"WELCOME, my dear, to the ranks of those who have nothing more to lose."

Barbara laughed back at her mother—not so very convincingly, though. The papers in her suit for divorce from one Marshall Stewart had been signed too recently. She had just come from her attorney's office, in fact. Probably the surprised ink in her signature was not yet dry.

She got into the car alongside her mother, and Terence the chauffeur whisked her away before she could indulge in the tormenting luxury of indecision as to whether to go back or not.

"What do you mean, nothing more to lose?" Barbara asked of her sleek, good looking mother. Mrs. Merion had been forty-five for seven years and no one questioned it—that's how well she kept herself up.

"Any woman," her mother replied, "who has gotten over her first marital mistake is just ready to begin life in an interesting manner. It's a sort of rebirth, like bankruptcy. I don't think I should recommend more than one divorce except in desperate cases, but one removal does add a lot of zest to a feminine pirate's allure."

"But, mother, I don't want to be alluring. I'm through with men forever. They're all beasts."

"Aren't they?" Mrs. Merion sniffed, but almost inaudibly.

"Besides, I'm too old to take up the life of a pirate as you so amiably suggest."

"Humph. You think thirty-whatever you are—don't remind me, I don't want to know—is too old. How mistaken you can be. You think you're old because you've been dressing yourself like a married woman."

"You're not suggesting that I bob, roll, uncorset and compete with the tadpoles, are you?"

"I am not. Flapperism has been done to death. The masculine world is waiting to be enticed from the narrow path by a new



It is difficult for the feminine broken heart to resist silk, satin, velvet, fur and feathers when administered by expert diagnosticians.

type of siren. Besides, your legs look very well in sheer black glove-silk opera-length hose."

"Mother! You talk as if I were a female slave about to be exhibited in the market."

"Excuse me for speaking the truth."

"Besides, my legs aren't—aren't—"

"You mean you haven't seen them lately in expensive stockings. We'll attend to that right away."

Doubtless by prearrangement Terence pulled up at the curb in front of the principal feminine outfitting establishment in town. To Barbara, who had not yet choked her sobs back any further than her throat, it seemed like dancing on a fresh made grave to be buying pretty things, especially lingerie, on the very day one started divorce proceedings.

Still, it is pretty difficult for a feminine broken heart to resist silk, satin, velvet, fur and feathers when administered in sufficient variety and quantity by expert diagnosticians. And if one tries them on and finds that, though sad, one is still interesting looking, the cure may be said to be well under way.

Which was probably her mother's very idea. The second part of the prescription was not to leave Barbara alone at all that

first day. There was going to be an awful result when she recovered from the anesthetic and realized that the tooth was really out. And it was going to hurt like the deuce in the place where it had been. The longer the evil hour was deferred the less it was apt to prostrate her entirely.

Didn't Mrs. Merion know all this from experience? She had been through it twice and the memory of the first upheaval hurt her yet when she thought of it—which by careful intention was not often. One's first husband is a part of one; the others are merely very good friends.

To keep Barbara's mind occupied on this day of trial it was essential that she should not go to bed early and that when she did finally turn in she should be thoroughly tired physically.

Going to the theater wouldn't do it. Neither would auction, Mrs. Merion's own favorite vice. But dancing might accomplish the desired result, especially if persisted in to a considerable extent. Mrs. Merion loathed dancing herself. It was the one activity in which she did not feel conscious of appearing to advantage. Mere poise and assurance, she felt, were no particular asset in a lady fox-trotter, especially when contrasted with the melting vim of the young colts who had learned to dance since the saxophone supplanted the bugle as the call to arms. A really sincere jazz dancer has to be born without a corset and must keep the bones pliable by constantly rattling them to music. Mrs. Merion knew that when she was asked to dance it was because somebody felt sorry for her and thought that it was his duty to liven up a dull evening. At that, it was seldom that she sat out alone. This was a tribute to her personality, though, and not to her nimbleness. She knew that and seldom submitted the regard of her friends to the breaking strain.

Barbara didn't want to go to the dance that evening at the country club, but her mother browbeat her into it. She always could do that.

Then while Barbara was getting into some of her new clothes her mother got exceedingly busy with the telephone.

As a result when the two ladies arrived at the club where they were dining as well as dancing there were a couple of young—well, nearly young—men waiting for them.

One of the men had been invited because once upon a time seven or eight years before he had loved and lost Barbara. The principal reason for including the other man in the party was that he still had some pre-war gin and would contribute emergency rations thereof to any friend who would furnish the orange juice and crushed ice. He was a thin man and owned two form-fitting flasks, so he was quite an asset to any party. In almost any gathering he was at least twice as popular as his synthetic brethren. He didn't use the juniper perfume himself, either. His flasks were purely altruistic equipment and he was, personally, a demure and orderly citizen. His vices, if any, were distinctly *sub rosa*—and he was a director in two banks.

Mrs. Merion thought of these qualifications when she made him break his engagement to play Ethiopian dominoes with a couple of recent converts to the Rosicrucian faith and join her party instead. Who could tell but that one of the antidotes might interest Barbara? either the lover who had once been or the slightly more modern Gunga Din who had not admired Barbara yet but wouldn't be able to help it that evening if Mrs. Merion was any judge of war paint.

The party was on. Barbara had been dragged to the club after one last cry and cold water applications to repair damages.

She looked like—well, at least six or seven million piasters. Black, sleeky stuff all over—"snake's mourning," she called it—and a very sophisticated red thing in her hair with Italian cut earrings to match. The red wasn't vermilion or scarlet or coral—none of those quiet colors. It was a dull, throbbing red, the color of smoldering hate or Peruvian passion; there was leashed danger in it. The man who invented the shade certainly never would have allowed his own wife to wear it.

Barbara wore the glove-silk hosiery just as prescribed, too, although there was no evidence to prove whether or not it was of opera length, and dull finish kid slippers without buckles, very dainty foot coverings, so absurdly soft they might have been her skin.

From head to toe she was very satisfactory. Mrs. Merion approved of her own handiwork.



Ned Halmar, whose father had once been a Dane, put his head in the trap right away. He was so fascinated that it left him speechless. He was good looking enough, blond and blue and big, so that he didn't need to talk much.

Francis Harben, swarthy, rather small, with snapping black eyes, was never tongue-tied on any occasion. He could buzz when even a mosquito would have given up. And he didn't mind saying any little thing that came into his head. Witness:

"Barb, are you sure this thing you're wearing isn't your nightie? They say that black ones are the latest mode and—"

"It isn't as bad as that."

"Indeed no, it's as good as that. Now personally I prefer flannelette pyjamas—with feet. I've got a suit of turkey-red ones with white polka dots the size of poker chips that could be worn in an igloo except that it would melt the floor out from under the squaw who went to sleep in 'em."

He kept up an unceasing flow of nonsense, most of it just risqué enough so that one did not dare let one's attention wander very much for fear he would really say something he shouldn't. It was good medicine for Barbara. She had to keep her mind on the scintillating, trivial present and ignore the painful, even if more important, past.

Harben danced with Barbara first. That was his type—to be up and doing while the other fellow was making up his mind to start.

"Barb, you are indecently beautiful tonight. How come?"

Barbara didn't know why herself. She was floating on a sea of uncertainty. Of course that was the real reason in itself. A woman who is tied to a solid pier—poetic for husband—doesn't have to look alert the way a clipper ship does out in the open sea with nasty weather ahead.

"I've danced with you before," Harben was continuing, "and this is the first time I ever noticed that you were a human dynamo. You feel different to the touch even."

Ned Halmar and Barbara's mother, sitting out, were discussing the same phenomenon.

"What the dickens is it about her tonight that makes me mad when I see anyone else dancing with her?" Ned demanded, scowling in the direction of the animated couple. "I haven't felt that way in seven or eight years, and yet I've seen her around all the time."

Mrs. Merion smiled. No use trying to explain to a man the subtle difference between a hook and a baited hook.



She did tell him guardedly about the filing of the divorce suit that afternoon.

Ned sat up as if galvanized. "Divorce? On what grounds?" "Cruelty is the technical charge, I believe."

"Do you mean to tell me that Marshall Stewart ever dared to lay hands on that angel?" Ned demanded, his balled fist indicating the intensity of his emotion.

Mrs. Merion giggled a little. This was almost as much fun as being in the game herself.

"I've a mind to beat Marshall up," Ned declared.

"Marshall is, I believe, an inch or so taller even than you are," Mrs. Merion offered critically, "and Barbara says that when he is aroused he is very, very brutal. She has a lot of black and blue marks on her right now that he is to blame for."

Ned tried to remember whether he had noticed any such blemishes on Barbara's exposed pink and whiteness. He couldn't. Evidently Marshall had been discreetly brutal because Barbara's gown had no sleeves in it at all and it was only a sort of precautionary measure in front and "An' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind." Evidently Marshall had spanked her.

Ned's turn to dance with Barbara came next, and he had an opportunity to examine her loveliness at closer range. He was nearly blinded by the scarce remembered glory of her beauty.

Since about the beginning of the late European military episode Barbara had been what is known as a "home body," which as everyone knows is the worst any lady can wish on any other lady. Her sphere had been homekeeping instead of ditto-wrecking, and she had concealed her shape and most of her complexion except the little on her face under sensible house dresses copied from designs that come free with The Ladies' Home Sedative.

It was that modest veiling of her charms which had caused Barbara to drop back into the ranks of those whom the débutantes

Mothers of marriageable sons, seeing Barbara that evening, would have hidden their offspring in garrets.

no longer fear. Also, Barbara had come to regard herself as settled for life. That had dulled her eye and administered a bromide to her sparkle.

Marriage is too much for most women. It removes the incentive for competition and it comes too early in life. What athlete keeps in training after the championship has been won and there is nowhere to go but out?

But to find that life was uncertain once more, to be again in the competitive field, was a wonderful tonic, and Barbara mustered all the old charms in the show window. No one was more surprised than she herself to find that she was more attractive than ever. Maturity had given her a compelling force that she had lacked in the ante-marital days. Even the fact that she had been emotionally stirred to the very depths of her nature had only served to sharpen her sex weapons. Yes, verily, Barbara, as she was that evening, was a dangerous woman, a roving menace to the half of the human race that still wears visible garters.

Mothers of marriageable sons upon beholding her would instinctively have hidden their offspring in garrets, caves and stables, while wives and sweethearts would have hastily tightened the garrotes about their prisoners' Adam's apples so that they would have a reminder to keep their eyes in the boat.



Ned Halmar in the thralldom of dance contact with this suddenly materialized phantom of his remembrances wondered where she had been all these years, rather questioned whether either of them had been living at all. Perhaps they had been under a lethargic spell.

Ned was a sincere and patient lover. He had lost Barbara once and there his love life had ended. That it was unexpectedly reopened by the prospective freedom of Barbara was a staggering delight. Ned didn't know how to act except to tell her he loved her.

Barbara had passed him by once because he wasn't quite clever enough. But now it was restful to hear him try to let her know indirectly that his heart was still a worthless rug beneath her tiny, tender feet. True, by comparison with her almost ex-husband, Marshall, he was a trifle clumsy and he did not have the gift of glib conversation that was Francis Harben's; still, there was a certain solidity about Ned's adoration. You felt pretty sure you would be able to depend on it even if you were married to him.

Barbara let him rave, interjecting an inciting word here and there to let him know that she was listening and was not yet very angry. She even responded frankly to his tendency to hold her a little closer than was strictly necessary for terpsichorean purposes. After all, just as her mother had said, Barbara had nothing to lose. And Ned did dance wonderfully, especially when his partner followed him as Siamesely as if all that there was between them was a little glue.

Of a sooth Barbara was a maddening armful. When the dance was over Ned inadvertently took a third cocktail, merely to cover his agitation. Perhaps Francis Harben offered it to him guilefully, knowing that Ned wasn't used to good liquor and hoping that he would step on himself, thus leaving the field more or less clear.

Under that stimulus Ned took Barbara outside during their next dance together to listen to the stars shining.

Ned intended to kiss her. As he had not done that since a week or so before she was married, that required some considerable resolution on Ned's part.

Barbara read his mind as easily as she would have perused a circus poster. She knew why he strolled carelessly to the darkest part of the veranda.

But Ned lost his nerve. This kissing a married woman was pretty serious business even if she was convalescent.

Both of them were disappointed.

Barbara came back to the ballroom to dance with Harben, slightly chagrined at having been obliged to waste the rebuke which was on the tip of her tongue, and Ned sat down at their table and hastily drank the two cocktails Harben had left there, one at Ned's place and the other at Barbara's.

After that he felt fine, not sewed up, you know, but extravagant. The world was finally his bivalve and he was willing to prove it. His voltage had been stepped up from a harmless six to a lethal twenty-five hundred. In other words Ned was now unintentionally a dangerous person, quite as dangerous as Barbara was herself.

Matters were complicated slightly by the arrival of Marshall Stewart, Barbara's minus one-half. That was not much of a coincidence because he was chairman of the house committee, but he might have had the decency to stay away this one night, or at least to go hence when he found that Barbara was there. He ought to be in a dark corner somewhere, anyhow, repenting at leisure.

Marsh did not even look so very upset; divorces were apparently an everyday affair so far as he was concerned. As soon as he could he requested a moment alone with Barbara. She turned upon him a practically flawless but none the less refrigerated shoulder.

"How come?" Marsh demanded of her beautiful back. "All I ask for is a slight argument, sweet woman. Don't tell me that a little thing like divorce proceedings is going to interfere with our having our daily argument."

"I do not care to speak to you," Barbara informed him.

"Great! Now we're started. I do care to speak to you. There's the basis for a friendly disagreement right away."

But he was talking to the empty air. Barbara had moved away and in her train was Ned Halmar, looking belligerent and quite capable of starting a rear guard action to cover the safe retirement of troops.

Ned's interference made Marsh Stewart mad. He began asking questions of his men friends. Yes, some of them had flasks, and Marsh became the container of a very fair blend of several locally well known brands of corn cognac.

He saw things more clearly—or thought he did. And he craved an opportunity to show Barbara where she was all wrong. But he couldn't find her.

The reason was that Ned had walked her out of doors again for the purpose of testing his courage. Barbara has acquiesced, out of curiosity. She wondered if he would this time or not.

It was lovely out of doors and made one ask oneself why people stayed inside and violated the repose of nature with banjos and drums. There was a sort of hushed starlight on the lawn and great blobs of blackness under the trees where the foliage cut off the illumination.

Ned came to anchor in one of those black bays, and save for the white blur of Barbara's shoulders one would never have known they were there. Close, of course, one could still tell that she was lovely, could sense that she had a tangible body although the dark had gobbled it up greedily.

She waited. So did Ned, but only for a moment. He took her hand. She let it lie in his palm, unresisting but vivid.

Ned put his arm around her.

She stiffened against his embrace.

But he had gone too far now to draw back. He forced her, struggling, to do as he wished and pressed his lips against her tantalizing mouth.

She pushed away from him finally. "You brute!" she panted. "You've spoiled everything. I thought I could depend on you to be a friend and you turn out to be just like every other man, even Marsh."

"I'm sorry," Ned began, then stopped. "No, I'm hanged if I am. You go and get yourself up like the Queen of Sheba and then expect a man to act like a jug of ice water around you. Why do you advertise if you don't expect anybody to answer your advertisements?"

Ned had read somewhere that women never mean what they say and he certainly put it to the test. He was a powerful man and he kissed Barbara again and again, made up as far as possible for the years he had regarded her as a closed incident.

But something was wrong with the dope somewhere. According to sheik literature she should have yielded finally and begun to return his kisses passionately. But Barbara apparently was not a student of current fiction. She didn't yield worth a cent. Instead she fought and clawed and scratched like a trapped wildcat. The new dress suffered scandalously. There was only one shoulder strap and that gave way, and if there had been much back to it, it would have been split up the back. As it was Barbara had to hold it on with one hand while she fought with the other.

"You beast, you brute!" she was saying. "All men are alike."

This was a profound discovery which will doubtless simplify the problems of womankind for all time to come.

Meanwhile Marsh Stewart was looking for Barbara. So was Francis Harben, but Francis had a fair idea where to look because he had planned on taking her there himself with much the same end.

Francis and Marsh combined forces. Francis craftily figured that while Marsh created a diversion he, Francis, could probably snatch the bone of contention out from under their very bows, so to speak.

They found Ned and Barbara. Marsh gave Ned a new interest in life by cuffing him upon the right ear.

With a bellow of rage Ned, pacific old Ned, dropped his prey and squared away to face his assailant.

What followed could be reported only by a writer of "out where the West begins" stories. It was one of those "when a man's a man" contest that practically beggars description.

It was more than a struggle between mere men. It was a battle to the death between the old and the new—pre-war gin on one side and *nouveau riche* corn liquor on the other—to decide once and for all the staying qualities of London professional distillation versus domestic amateur ditto.

The famous fight in "The Spoilers" was as nothing compared to the riot there on the country club lawn. The noise of it stopped the dance and brought the youth and beauty of the countryside out to enjoy the tournament. Those who possessed them tried to follow the movements of the contestants with flickering flashlights.

Someone suggested that the two men ought to be separated but no one made the first move.

It was a pretty close struggle at first. They were both big men and the black eyes were practically evenly distributed.

Barbara hovered over the contestants wondering if she ought not to help one of them out but not certain which was entitled to her support. Of course she hated Marsh, but she was grateful



Ned Halmar turned to gather up the spoils. "You brute," the spoils snarled, "you've killed him! Coward!"

to him at the same time—he had relieved her from a very embarrassing situation.

Passing by several rounds of close fighting we come to the final blow. That was delivered by Ned Halmar, the Melancholy Dane, and the jolt was acknowledged by Marsh, who promptly went into the silence to think it over right on the club lawn.

The victor turned to gather up the spoils he had so fairly earned.

"You brute," the spoils snarled, "you've killed him! Coward!" "Coward?" echoed Ned, stung in his *amour propre*. "He struck me first."

There was logic in what he said but not conviction, at least not conviction so far as Barbara was concerned.

Barbara was bent over her belligerent about to be ex-spouse, feeling for his heart. Strangely enough she found it. And it was beating.

"Bring whisky, water, anything," she commanded.

Some of each was forthcoming. The men who brought the water had to go and get it. The other ingredients were already there, in and on the guests at the murder.

Mrs. Merion came to her daughter's side.

"Your dress is nearly coming off," she whispered. "And don't you think you had better let somebody else take care of Marsh?"

"Let it come off," Barbara retorted with splendid dramatic abandon. "And I've got to take care of Marsh. He hasn't got anybody but me."

"I might point out that since this afternoon he hasn't got you—at least not legally."

"He died defending my honor," Barbara countered, exaggerating a trifle on both counts. "We may not be man and wife any more, but at that I'm the best friend he's got. No one else understands him as well as I do and knows that he isn't really as disagreeable as he appears. Are you, Marsh dear?" The question was addressed to the oblivious object of the argument.

His head was in her lap and she lifted it up and kissed him on a likely spot which didn't seem to be swollen up much.

"My dear!" protested her mother. "Someone will see you."

But, strangely enough, parents cease to be compelling authorities after the ministers have done their stuff—sometimes even before that—and Barbara did not listen to the voice of reason. Instead, she commandeered the services of four strong men and had Marsh borne in state to a taxicab.

On the way home Marsh recovered his alleged senses and was disappointed to find that Ned was not there. "What did you want to take me away for, woman," he demanded crossly, "just when I was beating the tar out of him?" (Continued on page 116)



"You're a grand lot of glooms!" Ellen told mama's gang of perfect forty-fours.

"GLORY be to the everlasting glory of God, but some harm will come to that child if they don't lock him up safe in jail!" said the Widow Cahill with bitter feeling.

"They'll get um yet!" added the Widow Murphy darkly.

Ellen Murphy laughed her fresh, delicious laugh. She found her mother and her mother's gang, as she called it, extremely amusing. Ellen had come in on this balmy June afternoon of lingering warmth and lingering summery odors to make the usual daily report upon herself, and her sister Lizzie-Kate, and Lizzie-Kate's young family, all of whom lived some three blocks away from the maternal household. Also, she wanted to find somewhere the last summer's hat that might be cleaned and dyed, and she had seized the opportunity to wash and iron the real Irish collar and cuffs that made her office dress look so smart.

"You're a grand lot of glooms!" she told the elderly women as she pressed the hot iron carefully upon the steaming lace. "I wonder you wouldn't sit in the hot kitchen, a day like this!"

"These are bad days out o' dures, wid all the flu that's in it," said the little cracked voice of the Widow Cahill, over the large.

An IRISH  
other words,  
LARGE  
and sharp

# KATHLEEN The Kelly

Illustrations by

plain white china cup from which she was drinking strong tea. Mrs. Cahill's bereavement had occurred some eleven years before, but never had an actress entered upon a congenial part more whole-heartedly than had the relict of "Jarge" Cahill assumed her weeds. He had been a bad husband living, but he was magnificent as dead, and Mrs. Cahill still wore fountains of crape, shiny black kid gloves that kept even when empty the imprint of her lean little work-worn hands, and a heavy face veil that fell all over her shoulders in shrouding folds.

Still, cackling little Mrs. Cahill was an optimist, in the rather indirect Irish way, and Mrs. Murphy, her hostess this afternoon, was a pessimist, pure and simple. Both these wrinkled, bereaved, stupid old souls looked to Aggie Callahan, the third and last of the group today, for inspiration and guidance.

"I don't know is he bad or is he just wild and free with the bold spirits that's in him," Mrs. Callahan offered now, of the Kelly boy, whose neighborhood escapades were under discussion. "I seen him yesterday," she resumed, after one of those mild pauses that marked all the conversations between these women, no matter how vital, "and I tuk it upon myself to stop him and give um a word. 'Robert,' I says to um, 'yure good mother that's dead would turn in her grave if she could see the way you'll be carrying on,' I says. He give me a bold, ugly look out of his bold face—" she finished, her voice drifting into silence regretfully.

"Oh, he's a bad one!" Mrs. Murphy contributed with feeling. "But this new cop on the beat, Hamilton, will get um!" she added, with vindictive enjoyment. "Ould Falley would never touch wan of thim boys, and they streelin' all over the place like Ayrabs! But this feller's a mean sort of weasel, and he'll get um. He got Jawunny Fay last week, and Big Jawunny give um such a lickin', when he heard that he'd been tuk to the Juvenile, that Rosy Fay come runnin' in here, the way she wouldn't hear the child holler!"

"Yes, and I think it was a dirty shame to arrest young Johnny," Ellen Murphy said with warmth as she pressed her iron gently along a scalloped edge. "It's the Kelly boy that's the ringleader, and he always goes scot-free. When Falley was on the beat, of course the whole pack of them knew they were safe," added Ellen, now holding the snowy fresh frill to the light and scrutinizing it. "But this Hamilton is another pair of shoes—"

"I don't know wherever a cop would get a name like Hamilton," Mrs. Cahill mused dreamily.

"He's none of our sort," Mrs. Callahan remarked. "He's a hard, mean kind of man, and God help Robbie Kelly the day he lays hands on um. Well, Robbie has a very ugly stepmother—she's a noisy, wild sort, Daise," she finished.

"He had a good mother," Mrs. Murphy said dolorously, "and she had him in Sunday school, and she dressed him very nice, until the very Sunday she was tuk, God rest her. And Mac Kelly wouldn't have been a bad father to um if he'd lived. But Daise has got that young boy of her own that's never been right since he had scarlet fever, and him teethin', and she's hard on



Story; in  
a Story of  
HEARTS  
wits. By

NORRIS

# KID

James Montgomery Flagg

Robbie. Sister Felix says that the child has a good heart on him, but he's wild. And he'll end in jail, and I'd never raise hand nor fut to keep him out of it!"

"Mama's never forgiven him about the baby goat," Ellen said, laughing. "Mama's old Kitty had a kid here, one spring, and all the Eyetalians are crazy about young goats in the spring, and Robbie Kelly drove the baby goat over to the Baldocchis and told Gemma Baldocchi that Mrs. Murphy sent it with her compliments. Mama went down there—and the yelling!—and the screeching!" finished Ellen, enjoyable reminiscence in her eye.

Ellen's beauty and brightness had suffered a brief eclipse in the spring, from the humiliating treatment of Mr. John Beatty. But she was quite her radiant self now, and life once more was a brimming cup of sweets and excitements. She had rallied the more rapidly from the smart and the shame because his eyes had been so often upon her, and because it had been possible, by presenting an invariably poised and indifferent front, to humiliate him a little in turn.

He would ask her to a swell country club just to play a part, would he? Ellen's thought had hummed as her flying fingers danced on the typewriter. He'd try to make a cat's-paw of Ellen Murphy! She rejoiced in open warfare as she had never rejoiced in unacknowledged love. She pushed her persecution of him to the limits of common charity, and beyond. Impassive, she stood beside him pointing out his errors, questioning his contradictory statements. His embarrassed laughter, his fumbling explanations, evoked no answering friendliness from her. Ellen, triumphing in her merciless young soul, told herself that she'd learn him to get fresh with her!

She was exhilarated with her rôle, and the united families of Murphy, Flint and Kane admitted dispassionately that Ellen "had a healthy look on her these days," or even that Ellen "tuck after the Florences in her looks, and they were a well favored lot."

Ellen's old grandfather, however, who was sitting in the elm-shaded bare back yard this afternoon, with two of the Callahan grandchildren, often told her outright that she was beautiful, and Mr. Clement Aloysius Riordan, whose company and adoration Ellen capriciously turned off or on like a hot water faucet, was temporarily in favor at this time, and spared neither adjectives, panting breaths, deep, agonized flushes, nor brief, abashed laughs in attempting to assure her of her preeminent charm.

So Ellen was happy, and indulgent this afternoon to "mama's gang of perfect forty-fours"; her radiant youth had little concern with their dismal and funereal reminiscence, but she liked occasionally to spend an hour or two in their company, if only to make Mart, her brother, "die laughing" at her report upon them.

"I'll tell you what," she said now, still in reference to the Kelly boy, "I don't know that it would hurt that kid to be sent up for a while. He might learn some common sense. He's got no parents, his stepmother is going to marry again, and he says he won't live with his Aunt Lily in Troy. He'll go on this way until he kills someone, and then it'll be jail!"



"You a wonder he wouldn't live with his Aunt Lily, she's a fine woman," said Mrs. Cahill, her veil thrown back, her lean little liver-spotted face flushed with tea and sociability. "She has a good job in the liberry, and he could set there evenings, reading a story out of a book, until she'd be going home. She'd give him a good home, and she'd like to have him for company. Lily is a fine ger'rl," added Mrs. Cahill thoughtfully. "The Sisters had her for the Blessed Virgin wanst in their tabloos; she looked very elegant."

"Well, wouldn't you wonder at him?" agreed Mrs. Murphy. "I'll go to the Judge myself one of these days," she said impressively, "and tell him that if ever there was a lad that a few years on the Island would do a world's world of good, me young gallant Robbie Kelly is the lad. I will so! I'll tell um that the boy could have a good home, with a fine ger'rl that's his own mother's sister, Lily Boone, but that he's so wild he wants to run the streets, stealin' goats off of decent, respectable people that has need, God knows, of every penny—"

The conversation rambled up and down comfortably. Soft, warm, early summer lingered kindly over the unlovely neighborhood, and the light, streaming through young leaves, pleasantly entered the shabby, dark, smoke-stained kitchen. The tin spoons



"I could go with ye to the Judge, Robbie," said Mrs. Callahan. "But I think he'll send ye up."

and colanders that Mrs. Murphy began in a desultory manner to employ in the first dinner preparations were black and shapeless with wear; some of them she had used for ten years, some twenty; she never thought of replacing them. A wire strainer with no handle had burned her fingers regularly three times a week since Ellen was a baby; Mart had made round wooden knobs, clumsily patched together with wire, for her saucepan lids ten years ago. Ellen and Jule and Lizzie-Kate had grown to womanhood, taking for granted the struggle with casseroles that leaked through cracks; coffee-pot tops that wedged in too tight or else blew off entirely in a puff of brown foam; a chopping bowl that had to be tipped up beyond the split that ran down one side, or it was useless; and an egg-beater that hitched and stuck once in every third revolution. Their mother always used a favorite little vegetable knife that had only the denuded spear of rusty steel left where once the wooden handle had been.

Mrs. Callahan had the rocker, so placed that by a long arm she could reach the teapot. Mrs. Cahill sat at the end of the table; she occasionally cut a wedge of fresh bread from the loaf that was not yet quite free of the thin wrapping paper and the tangle of

pink bakery string. Granulated sugar was in an open yellow glass bowl covered with large, opaque glass warts; the sugar spoon was crusted with dried brown crystals, from which the loose white sugar sifted. Mrs. Murphy prized the sugar bowl, which she had selected from a Wheel of Fortune at a fair.

"I ought to be going, Mrs. Murphy dear, to get the young children home," said Mrs. Callahan, without stirring. "Poor Annie's going to take Martin up to visit Josie in Albany a while, that he shouldn't be too well informed as to what's goin' on—"

She gave a mild, significant glance toward Ellen, before whom Annie's unborn child might not with propriety be mentioned. The other elderly women nodded and sighed, and there was a silence. Annie Callahan Curley had been widowed six months ago, and the arrival of her fourth child was thus more than ordinarily a solemn event.

"Martin, mind you, is an angel of God," Mrs. Callahan hastened to say, of her foster son, "but the child's eleven, and 'tis just as well he should be out of the way for a while. Annie may go off tonight; she'll have a good visit with Josie and John, and when she comes back may the Lord send her a little comforter!"



There was no distinct "amen" to this. But the others broke into an audible sighing and murmuring, with some shaking of heads and much *tut-tutting* of lips. Mrs. Callahan wiped her eyes; Mrs. Cahill said "Whatever—" on a long, dolorous breath; and Mrs. Murphy "Betune us and all har'm, the help of God help the poor ger'rl!" And there was a sorrowful and sympathetic pause in the conversation.

It was broken by a stir in the yard, the approach of disturbance and danger sensed rather than actually seen. The women exchanged apprehensive glances; Ellen made an indeterminate move toward the door.

Voices in the yard; then hammering steps upon the porch. Then the door was torn open, and upon a sobbing shout of defiance, fury, terror and tears, a thin, dirty, torn and tousled boy of perhaps twelve or fourteen rushed in. He was stammering and crying like a frantic little hunted animal; he saw neither the kitchen nor its occupants, but he saw the drophead sewing machine by the window and got behind it, and braced it between him and the door he had just entered.

"You dirty big liar!" he sobbed, his face streaming with tears and blood and dirt, his thin little chicken breast rising and falling as if it would burst with the storm. "I never done it—you dirty liar! You can kill me—you can kill me—but you won't send me to jail! I'll get a pistol and I'll blow your brains out—and I don't care if I do go to the chair—I don't care if I do go to the chair—you dirty big dirty liar—"

His back was toward the stupefied occupants of the kitchen. But every one of them knew him, of course: the Kelly boy.

Mrs. Murphy automatically soused the end of a mud-colored towel under the cold water faucet, and as she addressed her unexpected guest she was wiping his forlorn, still sputtering face. She had not lived in this neighborhood forty years for nothing, nor was this her first experience of this sort.

"Here, what's all this to-do?" she demanded equably. "This is a fine way to bur'st in upon a Christian woman—what have you been up to now, Robbie Kelly? I shouldn't wonder if the police are after you again—is that it?"

The cold water had somewhat sobered the child, but he was still panting as he clawed her hands with his own lean little hard ones and gasped:

"Oh, Mis' Murphy, don't let him get me! The cop's after me—Hamilton's after me and Lenny Spillane! Oh, Mis' Murphy, honest to God, I never done nothin'! It was them big fellers that was foolin' with the switch, and Len and me was just lookin' at what they done—"

"My God! There's been a train wreck!" shouted Mrs. Cahill shrilly.

"No, there wasn't no wreck!" the child said quickly, his face white when the dirt and blood had been washed away. "But the cop says there might have been, and he says he's going to have me up before Judge Casey—and Casey told me last time he'd send me up to Randall's Island! But I'll kill him first," gritted little Robbie Kelly, his teeth set, his tears breaking forth afresh as he turned his desperate eyes once more toward the door.

"It's a pity you wouldn't think of that, Robbie, before now," Mrs. Callahan said mildly. "There's some that loved your good mother that thinks maybe you'd be better off for a few years, until you'd be eighteen or so, shut up where you couldn't do anny harm. Manny's the time I've disputed you about it, that you should go to your good aunt and be a comfort to her, and sell a few papers like Martin does, and grow up a decent man. But no, you'd be stravagin' the neighborhood like

a wild Turk that has no God itself, and now look what's in it!"

"I'll go to Aunt Lily—say, if you'll lend me the money for my ticket I'll go, if you'll just get me off this once!" Robbie promised breathlessly. "Honest I will—I know the way! If you'll get me off with the cop—"

"So that you can run off wid me goats again!" Mrs. Murphy interpolated dryly, in the troubled pause.

"Mrs. Callahan, won't you please—won't you please for the love of God and the Blessed Virgin!" the Kelly boy begged her, beside himself with terror and urgency. "I'll go to my aunt, and I'll help her—I'll split wood for her and run her errands—you'll not be sorry—honest—honest—I promise you if I never promised anything in my life!"

"For heaven's sake, Robbie Kelly," Ellen said, impatient and distressed, "why on earth didn't you think of all this before? You could have gone to your aunt six months ago, when your mother died, and entered school there and tried to make something of yourself. And now you come in with your promises and everything when the cop's after you, and he's a new cop—nobody likes him, and his hand is against everybody! He got the Fay boy into trouble, and that was the very first time, and you've been up twice before Judge Casey, and you know how mad anything with the railroad makes him because they're all down on him anyway—"

She put her ironing board away with a bump, and there was a long silence in the kitchen. The Kelly boy still panted; his eyes roved despairingly from one face to another. Mrs. Murphy had pursed her lips, taken a chair, pressed a wizened little hand over her shut eyes and was swaying from side to side with a rotary sort of movement indicative of utter helplessness. Mrs. Cahill cleaned her teeth with whistling sounds of her lips; her sharp, faded, scrutinizing gaze resting impassively upon the agitated face and the shabby, dirty, tumbled young figure. Ellen rested her shoulder against the bedroom door, her arms folded, her face exasperated and yet sympathetic; and Mrs. Callahan, in the low rocker, had a big hand planted upon each knee, her magnificent leonine head dropped a little forward, her handsome black eyes thoughtful and troubled.

"I could go with ye to the Judge, Robbie," she suggested after a while. "But I think he'll send ye up—the third time. I declare if your good mother wouldn't rather see you in your grave—"

Robbie's face wrinkled, all the fire and fight died out of him, and standing shamed and forlorn before them he began to cry great tears that ran down his freckled face and crept saltly into his trembling mouth.

He was little, guilty, helpless, and inevitable punishment faced him.

"I tell you I never done it!" he said stubbornly.

"You've done enough, God knows," Mrs. Cahill reminded him inexorably, but without rancor.

"But I never done that," sobbed Robbie, "and if he takes me and sends me to jail, I'll tell him I never done it! He can send me to the chair, because he's a big liar, but I'll tell the Judge that if my mother had lived I'd tell her the same thing—and if I was dying I'd tell it—" The frantic, incoherent threats died into the air.

Robbie gulped, sniffed wetly and gratefully grasped the handkerchief that Ellen supplied. Young, thin, shabby and friendless, with the great machinery of the law set in motion to catch him, he wept into Ellen's little blue lawn handkerchief, with the orange butterfly.



"Come through, mama, where is he?" Mart said, grinning.



## The Kelly Kid

"Whisht!" breathed Mrs. Cahill electrically. "There's the cop in the yard!"

An instant change took place among all present. Stepping with the silent agility of a deer, Mrs. Cahill opened the door into the bedroom, three feet from the yard door. The Kelly boy's tears dried, his eyes flashed courage and defiance again as Ellen laid her hand upon his shabby shoulder, and he and she vanished through the bedroom door like smoke.

Mrs. Callahan was comfortably enjoying a cup of tea and Mrs. Cahill pulling on her dismal black gloves, her veil down as preparatory to departure, when Mrs. Murphy stepped innocently to answer an authoritative rap upon the porch door.

She blinked at the visitor; a tall, stalwart, freshly uniformed young man with a truculent red face.

"Well, God bless us, it's Officer Hamilton, will ye step in?" she said with an air of pleased surprise.

Officer Hamilton sent a lightning glance about the kitchen, smiled with no warmth and stepped in. He sat down in a low chair and dandled his hat upon his knee.

"Mrs. Callahan you know, and me friend Mrs. Cahill. I misdoubt ye don't know the whole pack of us hereabouts," Mrs. Murphy said socially. "You wouldn't have a cup of tea while you'd be talkin'? And now what is it—it isn't the Fourth of July barbecue yet awhile?"

Officer Hamilton looked from one to the other with a dreadful and unhurried smile. The smile said that they knew why he was there, and they knew that he knew they knew, and that business as important as his, authority as unquestioned, might suffer an occasional pause but could never evade satisfaction.

"Come now—come now," he said with an indulgent smile. The three women exchanged glances almost too exquisitely bewildered.

"Well—whatever is it?—all this is very strange," said these innocent glances.

"Did ye see me ould father out in the yard that we had anointed awhile back?" Mrs. Murphy questioned him conversationally.

"Yes, I seen Mr. Florence, and lookin' extremely well and hearty too," said the officer leisurely, indulgent, inexorable. "I'm after the Kelly kid. Where is he?"

"After—Is it Young Robbie Kelly?" Mrs. Callahan asked.

"Him and young Spillane," announced Mr. Hamilton with a brief nod, as one who appreciates that he imparts—as indeed he was imparting—well known facts. "It's the first time Spillane has been cot, and I left him off again. But me young friend Robbie," he resumed grimly, "goes up to the Judge on Monday, and I don't doubt they'll learn him to evade the law before they're done with him!"

"I wondher that you could be doin' all that, and you widout a warrant or anything whatever," Mrs. Cahill said, the soft accents of the Tralee mountains wrapping each word as in cotton wool.

"He's here all right, I seen him bolt into the yard—where is he?" the man persisted, brushing aside these mild diversions.

"I don't know why you would chase the poor child, annyway," Mrs. Murphy said, with some decision, from the sink; "but whatever you do, it's neither sign nor sound of um you'll find in

my kitchen. He'd be conthrin' to pass out of the neighborhood entirely, I should presume, and not loither about the way you'd put hands on um. He's a very spry young lad, if I have um rightly——"

"Come now—come!" Officer Hamilton interrupted her in a slow drawl, with significantly smiling eyes. "You give me your word he's not here," he added, with a first touch of asperity, "you give me your word he's not here, and I'll believe you!"

"Where would he be?" Mrs. Murphy asked, in elaborate



JANER HUNTSCHER/PLASS

"If you'll give me one look yours—" said Hamilton, meaning, "I'll thank you

innocence. "Look in me little butthry—you couldn't be hidin' a young cat and his kittens in there!"

She flung open the door of a large closet, where indeed nothing more concealing than an open flour barrel met the officer's quick and dissatisfied glances.

"Mama—" began Ellen, from the bedroom doorway. "Oh, how do you do, Mr. Hamilton?" she interrupted herself, with a smile that made her dazzling young beauty even more radiant.

"Mrs. Cahill, would ye step in here and say good by to Aunt Susie, and you too, Mrs. Callahan?" she asked, with a glance straight into each woman's eyes in turn. "Did mama tell you me aunt is in there quite laid up with the arthritis?" Ellen

continued prettily as the two guests lumbered obediently into the bedroom. "You'll want to look in there," she added to the officer. "These boys in the neighborhood, they're an awful care to you, I dare say," Ellen continued, obliterating from the impressionable heart of Thomas Hamilton with a suddenness that made his senses reel an imprint lately left there by Miss Rita O'Connor of Centre Moriches. "I'll take you in there!" she promised.

"I'll be stepping on along home, Mrs. Murphy," Mrs. Callahan

to the officer. "you've looked into me butthry, and you've druv me friends off of me house, and what else can I do for ye?"

Officer Hamilton was watching Ellen Murphy with shrewdly smiling eyes.

"Did you know that I delayed on my way here to ask Officer Burns to just keep an eye on your windows, Miss Murphy?" he asked.

The girl flushed honestly and indignantly.

"Well, I don't know why you'd do that, Mr. Hamilton," she said, coldly.

"So that nobody could help anybody else out of one of them, for instance," he told her, with a sort of quiet triumph.

"There's nobody in that room there but my Aunt Susan, sick in bed," Ellen asserted stoutly, with a shrug. "I don't know what you're driving at!"

"And if you arrest that child—and you with neither warrant nor writ—a child that's got no mother, and whatever has he done but just a few thricks that would make a decent man laugh at um, let alone arrest um —" Mrs. Murphy began.

"It's my business to see that the law is respected," Hamilton said inflexibly. "If he's not here, I'm sure I'm sorry that I broke up your tea party. And if you'll let me give one look at—that—sick— aunt—of yours," he added, addressing Mrs. Murphy, but with his eyes fixed on Ellen and his drawing tone full of meaning for her, "I'll thank you, and take my leave!"

"Saving your presence, my aunt's not young, and she's sick in bed," Ellen offered, with a reluctance so betraying and so undisguised that Officer Hamilton suspected that a distressed and hopeless shaking of the head would begin on the mother's part, and smiled again when he detected it.

"It's no use, Ellen," Mrs. Murphy's frightened lips said, making no sound. Ellen gripped her mother's arm with firm fingers, and the officer of the law with only a premonitory rap opened the bedroom door.

"Run, Robbie—run for your life!" the older woman shouted.

Afterward she denied having said this, and added that if the child had been there, which she well knew all the time he wasn't, she thought he might as well make a run for it.

Thomas Hamilton opened the bedroom door and stood there, with one watchful eye never leaving the kitchen. He saw a shabby, plain room, with no place in it that would hide even the aforementioned young cat "and his kittens," with a narrow iron bed protruding into the center of the floor, and in the bed an indubitable old woman.

There was no mistaking her wrinkled old face, her thinning grizzled hair, her clawlike old hands. No Robbie Kelly, were he the child Coquelin, could assume that mask, that cracked old voice. The invalid wore a sodden but brilliantly flowered kimono; there was no suspicious

hump of fugitive childhood at her feet, the floor under the bed was empty except for a collapsed hat box, a heap of Sunday newspapers, a brick, two pairs of crushed and shapeless shoes, a string of empty cereal boxes long used by some child as a cart, and several curls of dust that lay shamelessly upon the unpainted, rough boards.

Hanging on the wall opposite the door was a forlorn row of garments, but from under them no Kelly boots protruded. And through the small panes of the one window Officer Hamilton could see the back of Officer Burns, elaborately casual—as he loitered up and down the block.

That was all. There was no wardrobe, no closet, no other door.



at—that—sick—aunt—of  
his drawing tone full of  
and take my leave."

said comfortably, from the bedroom doorway, "for it's small use a house has for company with the police in it! Your aunt looks better, and I don't doubt she'll be up amongst us and herself again in a day or two, and God grant it!"

"And I'll go along wid Mrs. Callahan," Mrs. Cahill said, following. "Faith—I left me bag on the bed!"

She dove back into the bedroom, and immediately afterward the two widows departed, murmuring together, and stopping to speak to old man Florence in the yard, where Mrs. Callahan gathered up her two staggering grandchildren.

"Stop in whin you're passin'!" Mrs. Murphy shouted after them hospitably. "Now, sir," she said somewhat truculently



Officer Hamilton flushed, and scratched his head, and glanced dubiously into the kitchen again. There was a third room, but the window from this gave upon the back porch, as the kitchen door did, and the doorway into it had been quite frankly open all the time. It contained a dark jumble of comforters and boots and odd meaningless garments, and was known to the family as "grandpa's room."

Officer Hamilton, without moving, glanced toward the street and blew his whistle, and Officer Burns immediately straightened alertly and came into the shanty.

"The boy's here somewhere, Burns," said the harassed policeman, "and we've got to find him!"

"If you weren't the best dancer ever, Frank," said Ellen Murphy to Officer Burns, with a killing glance, "I'd have you both arrested for breaking into mama's house and scaring the wits out of us all."

"Here's the thing, Miss Ellen," returned Frank Burns, kindly regretful. "The boy's been making trouble for everybody. It'll be for his own good that he's shut up awhile—it'll teach him a lesson!"

"Teach him all the lessons you want to, Frank, although I'll bet you weren't any Child Ignatius yourself, if I remember rightly, when you were his age!" Miss Murphy began smoothly. "But don't waste time running around annoying people worse than a hundred Kelly kids could annoy them—"

"And him a posthumous child that never seen hide nor hair of his own father that died on him before he was born!" her mother added, in a high wail.

"Do you know what he did?" Frank Burns demanded fiercely as his colleague trampled through old man Florence's lair. "Him and young Spillane was monkeying with the railway switch. Now—if you have an accident there, Miss Ellen," he pleaded with a sudden change of tone, his handsome, clean-shaven, kind young face gravely concerned, "it's manslaughter. You don't want anything like that breaking loose in our neighborhood. Now, do you?"

Ellen was visibly moved. She looked down.

"But don't you have to have warrants and search warrants and all that sort of thing to do this, Frank?" she asked, with a sudden upward, and most disquieting, glance.

"Isn't it better to have him in a corrective institution for a few years instead of in jail for life?" Frank countered, grasping at phrases that edified and surprised himself as much as they did everyone else.

"Ah, but there's no harm in a child like that!" Ellen pleaded in turn.

"Cellar?" said Thomas Hamilton to Mrs. Murphy, indicating a trap door in the floor with his big, shining boot.

"There is not," returned the mistress of the house, "and lucky him that needs him, in these days!" she added darkly.

Hamilton incredulously opened the flap, discovered a neatly embedded bathtub, in which some onions and turnips and a can of kerosene were odorously stored, and looked apologetic and somewhat foolish.

"Well, now, where is he?" he asked, looking about with a slight amelioration of his harsh attitude. "He run in here—we both seen that. You can't hide him forever, it can't be done. I'll nab him the minute I lay eyes on him, and it'll only go the worse for him if I have to tell the Court that he run off on me. Resisting the law—"

"A kid running away from a cop isn't resisting the law," Ellen interpolated smartly. "I'll bet you used to run from them yourself, and think nothing at all about it! The child didn't do anything, he said himself that he and the Spillane boy—"

"Aha!" cried Officer Hamilton triumphantly, "he *was* in here, then?"

The girl flushed, bit her lip, looked up, looked down.

"Well, what if he was?" she demanded. "He run off again. He just run by through the yard, and through the back gate out on to the hill."

"There's a pat' goes down past Harrison's place that you'd be takin' and you steppin' to the market," Mrs. Murphy supplied circumstantially.

"He did not," Officer Burns said good-naturedly and flatly. "I never took my eyes off the house."

"Well, wouldn't you think we was all the ones for lies and intrigues," Mrs. Murphy commented in almost admiring wonder. "That's the polis for it," she added. "They'll find you a murder as aisy as you'd pick up a button you'd dropped on the flure. 'Clap um into jail,' says they, 'and we'll find means and ways to keep um there!' There was a feller back in the ould

country, and him a dacint, God-fearin' lad that had a cousin at Maynooth itself, and the good mother he had on him—"

"Come on, where is he, Miss Ellen?" Frank Burns said coaxingly, uninterested in this moving recital.

"Do you think, if I knew where he was, which I don't," Ellen said briskly, "that I'd let you haul out that poor little fellow and keep him in the Juvenile Detention two days—among thieves and Heaven knows what—and then have him up before old Casey, to ruin his life on him? Shame on you! You and Mr. Hamilton are in a fine business chasing a child around the block, with the speeders right here on South Street killing nuns and Eyetalian babies and dear knows what all—"

"God help your husband, Ellen, when you get going!" said Mr. Burns admiringly.

"Well, I hope He will!" the girl responded warmly. "I'll go out and bring grandpa in, mama," she added, turning her back upon the forces of the law. "If you've both looked your fill of my aunt's room," she said witheringly to the men as she left the kitchen, "I hope you'll excuse my shutting the door, she's trying to get some sleep!"

"This'll all be told to the Judge," Mr. Hamilton warned her, baffled and bewildered, but still determined and somewhat red in the face.

"You'll tell him more than your prayers, I don't doubt that," Mrs. Murphy muttered bitterly, again busy at her sink.

"Say, Mart, you help us out here," Frank Burns said good-naturedly as Martin Murphy, thirty-five, wizened, looking alertly from one to the other, came home after his hard day.

Martin kissed his mother.

"How's Aunt Susan?" he asked, sitting down at the table.

"Better. She's had aspirin, and she's drowsy," Ellen, now tenderly engineering her old grandfather in his arm-chair, answered briskly as her mother looked a little vague.

"Here's the way of it, Mart. Hamilton and I don't like to butt in here," Officer Burns said uncomfortably. "But you know that kid in the neighborhood that they call the Kelly kid?"

"Sure. Knew his mother," Mart responded, his weasel-bright eyes still traveling from one face to the other as he rapidly and lightly chewed gum with his front teeth.

"Well, he and that Spillane boy were monkeying with a railroad switch today—" Officer Burns pleaded, almost pathetically.

"Holy Nelly!" Mart said, gratifyingly impressed. He stopped chewing.

"State's Prison offense!" Officer Hamilton supplied with a grim nod.

"I'll tell the world!" Mart affirmed, beginning to chew again.

"Now, he's got to answer for that," the other officer said logically. "I want to run him in. You've got to break up that gang of his, you know. Isn't it better that one kid should be punished, and scare the daylights out of the rest of them?"

"Sure," Mart conceded, nodding noncommittally, as he chewed.

"Well, he run in here, into this house," pursued Burns. "We both seen that. Hamilton whistled for me, and I come in the other end of the block; he didn't pass me. And he never walked out the path at the back of the house either, I seen that as I come along. We've got him, Mart, wherever the ladies has hid him. There hasn't been a soul come in or go out—"

"Come through, mama, where is he?" Mart said, grinning. "They won't do him no hurt, Ellen. Cough him up. Maybe the Judge will let him off, anyway."

"He haven't set fut here or hereabouts," Mart's mother asserted in her high, shrill, plaintive wail of a voice. "I never seen nor heard the like of the questions these two officers has been askin'! They've waked yure aunt out of a sleep that might be life or death to her—"

"What's under them rugs?" demanded Officer Hamilton suddenly, his eyes fixed upon a nondescript mass of bedding, floor covering, old carpets and variegated garments that formed a sort of mountain against one wall.

Instantly Ellen was standing before it, her eyes flashing.

"It's just nothing but rubbish!" she said, with an excited laugh. "It's—it's—Mart—mama—"

"It's been there this fortnight, until I could sort it all out for the Sisters' rummage sale they're going to have," Mrs. Murphy said bewilderedly. "Sure you couldn't hide a Galway pig there—"

"Just kindly take my word for it," Ellen said fiercely to Frank Burns, as he looked at her inquiringly.

"I'm sorry I can't!" Hamilton had seized a broom; the heap was rifled in a few seconds.

It revealed old coats thick with age (Continued on page 122)



P. G. WODEHOUSE

*ships another cargo  
of Chuckles from London*

# The Return of Battling Billson

*Illustrations by T. D. Skidmore*

IT WAS a most embarrassing moment, one of those moments which plant lines on the face and turn the hair a distinguished gray at the temples. I looked at the barman. The barman looked at me. The assembled company looked at us both impartially.

"Ho!" said the barman.

I am very quick. I could see at once that he was not in sympathy with me. He was a large, profuse man, and his eye as it met mine conveyed the impression that he regarded me as a bad dream come true. His mobile lips curved slightly, showing a gold tooth; and the muscles of his brawny arms, which were strong as iron bands, twitched a little.

"Ho!" he said.

The circumstances which had brought me into my present painful position were as follows: In writing those stories for the popular magazines which at that time were causing so many editors so much regret, I was accustomed, like one of my brother authors, to take all mankind for my province. Thus, one day I would be dealing with dukes in their castles, the next I would turn right round and start tackling the submerged tenth in their slums. Versatile. At the moment I happened to be engaged upon a rather poignant little thing about a girl called Liz who worked in a fried-fish shop in the Ratcliffe Highway, and I had accordingly gone down there to collect local color. For whatever posterity may say of James Corcoran, it can never say that he shrank from inconvenience where his art was concerned.

The Ratcliffe Highway is an interesting thoroughfare, but on a warm day it breeds thirst. After wandering about for an hour or so, therefore, I entered the Prince of Wales public house, called for a pint of beer, drained it at a draught, reached in my pocket for coin, and found emptiness. I was in a position to add to my notes on the East End of London one to the effect that pocket-pickery flourishes there as a fine art.

"I'm awfully sorry," I said, smiling an apologetic smile and endeavoring to put a debonaire winsomeness into my voice, "I find I've got no money."

It was at this point that the barman said "Ho!" and moved out into the open through a trick door in the counter.

"I think my pocket must have been picked," I said.

"Oh, do you?" said the barman.



"That's what comes," the barman told me, "of tryin' to snitch drinks."

He gave me the idea of being rather a soured man. Years of association with unscrupulous citizens who tried to get drinks for nothing had robbed him of that fine fresh young enthusiasm with which he had started out on his career of barmanship.

"I had better leave my name and address," I suggested.

"Who," inquired the barman coldly, "wants your blinking name and address?"

These practical men go straight to the heart of a thing. He had put his finger on the very nub of the matter. Who did want my blinking name and address? No one.

"I will send—" I was proceeding, when things began to happen suddenly. An obviously expert hand gripped me by the back of the neck, another closed upon the seat of my trousers, there was a rush of air, and I was rolling across the pavement in the direction of a wet and unsavory gutter. The barman, gigantic against the dirty white front of the public house, surveyed me grimly.

I think that, if he had confined himself to mere looks—however offensive—I would have gone no further into the matter. After all, the man had right on his side. How could he be expected to see into my soul and note its snowy purity? But as I picked myself up, he could not resist the temptation to improve the occasion.

## The Return of Battling Billson

"That's what comes of tryin' to snitch drinks," he said with what seemed to me insufferable priggishness.

Those harsh words stung me to the quick. I burned with generous wrath. I flung myself on that barman. The futility of attacking such a colossus never occurred to me. I forgot entirely that he could put me out of action with one hand.

A moment later, however, he had reminded me of this fact. Even as I made my onslaught an enormous fist came from nowhere and crashed into the side of my head.

I sat down again.

"Ullo!"

I was aware, dimly, that someone was speaking to me, someone who was not the barman. That athlete had already dismissed me as a spent force and returned to his professional duties. I looked up and got a sort of general impression of bigness and blue serge, and then I was lifted lightly to my feet.

My head had begun to clear now, and I was able to look more steadily at my sympathizer. And, as I looked, the feeling came to me that I had seen him before somewhere. That red hair, those glinting eyes, that impressive bulk—it was my old friend Wilberforce Billson and no other—Battling Billson, the coming champion, whom I had last seen fighting at Wonderland under the personal management of Stanley Featherstonehaugh Utridge.

"Did 'e 'it yer?" inquired Mr. Billson.

There was only one answer to this. Disordered though my faculties were, I was clear upon this point. I said yes, he did hit me.

"R!" said Mr. Billson, and immediately passed into the hostelry.

It was not at once that I understood the significance of this move. The interpretation I placed upon his abrupt departure was that, having wearied of my society, he had decided to go and have some refreshment. Only when the sound of raised voices from within came pouring through the door did I begin to suspect that in attributing to it such callousness I might have wronged that golden nature. With the sudden reappearance of the barman—who shot out as if impelled by some imperious force and did a sort of backwards fox trot across the pavement—suspicion became certainty.

The barman, as becomes a man plying his trade in the Ratcliffe Highway, was made of stern stuff. He was no poltroon. As soon as he had managed to stop himself from pirouetting, he dabbed at his right cheek bone in a delicate manner, soliloquized for a moment, and then dashed back into the bar. And it was after the door had swung to again behind him that the proceedings may have been said formally to have begun.

What precisely was going on inside that bar I was still too enfeebled to go and see. It sounded like an earthquake, and no meager earthquake at that. All the glassware in the world seemed to be smashing simultaneously, the populations of several cities were shouting in unison, and I could almost fancy that I saw the walls of the building shake and heave. And then somebody blew a police whistle.

There is a magic about the sound of a police whistle. It acts like oil on the most troubled waters. This one brought about an instant lull in the tumult. Glasses ceased to break, voices were hushed, and a moment later out came Mr. Billson, standing not upon the order of his going. His nose was bleeding a little and there was the scenario of a black eye forming on his face, but otherwise there seemed nothing much the matter with him. He cast a wary look up and down the street and sprinted for the nearest corner. And I, shaking off the dreamy aftereffects of my encounter with the barman, sprinted in his wake. I was glowing with gratitude and admiration. I wanted to catch this man up and thank him formally. I wanted to assure him of my undying esteem. Moreover, I wanted to borrow sixpence from him. The realization that he was the only man in the whole wide east end of London who was likely to lend me the money to save me having to walk back to Ebury Street gave me a rare burst of speed.

It was not easy to overtake him, for the sound of my pursuing feet evidently suggested to Mr. Billson that the hunt was up, and he made good going. Eventually, however, when in addition to running I began to emit a plaintive "Mr. Billson! I say, Mr. Billson!" at every second stride, he seemed to gather that he was among friends.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" he said, halting.

He was plainly relieved. He produced a murky pipe and lighted it. I delivered my speech of thanks. Having heard me out, he removed his pipe and put into a few short words the moral of the whole affair.

"Nobody don't dot no pals of mine, not when I'm around," said Mr. Billson.

"It was awfully good of you to trouble," I said with feeling.

"No trouble," said Mr. Billson.

"You must have hit that barman pretty hard. He came out at about forty miles an hour."

"I dotted him," agreed Mr. Billson.

"I'm afraid he has hurt your eye," I said sympathetically.

"Him!" said Mr. Billson, expectorating with scorn. "That wasn't him. That was his pals. Six or seven of 'em there was."

"And did you dot them, too?" I cried, amazed at the prowess of this wonder man.

"R!" said Mr. Billson. He smoked awhile. "But I dotted 'im most," he proceeded. He looked at me with honest warmth, his chivalrous heart plainly stirred to its depths. "The idea," he said disgustedly, "of a — — 'is size"—he defined the barman crisply and, so far as I could judge after so brief an acquaintanceship, accurately—"goin' and dottin' a little — — like you!"

The sentiment was so admirable that I could not take exception to its phraseology. Nor did I rebel at being called "little." To a man of Mr. Billson's mold, I supposed, most people looked little.

"I'm very much obliged."

Mr. Billson smoked in silence.

"Have you been back long?" I asked, for something to say. Outstanding as were his other merits, he was not good at keeping a conversation alive.

"Back?"

"Back in London. Utridge told me that you had gone to sea again."



I refused to believe in that sprained ankle of Utridge's and toyed with the thought of supplying Cecil with an Arundel Street Horror.

"Say, mister," exclaimed Mr. Billson, for the first time seeming to show real interest in my remarks, "you seen 'im lately?"

"Ukridge? Oh yes, I see him nearly every day."

"I been tryin' to find 'im."

"I can give you his address,"

I said. And I wrote it down on the back of an envelope. Then, having shaken his hand, I thanked him once more for his courteous assistance and borrowed my fare back to civilization on the Underground, and we parted with mutual expressions of good will.

The next step in the march of events was what I shall call the Episode of the Inexplicable Female. It occurred two days later. Returning shortly after luncheon to my rooms in Ebury Street, I was met in the hall by Mrs. Bowles, who was my landlord's wife.

I greeted her a trifle nervously, for, like her husband, she always exercised a rather oppressive effect on me. She lacked Bowles's ambassadorial dignity, but made up for it by a manner so peculiarly sepulchral that strong men quailed before her pale gaze. Scotch by birth, she had an eye that looked as if it was forever searching for astral bodies wrapped in winding sheets; this, I believe, being a favorite indoor sport among certain sets in North Britain.

"Sir," said Mrs. Bowles, "there is a body upstairs in your sitting room!"

"A body!" I am bound to say that this E. Phillips Oppenheim-like opening to the conversation gave me something of a shock. Then I remembered her nationality.

"Oh, you mean a man?"

"A woman," corrected Mrs. Bowles. "A body in a pink bonnet."

I was conscious of a feeling of guilt. In this pure and modest house, female bodies in pink bonnets seemed to require explanation. I felt that the correct thing to do would have been to call upon Heaven to witness that this woman was nothing to me, nothing.

"I was to give you this letter, sir."

I took it and opened the envelope with a sigh. I had recognized the handwriting of Ukridge, and for the hundredth time in our close acquaintanceship there smote me like a blow the sad suspicion that this man had once more gone and wished upon me some frightful thing.

My dear old horse:  
It's not often I ask you to do anything for me . . .

I laughed hollowly.

My dear old horse:  
It's not often I ask you to do anything for me, laddie, but I beg and implore you to rally round now and show yourself the true friend I know you are. The one thing I've always said about you, Corky, my boy, is that you're a real pal who never lets a fellow down.

The bearer of this—a delightful woman, you'll like her—is Flossie's mother. She's up for the day by excursion from the north, and it is absolutely vital that she be lushed up and seen off at Euston at six forty-five. I can't look after her myself, as unfortunately I'm laid up with a sprained ankle. Otherwise I wouldn't trouble you.



"'E wants to see the murders," explained Cecil's mother as if it were the most reasonable of boyish desires.

This is a life and death matter, old man, and I'm relying on you. I can't possibly tell you how important it is that this old bird should be suitably entertained. The gravest issues hang on it. So shove on your hat and go to it, laddie, and blessings will reward you. Tell you all the details when we meet.

Yours ever,

S. F. Ukridge

P. S. I will defray all expenses later.

Those last words did wring a faint, melancholy smile from me, but apart from them this hideous document seemed to me to be entirely free from comic relief. I looked at my watch and found that it was barely two thirty. This female, therefore, was on my hands for a solid four hours and a quarter. I breathed maledictions—futile, of course, for it was a peculiar characteristic of the demon Ukridge on these occasions that, unless one were strong-minded enough to disregard his frenzied pleadings altogether (a thing which was nearly always beyond me), he gave one no chance of escape. He sprang his foul schemes on one at the very last moment, leaving no opportunity for a graceful refusal.

I proceeded slowly up the stairs to my sitting room. It would have been a distinct advantage, I felt, if I had known who on earth this Flossie was, of whom he wrote with such airy familiarity. The name, though Ukridge plainly expected it to touch a chord in me, left me entirely unresponsive. So far as I was aware, there was no Flossie of any description in my life. I thought back through the years. Long forgotten

Janes and Kates and Muriels and Elizabeths rose from the murky depths of my memory as I stirred it, but no Flossie. It occurred to me as I opened the door that, if Ukridge was expecting pleasant reminiscences of Flossie to form a tender bond between me and her mother, he was certainly building on sandy soil.

The first impression I got on entering the room was that Mrs. Bowles possessed the true reporter's gift for picking out the detail that really mattered. One could have said many things about Flossie's mother, as for instance that she was stout, cheerful and far more tightly laced than a doctor would have considered judicious, but what stood out above all the others was the fact that she was wearing a pink bonnet. It was the largest, gayest, most exuberantly ornate specimen of headwear that I had ever seen, and the prospect of spending four hours and a quarter in its society added the last touch to my already poignant gloom. The only gleam of sunshine that lightened my darkness was the reflection that, if we went to a picture palace, she would have to remove it.

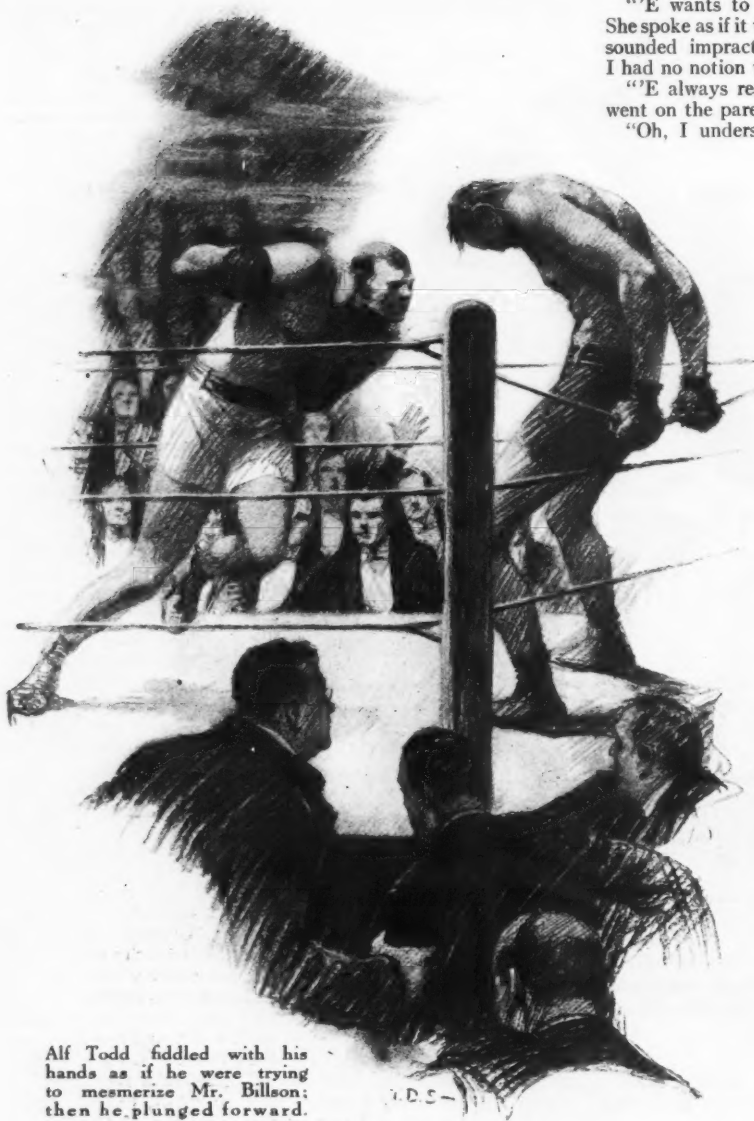
"Er—how do you do," I said, pausing in the doorway.

"Ow do you do," said a voice from under the bonnet. "Say 'ow do you do to the gentleman, Cecil?"

I perceived a small, shiny boy by the window. Ukridge, realizing with the true artist's instinct that the secret of all successful prose is the knowledge of what to omit, had not mentioned him in his letter; and, as he turned reluctantly to go through the necessary civilities, it seemed to me that the burden was more than I could bear. He was a rat-faced, sinister looking boy, and he gazed at me with a frigid distaste which reminded me of the barman at the Prince of Wales public house in Ratcliffe Highway.



## The Return of Battling Billson



Alf Todd fiddled with his hands as if he were trying to mesmerize Mr. Billson; then he plunged forward.

"I brought Cecil along," said Flossie's—and presumably Cecil's—mother, after the stripling, having growled a cautious greeting, obviously with the mental reservation that it committed him to nothing, had returned to the window, "because I thought it would be nice for 'im to say he had seen London."

"Quite, quite," I replied, while Cecil, at the window, gazed darkly out at London as if he did not think much of it.

"Mr. Ukridge said you would trot us round."

"Delighted, delighted," I quavered, looking at the hat and looking swiftly away again. "I think we had better go to a picture palace, don't you?"

"Naw!" said Cecil. And there was that in his manner which suggested that when he said "Naw!" it was final.

"Cecil wants to see the sights," explained his mother. "We can see all the pictures back at home. 'E's been lookin' forward to seein' the sights of London. It'll be an education for 'im like, to see all the sights."

"Westminster Abbey?" I suggested. After all, what could be better for the lad's growing mind than to inspect the memorials of the great past and, if disposed, pick out a suitable site for his own burial at some later date? Also I had a fleeting notion, which a moment's reflection exploded before it could bring me much comfort, that women removed their hats in Westminster Abbey.

"Naw!" said Cecil.

"'E wants to see the murders," explained Flossie's mother. She spoke as if it were the most reasonable of boyish desires, but it sounded impracticable. Murderers do not publish programs. I had no notion what homicides were scheduled for today.

"'E always reads up all the murders in the Sunday paper," went on the parent, throwing light on the matter.

"Oh, I understand," I said. "Then Madame Tussaud's is the spot he wants. They've got all the murderers."

"Naw!" said Cecil.

"It's the places 'e wants to see," said Flossie's mother, amiably tolerant of my density. "The places where all them murders was committed. 'E's clipped out the addresses and 'e wants to be able to tell 'is friends when 'e gets back that 'e's seen 'em."

A profound relief surged over me.

"Why, we can do the whole thing in a cab," I cried. "We can stay in a cab from start to finish. No need to leave the cab at all."

"Or a bus?"

"Not a bus," I said firmly. I was quite decided on a cab—one with blinds that would pull down, if possible.

"'Ave it your own way," said Flossie's mother agreeably. "Speaking as far as I'm personally concerned, I'm shaw there's nothing I would rather prefer than a nice ride in a keb. Jear what the gentleman says, Cecil? You're goin' to ride in a keb."

"Urgh!" said Cecil, as if he would believe it when he saw it. A skeptical boy.

It was not an afternoon to which I look back as among the happiest I have spent. For one thing, the expedition far exceeded my hasty estimates in the matter of expense. Why it should be so I can not say, but all the best murders appear to take place in remote spots like Stepney and Canning Town, and cab fares to these places run into money. Then again, Cecil's was not one of those personalities which become more attractive with familiarity. I should say at a venture that those who liked him best were those who saw the least of him. And finally, there was a monotony about the entire proceedings which soon began to afflict my nerves. The cab would draw up outside some moldering house in some desolate street miles from civilization, Cecil would thrust his unpleasant head

out of the window and drink the place in for a few moments of silent ecstasy, and then he would deliver his lecture. He had evidently read well and thoughtfully. He had all the information.

"The Canning Town 'Error," he would announce.

"Yes, dearie?" His mother cast a fond glance at him and proud one at me. "In this very 'ouse, was it?"

"In this very 'ouse," said Cecil with the gloomy importance of a confirmed bore about to hold forth on his favorite subject. "James Potter, 'is nime was. 'E was found at seven in the morning underneaf the kitchen sink wiv 'is froat cut from ear to ear. It was the landlady's brother done it. They 'anged 'im at Pentonville."

Some more data from the child's inexhaustible store, and then on to the next historic site.

"The Bing Street 'Error!"

"In this very 'ouse, dearie?"

"In this very 'ouse. Body was found in the cellar in an advanced stige of dee-cawm-po-sition wiv its 'ead bashed in pre-zoomably by some blunt instrument . . ."

At six forty-six, ignoring the pink hat which protruded from the window of a third class compartment and the stout hand that waved a rollicking farewell, I turned from the train with a pale, set face and, passing down the platform of Euston Station, told a cabman to take me with all speed to Ukridge's lodgings in

Arundel Street, Leicester Square. There had never, so far as I knew, been a murder in Arundel Street, but I was strongly of opinion that the time was ripe. Cecil's society and conversation had done much to neutralize the effects of a gentle upbringing, and I toyed almost luxuriously with the thought of supplying him with an Arundel Street Horror for his next visit to the metropolis.

"Aha, laddie!" said Ukridge, as I entered. "Come in, old horse. Glad to see you. Been wondering when you would turn up."

He was in bed, but that did not remove the suspicion which had been growing in me all the afternoon that he was a low malingerer. I refused to believe for a moment in that sprained ankle of his. My view was that he had had the advantage of a first look at Flossie's mother and her engaging child and had shrewdly passed them on to me.

"I've been reading your book, old man," said Ukridge, breaking a pregnant silence with an overdone carelessness. He brandished winningly the only novel I had ever written, and I can offer no better proof of the black hostility of my soul than the statement that even this did not soften me. "It's immense, laddie. No other word for it. Immense. Damme, I've been crying like a child."

"It is supposed to be a humorous novel," I pointed out coldly.

"Crying with laughter," Ukridge explained hurriedly.

I eyed him with loathing.

"Where do you keep your blunt instruments?" I asked.

"My what?"

"Your blunt instruments. I want a blunt instrument. Give me a blunt instrument. Don't tell me you have no blunt instrument!"

"Only a safety razor."

I sat down wearily on the bed.

"Hi! Mind my ankle!"

"Your ankle!" I laughed a hideous laugh, the sort of laugh the landlady's brother might have emitted before beginning operations on James Potter. "A lot there is the matter with your ankle."

"Sprained it yesterday, old man. Nothing serious," said Ukridge reassuringly. "Just enough to lay me up for a couple of days."

"Yes, till that ghastly female and her blighted boy had got well away."

Pained astonishment was written all over Ukridge's face.

"You don't mean to say you didn't like her? Why, I thought you two would be all over each other."

"And I suppose you thought that Cecil and I would be twin souls?"

"Cecil?" said Ukridge doubtfully. "Well to tell you the truth, old man, I'm not saying that Cecil doesn't take a bit of knowing. He's the sort of boy you have to be patient with and bring out, if you understand what I mean. I think he grows on you."

"If he ever tries to grow on me, I'll have him amputated."

"Well, putting all that on one side," said Ukridge, "how did things go off?"

I described the afternoon's activities in a few tense words.

"Well, I'm sorry, old horse," said Ukridge when I had finished. "I can't say more than that, can I? I'm sorry. I give you my solemn word I didn't know what I was letting you in for. But it was a life and death matter. There was no other way out. Flossie insisted on it. Wouldn't budge an inch."

In my anguish I had forgotten all about the impenetrable mystery of Flossie. "Who the deuce is Flossie?" I asked.

"What! Flossie? You don't know who Flossie is? My dear old man, collect yourself. You must remember Flossie. The barmaid at the Crown in Kennington. The girl Battling Billson is engaged to. Surely you haven't forgotten Flossie! Why, she was saying only yesterday you had lovely eyes."

Memory awoke. I felt ashamed that I could ever have forgotten a girl so bounding and so spectacular.

"Of course! The blister you brought with you that night George Tupper gave us dinner at the Regent Grill. By the way, has George ever forgiven you for that?"

"There is still a little coldness," admitted Ukridge ruefully. "I'm bound to say old Tuppy seems to be letting the thing rankle a bit. The fact of the matter is, old horse, Tuppy has his limitations. He isn't a real friend like you. Delightful fellow, but lacks vision. Can't understand that there are certain occasions when it is simply imperative that a man's pals rally round him. Now you—"

"Well, I'll tell you one thing, I am hoping that what I went through this afternoon really was for some good cause. I should be sorry, now that I am in a cooler frame of mind, to have to strangle you where you lie. Would you mind telling me exactly what was the idea behind all this?"

"It's like this, laddie. Good old Billson blew in to see me the other day."

"I met him down in the East End and he asked for your address."

"Yes, he told me."

"What's going on? Are you still managing him?"

"Yes. That's what he wanted to see me about. Apparently the contract has another year to run and he can't fix up anything without my o.k. And he's just had an offer to fight a bloke called Alf Todd at the Universal."

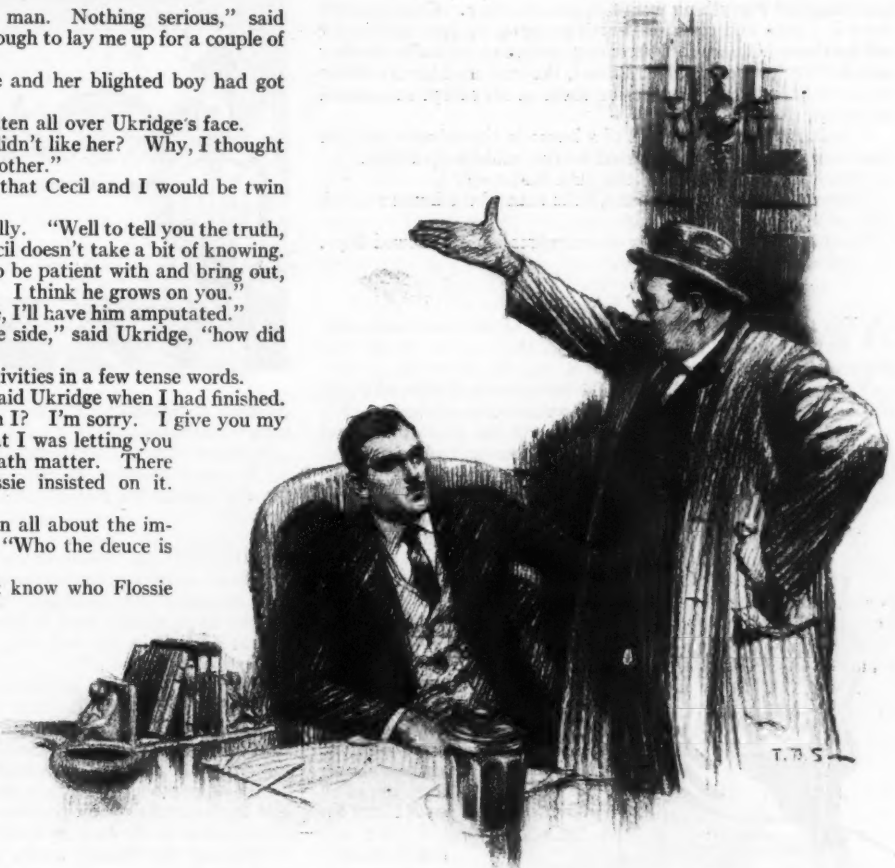
"That's a step up from Wonderland," I said, for I had a solid respect for this Mecca of the boxing world. "How much is he getting this time?"

"Two hundred quid."

"Two hundred quid! But that's a lot for practically an unknown man."

"Unknown man?" said Ukridge, hurt. "What do you mean, unknown man? If you ask my opinion, I should say the whole pugilistic world is seething with excitement about old Billson. Literally seething. Didn't he slosh the middleweight champion?"

(Continued on page 128)



"I ask you, laddie! Have you ever heard of throwing away an absolute dashed fortune, purely to gratify a momentary whim?"

# Stories That Have Made Me Laugh

**T**HIS story was contributed to Franklin P. Adams's column by Marc Connelly, and as I was out of the country when it appeared it may have been mutilated when it was told to me. The scene is the circus train of the Barnum and Bailey shows.



"You look all in today," a trapeze artist remarks to the Cuban giant.

"I got a right to," the giant replies. "One of them dwarfs has got the upper berth and I sleep in the lower, and I warned that guy he shouldn't drink so much black coffee to his dinner. He was walking up and down over my head all night long, and I didn't get a single wink of sleep."

**O**NE of the results of Prohibition has been the recent boom in the second-hand bottle market. Home-made wine and beer is now being preserved for posterity in bottles of every description—ketchup bottles, household ammonia bottles, fire extinguisher bottles, and bottles which in their first use were bought from the bottle manufacturer for the purpose of holding anything and everything from fish glue to curry. Consequently there is a keen and constant search going on by junk dealers for old bottles, which are fast becoming extinct so carefully are they hoarded by private owners. In fact, the junk man hardly thinks it worth his while to inquire for them at all except in unusual instances, as follows:

A junk dealer rang the bell of a house in the suburbs and the door was answered by a harassed looking middle-aged man.

"Any rags, any old iron?" the junk dealer asked.

"There's nothing for you here," the man of the house replied. "My wife's away."

The junk dealer's face took on an expression of renewed hope. "Any old bottles?" he asked.

**A**ND speaking of bottles reminds me of the story about the Swiss guide and the tourist. In their ascent of the first slope of the Faulhorn, or perhaps it was the Matterhorn, they had passed at least two café restaurants marked with a star in the guide book, and the tourist had shown no evidence of knowing the etiquette appropriate to the occasion. At length they



hut near the summit. See I XX"—the reference being to a note which warns tourists upon pain of typhoid or chronic colitis not to touch the light refreshments in any Alpine hut.

Consequently the guide saw a long and thirsty climb ahead of him unless he could devise a plan. He did so immediately.

"At this particular point," he informed the tourist, "there is a wonderful echo."

"Indeed!" the tourist said.

"For instance," the guide continued, "just shout 'Two mugs of beer,' as loud as you can."

"Two mugs of beer," the tourist shouted, and then waited for the echo.

"I can't hear any echo," he said to the guide.

"Today the echo is bad," the guide admitted, "but here comes the beer anyhow."

**W**HILE we are on the subject of beer, let me say that the other day I read an essay on India by a fourteen year old schoolboy which contained the following remarkable piece of information:

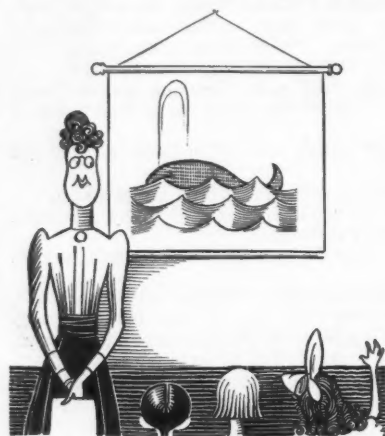
"In India, a man out of a cask cannot marry a woman out of another cask."

**A** TEACHER in an East Side public school in New York was giving an object lesson on the whale. She had thoroughly discussed the habits of the whale in life and proceeded to a consideration of its usefulness in death.

"Now, children," she said, "what is it that we do with whale-bones?"

The children looked at her blankly. They were a rather obtuse lot of children, from families whose mothers cooked, washed and sewed in Mother Hubbard wrappers without the restraining influence of whale-bones.

"Come, come!" the teacher exclaimed impatiently. "Don't any of you know what we do with whalebones?"



At last a little girl better dressed than the rest raised her hand. "We leave them on the side of our plates," she said smugly. "It ain't polite you should spit them on the carpet."

**T**HEATRICAL reminiscence, says Max Beerbohm, is the most awful weapon in the armory of old age.

"I am sure," he continues, "that much of the respect which we pay to an elderly man is due to our suspicion that he could avenge any slight by describing the late Charles Mathews in 'Cool as a Cucumber.'"

This is not to warn anybody that I have been laying by a fund of theatrical reminiscence against a ripe and slighted old age. It is only to introduce the slender story that some time ago there was a revival of "Hamlet" in New York and the rôle of the King was assumed by a member of the Lambs Club who in his off-stage moments made a fair livelihood at auction bridge. The day after the opening a fellow member was telling about the performance in the card room of the Lambs.

"Did you particularly notice Harry as the King?" one of the card friends asked.

"Yes," his friend replied.

"How was he?" the card friend inquired.



# By MONTAGUE GLASS

Illustrations by Rea Irvin

"Well," his friend said, "it wasn't a very inspired performance. In fact, he played the King as though his partner had just played the ace."

IN DUNFERMLINE, where Andrew Carnegie was born, there is quite as much piety as there is thrift. Gordon Grant says that when he was last there somebody pointed out to him a man who had a great local reputation as a worthless spendthrift.

"He certainly doesn't look it," Grant said.

"Perhaps not," his informant agreed, "but just the same, an aunt died and left him five pounds, and he blew the whole thing in seven years."

However, what Grant really meant to tell about was the respect in which the inhabitants of Dunfermline hold the memory of John Knox. They have a statue of him in the market place, and one day an American tourist was being shown the statue by a local policeman.

"And who was John Knox?" the American asked.

"Gude Lord, man!" the policeman exclaimed. "Do ye no read the Bible?"

NO DOUBT the manufacturers of flat silverware are at the bottom of this extravagant display of utensils which characterizes the formal service of meals nowadays. Many a young married couple first went to housekeeping in the early 'nineties with a great deal less sterling silver than is laid in front of only one guest at a fashionable luncheon in the nineteen twenties; and the consequence is that the socially uninitiated are prone to make such serious mistakes as using the salad fork for the entrée. Even a small amount of table silver will puzzle some people. For instance, a friend of mine was dining with a man in a small restaurant in San Francisco, and my friend was much disgusted at the fashion in which his fellow diner was using his knife and fork.

He was, in fact, holding the fork as though it were the neck of a violoncello, and in an effort to cut up his meat he was performing against it with his knife as though he were playing a selection by Goltermann or Popper. When he accomplished the separation of a large mouthful of food by this difficult method, he would convey it to his lips with his knife. He also scooped up the gravy with his knife, and altogether used his knife in an unconventional not to say dangerous manner.

"Look here," he said at last to my friend, "the waiter hasn't brought me an extra fork."

"You don't need an extra fork," my friend said.

"The deuce I don't!" his guest exclaimed. "What am I going to stir my coffee with?"

ROBERTS the billiard player was once staying at a little hotel in Ilfracombe, and on a wet morning he went into the billiard room to knock the balls around for a few minutes. There was only one table, which had the appearance of a profile map of the Chiltern Hills, and when the bar attendant, who also acted as billiard marker, laid the balls on the cloth they were so toned by age and use that it was impossible to distinguish any one ball from the other two.

"I say!" Roberts exclaimed. "How do you tell the red ball from the white?"

"That's all right, sir," the marker replied. "You'll soon get to know them by the shape."

BEING shaved in a provincial English barber shop is no light undertaking for the American accustomed to reclining chairs and all the amenities of modern plumbing. You sit bolt upright in a sort of Windsor chair with a headrest at the back, and you have all the sensations of being about to be electrocuted with nothing to comfort your last moments except the knowledge that you are innocent of a capital crime. You are lathered with ice-cold shaving soap and then spend a miserable two minutes or so until the barber finishes stropping the razor on a miniature knife-cleaning board.

An American was at this stage of the operation in a Manchester shop while the barber sought to make things agreeable by the usual conversation.

"Yes, sir," he said to the customer, "we may not have all the modern didoes of your American barber shops, but we make up for it by being very careful."

He felt the edge of the razor, and not being satisfied with its keenness he continued both the stropping and the conversation. "We have to mind what we are about here, sir," he went on. "Every time we cut a customer's face we're fined sixpence, and if we make an ugly gash it costs us a shilling."

He finished the stropping at last and brandished the razor. "But I don't care a hang today," he announced. "I've just won a couple of quid on the Grand National Handicap."

AFTER all, says a friend of mine in Texas, deathbed repentances are the safest. He writes me that there was a man in his town who went to a revival meeting and was pressed to repent. He wavered for a moment, but finally arose and said:

"Friends, I want to repent and tell how bad I've been, but the grand jury is a-setting in this town and I dassent do it."

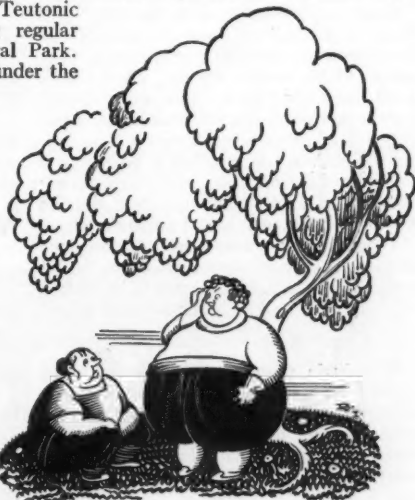
"The Lord will forgive," the revivalist in charge shouted.

"Probably He will," answered the sinner, "but He ain't on that grand jury."

RECENTLY in New York City there was a campaign among some of the women of Yorkville to reduce their too solid and Teutonic flesh by taking regular exercise in Central Park. Groups of them under the leadership of a physician would run and jump as far and as high as their corpulent state permitted, until they were quite exhausted.

"Why, Mrs. Schlosser," the physician said to one of them, "you're all full of perspiration."

"Yes, Doctor, and schvett too," Mrs. Schlosser gasped.



## Why Not?

(Continued from page 83)

much money as Mr. Jerrold has. They say he is worth thirty millions. It makes me dizzy to think of it.

### WEDNESDAY

This morning I got an invitation to hear Paderewski play. I never was more surprised in my life—a ticket enclosed and everything. I went, of course, and wore my gray charmeuse—the only decent evening dress I have. Mr. Jerrold was in the next seat. I might have guessed it. He was awfully nice—said he had sent me the invitation because he felt I was the sort of girl who would prefer Paderewski to the movies. I felt tremendously flattered, coming from a man like that.

We had a lovely talk, and he took me home in his car—a big gray thing, fitted up like a steam yacht. On the way I told him how fond father had been of books and pictures and things like that, and how he had always hoped I would make something of myself. Mr. Jerrold said there was no reason why I shouldn't, and asked me if I wouldn't like to come sometime to see his private collection. They say it's the finest in New York. I said I would, of course, and was about to suggest bringing Nella along with me when he said that three or four others were coming on Sunday afternoon, and if I cared to I might look in then, about four. I was surprised, of course, because he's a bachelor, and I'd begun to think—well—what any girl would think under the same circumstances. Mr. Jerrold is a wonderful man. I guess he understands how hungry I've been for beautiful things.

When Jerry came this evening to take me to see a picture, and I told him I was going to hear Paderewski, he said that high-brow stuff was all bunk—that Irving Berlin was the cat's whiskers, so far as he was concerned. Poor Jerry. He simply doesn't understand.

### SUNDAY NIGHT

I saw Mr. Jerrold's pictures this afternoon. He didn't pay much attention to me. There was a French actress there, and two men—one of them was an army officer. We had tea afterwards. I have never in my wildest dreams imagined such a house, or such beautiful things. Rugs like gorgeous stained glass windows; Chinese embroideries with, literally, millions of stitches in them; wonderful old furniture and paintings; miniatures; Japanese prints; bronze statues; books; well, I felt like taking off my things and spending the rest of my life just looking at them. When I admired a statuette of Pan, Mr. Jerrold insisted on sending it to me as a souvenir of the occasion, and asked me my address. I didn't want to take it, but he was so jolly about it that I couldn't refuse.

When Jerry came this evening he wanted to know where I'd been, but I wouldn't tell him. He seems to be jealous of every man that so much as looks at me.

### TUESDAY

The little figure was waiting for me when I got home this evening. I showed it to Jerry, and told him how I got it. He said he had never heard of Pan, and thought that old men who admired nude statues ought to be suppressed. There was a note with the figure, but I did not

show it to Jerry. In it Mr. Jerrold asked me to go driving with him on Saturday.

### SUNDAY

I went for the drive. We started at four, and it was after dark when we got back. Mr. Jerrold asked me a great many questions, about my life, my work, my people. When he learned that I was an orphan, he seemed particularly interested, and said he admired my courage in making a living for myself. I think he must like me a good deal. In fact, I know he does, for he said so. "A rare child" he called me, and squeezed my hand.

I'm not a fool, and naturally one doesn't get to be twenty-four without learning something of the world, but I honestly believe he meant it. On the way home he went to great pains to explain to me why he had never married. "My freedom is everything to me," he said. "I wouldn't give it up to marry the best woman in the world, no matter how attractive she might be." I wonder if he thought I had any idea of marrying him. How absurd—a man like that, who could have any woman he wanted. Just because he happened to be nice to poor little me. I looked at myself in the glass tonight, and while I know I have a lovely skin, and rather pretty shoulders, there are millions of women more attractive than I am.

He said, over and over, that he loved being with me, that I seemed like the spirit of youth to him, that he was happier, just talking to me, than he had been in a long time. I wonder if he really meant it. I felt, all through the drive, that he was testing me—trying me out—for some purpose that I couldn't quite understand. Well, I have nothing to conceal.

### SUNDAY

This afternoon Mr. Jerrold and I took another drive—to Lakewood. We had tea in a little roadhouse among the pines. He was kindness itself—I felt toward him as I might have toward an old friend, and still I could feel his keen mind probing—probing—as though he wanted to find something out. I wonder what it can be.

### WEDNESDAY

Jerry gave me a long talking to this evening. He knows about Mr. Jerrold, and says he's a rotter. "Men like that," he said, "don't waste their time on young girls for nothing. They always have an ax to grind." I got angry and said that Mr. Jerrold had always treated me with perfect respect—which he has. Jerry said that was part of his system. Why should a man like that waste his time on me? What purpose could he have?

### SUNDAY

I've found out what Mr. Jerrold's purpose is, and somehow I don't think any the less of him. He told me what he had in mind. Tonight. In the library of his house on Madison Avenue.

I hadn't the least idea of seeing him. Hadn't even heard from him since our drive to Lakewood last Sunday. And then, right after dinner, he telephoned to say that he was sending the car up for me, and that he wanted me to come to his house—

that there was something of importance he wanted to talk over with me. I was very much mystified, and hesitated about going; I knew Jerry was coming to take me for a walk, but something inside me kept saying "Hear what he has to tell you," so I left a note for Jerry and went.

He was sitting in his big, dim library, smoking a cigar. I felt just the least bit afraid, being there alone with him, but I didn't show it. Mr. Jerrold has always made me feel conscious of a certain gentleness in him, as though he had a contempt for things that are rough or crude. I think it is one of the qualities I like best in him. To make people feel safe.

He put down his cigar when I came in, and we shook hands. Then, without letting go of my hand, he took me over to a big wide couch and we sat down. The very first thing he said after we sat down was:

"My dear, do you know that I'm falling in love with you?" He spoke quietly, calmly, as though stating a simple fact. I was astounded, of course, and before I could say anything he went right on, in that low, warm voice of his. "I suppose, after what I told you about marriage the other day, that you will think it very surprising for me to say that I care for you, but I do. And even if what I am about to say now should offend you, I want you to listen to it, and then go home and think it over before you give me your answer."

"Morals, my dear, are meant for the masses. The real people in this world pay very little attention to them. Great singers, actors, writers—artists of every sort—brush such conventions aside as of no importance. Friendships between big men and women have existed throughout history. I think I may fairly say that I am a big man. I have studied you, and I believe you to be an unusual woman. I want you in my life because to me you are youth, beauty, love. I am ready to give you everything I would give a wife, except my name. That I have determined to give to no woman. But in not giving you my name, I do not mean that you should lose yours. All I ask is that you will let me make for you the sort of home you should have—the sort of home my money can buy for you—and that, when I am tired, dull, in need of companionship, you will welcome me in that home as one who loves you—as one who, in time, you may even come to love in return. You have no family to which explanations will be due. To the world you will be a dear friend, in whose affairs I am deeply interested. Your future will be in your own hands, not only to hold me by your charm, but to take up such studies, such a career, as you may wish."

"Moralists might say that the offer I am making you is an unfair one. Personally, I do not see why. Even marriage is only an exchange of values—so much for so much. What I have to offer you may be as much, from your standpoint, as what you have to offer me may be from mine. But I shall not attempt to persuade you. Decide for yourself. You have hinted, on occasions, that there is a young man who wants to marry you. If what I have to offer, without marriage, seems less than what he has to offer, with it, accept him



*Just when they  
taste the best!*

Plucked as they hang sun-ripened, juicy and tempting on the vines! Made into soup on the very same day, in the prime of their delicious freshness! Every tomato is washed five times in crystal-clear running water. It's only the richest and finest parts of the fruit that go into Campbell's Tomato Soup.

The pure tomato juices and plump tomato "meat" are strained to a smooth puree. Golden butter enriches the blend. Delicate seasoning perfects the flavor. What a treat awaits your appetite when you catch the delicious fragrance from a plate of Campbell's Tomato Soup. Serve it often, too, as a Cream of Tomato.

**21 kinds      12 cents a can**



I've one little motto concerning tomato  
It's the tastiest soup I know  
And Campbell's perfection  
Will be your selection  
If you envy my vigor and go!

# Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL



by all means. If it does not, come to me, and I do not think you will regret it."

I sat perfectly still while Mr. Jerrold was speaking, and every word he said burned into my brain like fire. I had never imagined such a situation. If any other man, even Jerry, had made such a proposal to me, I suppose I should have gotten furiously angry and left him. But with Mr. Jerrold it was different. I not only liked him very much, but he stated his case so fairly, so dispassionately, that any idea of getting angry with him, of flying into a temper, of putting on mock hysterics, seemed absurd. After all, he had made me a fair offer, and I know enough of the world to realize the truth of much that he said—to understand how many of the women the world makes a tremendous fuss over have done things that the average man and woman would condemn as immoral and wrong. So I looked at him as seriously as he had been looking at me, and thanked him for his offer, and for the love he said he felt for me. Then I got up and said I thought I had better go. He made no attempt to stop me.

"Think it over, my dear," he said, "and let me know. And don't suppose, because I have spoken—well, so cold-bloodedly, almost—that I'm not very much in earnest." His voice shook a little, and his fingers trembled as he took my arm and went with me to the door.

I've been sitting here in my room ever since, trying to decide what to do. How hard it is, sometimes, to say what is right and what is wrong. It's all very well to talk about the sacredness of marriage, but I know many married people who are much worse off than I would be if I accepted Mr. Jerrold's offer. It's a queer world.

#### FRIDAY

Five days have passed, and still I have not given Mr. Jerrold an answer. How sure he must be of himself! This evening I found a note waiting for me when I got home, enclosing a key. Everything, it seems, is arranged. I have only to open the door and walk in. Well—why not?

The girl at the desk sat for a long time staring at the words she had written. Why not? She could go now—at once—if she wished. There remained only the details of packing, of ordering a cab. Why not? It meant freedom—happiness—life. Mechanically she took a suitcase from the closet, dusted it off with a towel. It would be necessary to speak to Mrs. Fenton the landlady at once about giving up her room. She went out to the narrow landing and descended to the ground floor. How grimy the worn carpet on the stairs seemed, how nauseating the smell of boiled fish, of escaping gas, of musty furniture. Thank Heaven she could escape from it, could leave it all behind her, in another hour.

Mrs. Fenton, the colored maid told her, was busy in the kitchen but would see her in a few moments. Pauline sat down on the velvet-covered hall chair. Someone had bought an evening paper, left it on the hat rack. She picked it up, glanced idly over its glaring headlines. Suddenly she saw something that left her gasping.

A woman, it appeared, had committed suicide—a beautiful and accomplished woman—the mistress, it was said, of a prominent financier. Not a very unusual tragedy in the life of a big city, but its

significance, at this crisis in her own affairs, was appalling. The dead woman, it seemed, had left a letter, which was now printed in bold type across one of the pages.

"To you who are to take my place," it read. "I do not know your name, but I do know that you exist, because only last week our mutual friend, in the excitement of our last and most bitter quarrel, admitted it to me. He was trying to get rid of me, my dear, in order to make room for you. When I taxed him with being tired of me, he said it was true that you were to take my place. So I am writing you this letter, not to harm you, but to let you know what is ahead of you."

"In a few moments I am going to kill myself. Rather a remarkable thought, isn't it? Even though we all of us stand in the shadow of death all our lives, we never realize that at any moment the appointed hour may be at hand. Well, it is at hand for me now, and I am delaying my exit from this rather stupid vale of tears only to write this message to you, a woman I do not know."

"Our friend," however, I do know, having lived with him for over nine years. He is a shrewd man, yet at times rather transparent. I have realized for a month or more that our romance was ended; in fact, I have suspected it for over a year. Women are more sensitive than men to those unmistakable signs which show when the springtime and summer of love have passed, and even the trees of autumn begin to grow bare before the coming of winter. So, knowing him as I do, I did not fail to realize that he had given his love, such as it is, to another."

"Not that he was ever in any way true to me, my dear. I did not expect that. But for nine years I was the one he came to for the love and sympathy we all of us crave. And I gave it to him, freely, honestly, wholly, in spite of the fact that I was not his wife. And now, when my youth and my attractiveness are gone, when the habit of loving him has filled my whole being so that I wait for the sound of his key in the door as eagerly as any wife, I am told that I am no longer wanted."

"A woman in our position, my dear—I say 'our' because I know he means to put you in my place—is less than the dust. Unlike a wife, who can hold her man by the power of children, we can depend only on ourselves, on our youth, which we see slipping away from us day by day like a fading sunset, knowing ourselves powerless to stop the coming of the night. And to me, night has come now. I was twenty-six when I met him. I gave him the best of me, and now I am thirty-five, and old, compared with you. I say this, my dear, not because I know your age, but because I know him—he has the soul of a pagan. He worships youth—because his own, in spite of all the care he takes of himself, is going—going."

"We spoke of love, he and I, as you, no doubt, have spoken of it too. You may even think that he loves you, but, my dear, he does not. It is himself he loves, wholly, perfectly. You are but a mirror, reflecting his self-love, flattering his vanity. Real love is a very tender and beautiful thing. I knew it once, but—well, we need not speak of that here."

"You, my dear, whoever and whatever you may be, are scheduled to take my

place. I wonder if you realize the sorrow it will bring you. Do you really know anything of life? Do you suppose for a moment that you can find happiness with any man—even a rich man—without love? I went through all that. I believed the lies he told me, and now—I am about to kill myself. Think of that when you go to him—if you do."

"Of course I know that I ought not to take my life, but what, after all, have I to live for? My family, my friends I gave up long ago. I sacrificed them, as I sacrificed everything else, on the altar of his boundless selfishness. What is left to me? Marriage? How could I go now to any decent man, even if I loved one, which I do not. Children? I sacrificed all right to them, when I went to him. He told me that our love would endure forever, so long as I had the power to hold him. No doubt he told you the same."

"We women are apt to be conceited when men talk to us about our power to hold them. We think we can do it. Each one of us, in spite of the experience of others. My dear, there never was a mistress in the world that had an even chance with the poorest wife, and every man knows it."

"Girl, I'm nearly through. The drugs I have taken to help me do what I am going to do are dragging at my broken nerves. But believe me when I tell you this: men love women like me and you for the softness and sweetness of us, the honey of our lips. Not for anything else. They may say that we inspire them, but it is a lie. Only the soft sweetness of us, I tell you. This man will leave you, when he is tired of you, as he has left me, thinking not of what he has given, but of what he has taken. What he has taken from you. The only thing he gives is money—with his millions it costs him nothing to give that. All his money ever bought me I would give now for one hour of happiness. Luxuries, bitter in my mouth; clothes, hanging on me like garments of lead. Wait until the day comes when you weigh the value of his money against a clean heart, a soul that can face the morning singing. I have not been able to sing for a long time."

"In a little while I shall take the final dose which will put me to sleep forever. Soon I shall find out about all the things we puzzle our poor heads over during the few restless years of our life. I may even find the man whose love I threw aside nine years ago for the sake of a little wretched money. Good heavens! Think of it! To sell the love of an honest man for a few miserable dollars, and then try to buy happiness with them!"

"You may never read this letter, but I hope you will. Your name I do not know, and even if I did I would not make use of it, for believe me, I am not revengeful or jealous. Standing as I do now face to face with death, such things seem unimportant to me. I want your good, your happiness. I want to keep you and others like you from selling your birthright of love, of children, as I did, for a mess of red pottage. I want to stop you from making the mistake that I have made, before it is too late."

"But while I do not hate you, I do hate him, on your account as well as on my own. I hate his smooth, cynical ways, his studied indifference to the opinions of the world, his hard, cool selfishness, the boundless money that enables him to buy



**Make this test:**  
Wash your bedlinens and spreads with Fels-Naptha Soap. Compare the results with those by other methods. Even the surface will show you greater whiteness and brightness after several Fels-Naptha washings.

## What is FELS-NAPTHA Cleanliness? More than the cleanliness you can see!



You can tell Fels-Naptha by its clean naptha odor

Fels-Naptha Soap increases the joy of camp life through its ability to work well in cool water. It makes every brook a kitchen sink, and every stream a laundry.



The original and genuine naptha soap, in the red-and-green wrapper. Buy it in the convenient ten-bar carton.

It goes deep down below the surface, and carries the healthfulness of sunshine to every thread. Sweetness and purity go with it. It is hygienic cleanliness—the kind everybody wants in clothes.

And what makes the difference?

Real naptha combined with splendid soap gives Fels-Naptha its advantage in cleansing. The naptha, with its surprising dirt-loosening ability, breaks the hold of dirt with ease and safety. Not a speck escapes it. Yet the clothes are left unharmed—no hard rubbing is needed.

The soapy water, working back and forth between the threads, flushes all the dirt away. *Fels-Naptha Cleanliness* takes complete possession, and healthful clothes are assured.

Fels-Naptha is more than soap. It is more than soap and naptha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha combination of *splendid soap* and *real naptha* in a way that gives you the best of both these two safe cleansers at the same time, and in the one quick-working, labor-saving, health-preserving bar.

Get Fels-Naptha at your grocer's. Use it for all your soap-and-water cleaning, and make your home glow with *Fels-Naptha Cleanliness*.

GET acquainted with Fels-Naptha's sanitary work. Send 2¢ in stamps for sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia

# FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR © 1923, Fels & Co. Philadelphia

women like you and me. But even though I hate him, I shall not try to hurt him by giving the world his name. His hour of punishment will come, too, as mine has come.

"Good by, my dear. I have planned what I am now about to do, for nearly a week. I hope I may not be too late."

M. T."

Pauline Grey, the newspaper clutched in one hand, groped her way to her room and sank into the chair beside the desk. Her

face was drained of color until it resembled a death mask. This unknown creature, this woman of mystery, scrawling down her grim message of warning at the edge of the tomb, might have been writing to her! Such coincidences, she knew, rarely occurred in real life, and yet—she shuddered, grew suddenly cold.

Was Jerrold like that? Was it Jerrold, indeed, that the woman was describing? Was she, Pauline Grey, the one who was slated to take the dead woman's place?

"Why not? Why not?" The question pounded in her ears like the tolling of a bell. "Why not?" Her fingers, fumbling aimlessly about the desk, encountered the thin metal key. For a moment she recoiled from it as though it had been white-hot; then, snatching up an envelope, she addressed it and dropped in the key. The stamp she would have to get at the drug store. Even the musty atmosphere of the boarding house seemed grateful to her as she fled down the dingy, carpeted stairs.

*Fannie Hurst tells in COSMOPOLITAN for September, one of the most powerful and soul-searching stories in recent fiction—a real contribution to American literature*

## Allure

(Continued from page 97)

Barbara didn't really want to laugh even if she did remember how little chance Marsh had had of winning the recent contest. Instead, she was filled with pity for the undaunted soul of him which animated so temporarily helpless a body.

She had to help him upstairs to their—once—room and then to get him into bed. "That was evidently once a very beautiful dress," Marsh observed from amid the pillows.

His remark reminded Barbara that it was now a thing of shreds and she caught up some of the shreds hastily.

Marsh laughed. "Dear woman, do you think that is going to make me forget how lovely you are?"

When he laughed Barbara was all ready to throw the dressing table at him, but after his speech she was of two minds. After all, she might as well be her natural self. Besides, a compliment is a compliment even from a husband, and Barbara was in a melting mood where she craved soft soap.

Still, now that Marsh was recovered enough to sit up and take notice there was no further reason for prolonging the situation. There was something distinctly queer about putting Marsh to bed, even if she had been married to him for a number of years.

So she moved toward the door.

"Where are you going?" he demanded.

"To mother's, I guess. That's where I had planned to live until I marry again."

"But you wouldn't leave me like this!"

"Why not? You're all right now."

"I may look all right to you but you've no idea how I suffer internally."

"If you like I'll send a doctor to you."

"But that isn't the same. No doctor is as soothing as you are."

"Well, I'm not going to stay. That's absolutely final."

She was halfway downstairs while he was still rumbling incoherent arguments.

The telephone rang.

"You'll answer that, at least, won't you?" Marsh shouted. "I can't get out of bed."

"Yes, I'll answer it."

Barbara went to the instrument in the closet downstairs.

It was her mother. Mrs. Merion was rather angry.

"Are you coming home this minute or

must I come and drag you away from that man?"

"Why, I hadn't thought." Barbara had learned from constant association with opinionated people that it is often wisest to reserve a positive statement until after the other side has presented a complete case.

"Well, you'd better think fast, then, because if you don't leave there pretty soon it will be too late."

"Too late for what?"

"Too late for you to make your divorce bill of complaint stand."

"But why, mother?"

"Because, my dear child, all that Marsh would have to do would be to prove that you spent the night under the same roof after the complaint was filed and away would fly all your chances of winning the suit and alimony and everything. You're in a place now where you've got to use your head, child."

"I will."

"Will you start now?"

"Yes—that is, I'll start thinking. Good by, mother."

Barbara hung up before her mother could launch any additional arguments.

The man who was listening in on the extension telephone upstairs, however, heard quite a good deal of Mrs. Merion's tirade before he, too, put the receiver on the hook.

He paused a moment at the edge of the bed and got down painfully on his knees and prayed.

Marsh hadn't done anything like that for thirty years or thereabouts so he was not aware that there was more than one formula. He said:

Now I lay me down to sleep.

I pray the Lord my soul to keep.

If I should die before I wake

I pray the Lord my soul to take.

And I promise to be good to my wife all the rest of her life if you'll only make her come back, Amen.

And then also, because he remembered a saying to the effect that "God helps them that help themselves," he emitted a series of deep groans and climbed into bed hastily.

None too soon, either, because Barbara, who had arrived outside the door in time to hear the finish of his prayer, hurried in on swift maternal footsteps.

She bathed his head with the ice water

she had prepared when they first came home. Marsh was an exacting patient. He thought up a hundred little attentions that he required and that she painstakingly provided.

Finally he thanked her. "I feel more comfortable, dear, and I think I can sleep. It will be all right for you to go now. If I should never see you again—good by."

"I won't go until after you're quite asleep," Barbara decided. "I'll just sit here in the chair and watch."

She did. Marsh watched, too, even though he pretended that his eyes were closed. She was a very lovely woman, his wife, full of a splendid vital allure that he had begun to forget. She was a child, too, and she did not realize the power of the weapons sex had given her. Left to herself she would be the cause of hot contention, perhaps tragedy, until some other man won the right to defend her. Marsh cursed himself for having faltered in the trust which had been confided to him.

He began to breathe heavily, even to snore a little. Barbara had said that he did that and he hoped he was doing a convincing imitation.

She sat quite still for ten minutes or so longer. Then she got up and started for the door.

Marsh's heart practically stopped beating but he continued to breathe.

Barbara stood a moment at the door. Then she shut it gently and returned to the dresser to take out the few pins that still remained in her hair.

In the morning Marshall Stewart regarded his lovely wife through the least black and blue of his eyes and finally woke her up.

"Tell me, Barb, would you have taken Ned Halmar home and put him to bed if he had gotten the worst of it in that fight?"

Barbara looked at him quizzically, the look that he knew from experience preceded a remark that was not necessarily virgin truth. She yawned.

"Of course I should have taken care of Ned."

"That's what I thought. It was for that reason I let him hit me the last time. I'll have to put the gloves on with him over at the club some day soon and show him that he isn't so good as he probably thinks he is this morning."

"Is that what you woke me up for?"

"Yes, darling, that and this kiss!"

*For the end of a perfect day, top off with a story by the specialist in human hearts, Frank R. Adams—you will find a delightful one in an early issue of COSMOPOLITAN*





"Some skins are especially susceptible to blackheads; they require a special method of cleansing."

## Blackheads are a Confession

Blackheads are a confession that your skin is not getting the care it needs.

Some skins are especially susceptible to blackheads. If your skin has a tendency to be large-pored or oily, or if it is very much exposed to dust and soft coal smoke—then you will find that blackheads have a tendency to form. You will have to use a special method of cleansing in order to overcome this trouble.

### *This treatment has benefited thousands*

Thousands of girls and women, by using this special treatment, have found that they can keep their skin absolutely free from blackheads—fresh and smooth and clear as a child's in this respect—

Every night before retiring, apply hot cloths to your face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear hot water, then with cold. If possible rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in this treatment. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

Use this treatment persistently, and within even a week or ten days you will see a

decided improvement. In time this disfiguring trouble will vanish altogether.

### *Different types of skin need different care*

This is only one of the famous treatments given in the booklet, "*A Skin You Love to Touch*," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. You will find a special treatment for each different type of skin in this booklet.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap today, and beg'n, tonight, the right treatment for *your* skin. You will be surprised to see how easily you can overcome defects in your complexion—how your skin will gain, day by day, in clearness, softness, brilliancy.

The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for regular toilet use. A 25 cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for regular use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. Woodbury's also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

### *Three Woodbury skin preparations—guest-size—for 10 cents*

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.  
1608 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio  
For the enclosed 10 cents—Please send me a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap  
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream

A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder  
Together with the treatment booklet, "*A Skin You Love to Touch*."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1608 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario. English Agents: H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.

Name .....

Street .....

City..... State.....

Cut out this coupon and send it to us today

## Money to Burns

(Continued from page 49)

"Don't butt!" I cut him off, impatiently. "You're not the goat yet and you won't be if you listen to teacher. All you have to do is give Jimmy the sugar, watch his stuff for the next thirty days, and you'll get a true to life masterpiece for your drama—probably a play that will show the making of a financial, scientific or artistic Napoleon! If you can't get a play out of the effect of sudden wealth on a lowly bellhop, then you got no business in the same room with a typewriter!"

Guy rubs his chin, smooths back his wavy hair and gazes out of the window at New York City.

"By Jove!" he busts out suddenly, slapping his hands together, "the thing is fantastic—grotesque—but I'll do it!"

So it came to pass that the next day Guy, Jimmy Burns, and myself met by appointment in the cashier's office of the Plumbers & Physicians National Bank. As I was on my lunch hour and minutes were at a premium, there was little time squandered on preliminaries, Guy making his proposition to the thunderstruck James in simple words of one syllable. At first, M. Burns refused to believe he wasn't being kidded, then he got hysterical with delight. When the startled cashier solemnly asked for his signature and handed him a bank book showing there was \$25,000 to his credit in the vaults, Jimmy broke down and cried like a baby!

"Now listen to me, young man," I tell the panting Burns when he has hid the bank book in his shoe to the open amusement of Guy and the wondering cashier. "You want to get an immediate rush of brains to the head and make that twenty-five thousand mean something, because that's the last you get if you cry your eyes out! That's all there is, there isn't any more, get me? You been going around squawking about what a world-beater you'd be if you had money. Well, now you got plenty of it and we look for big things from you. No clowning, remember, you *must* make good! Is all that clear?"

Still in a happy trance, Jimmy Burns removes his cap with a start.

"Ye-ye-yes, ma'am!" he gulps, the first time he was ever polite to anyone, before or since.

Well, really, the effect of that \$25,000 suddenly showered on Jamesy was every bit as startling as I expected—only in a slightly different way than I fondly hoped! Those pennies went right to his shapely head, and instead of stimulating his brain, why, they just removed it altogether. First of all, Jimmy got a wild and uncontrollable desire to leave the art of bell-hopping flat on its back. Not satisfied to resign his portfolio in a dignified way, he kidded the guests, insulted the manager, rode Jerry Murphy till Jerry wanted his heart, and wound up by punching Pete Kift, the bell captain, right on the nose. By an odd coincidence, these untoward actions got Jimmy the gate.

The plutocrat bellhop's next imitation was to apply for the most expensive suite in the hotel. They just laughed Hon. Burns off, telling him there was nothing but standing room left in the inn and try to get *that*! But Guy Tower came to the rescue and got Jimmy the suite, as Guy

wanted to keep his experiment under as close observation as possible while making notes for his play. Once settled in his gorgeous apartment, Jimmy swelled up like a mump and run his former colleagues ragged getting him ice water, stationery, telegram blanks and drug store gin. He staggered around in the most fashionable lobby in New York making cracks like "Hey, d'ye think Prohibition will ever come back?" to astounded millionaires and their ladies. Honestly, he was a wow! When one of the fellows he used to work with called him "Jimmy," the n e bellboy angrily insists that the manager fire him for undue familiarity, remarking, "A guy has got to keep them servants in their proper places!"

He sent a wire to the Standard Oil Company asking if they couldn't use a younger man in Rockefeller's place, paid the dingy elevator pilots a dollar twenty times a day to stop the car and tie his shoe laces, panicked the highest priced tailor in Manhattan by ordering seven suits of "mufti," having read that the King of England occasionally dresses in that, and generally misplayed his hand till everybody was squawking and in no time at all Jimmy Burns was about as popular as a mad dog in the St. Moe hotel. He failed to go through college like he promised he would, but he certainly went through everything else, and only for Guy, Jimmy would have been streeted fifty times a day!

The next desire that attacks James is the ambition to see his name in the newspapers, so he advertises for a press agent. The first publicity purveyor who showed up made James think he was good by using nothing but adjectives in his conversation and asking for a honorarium of \$250 the week. Mr. Burns thought the salary was more than reasonable, but as he's the type that would ask President Harding for a reference, he demanded one from the candidate for the job. "You have asked the man who owns one—just a minute!" says the press agent cheerily, and not at all abashed he dashes out of the room. I heard all this when he stopped at my switchboard with Jimmy and asked me where the writing room was. In five minutes he's back, waving a paper in Jimmy's face. "Look *that* over!" he says.

James read it out loud for my entertainment. According to this testimonial, the bearer had did about everything in the publicity line but act as press representative for a school where middle-aged eagles are taught how to fly. James seems to get quite a kick out of it.

"I think I'll take this guy," he remarks, as he looks up from the reference.

"Fine!" says the delighted applicant. "That's a good thought. I'll snap right into it and—"

"Tomato sauce!" butts in James sneeringly. "I don't wish no part of *you*, the baby I want to hire is the bozo which wrote this recommendation of *you*. He's good, what I mean, a letter writin' idiot!"

"A bit odd that we should both be thinking the same thing," says Mr. Press Agent coolly. "As a matter of fact, I wrote that recommendation myself. So now that I'm engaged as your publicity expert, let me have a few of your photos and—"

The following morning nearly every front page in town displayed a picture of James Burns and this glaring headline:

**BELL BOY LEFT MILLION BY GUEST HE ONCE LOANED DIME!**

That was the press agent's first effort and, as far as I was ever able to see, his last. But it got ample results, as with your permission I'll be glad to show you.

Within a week, Jimmy Burns had discovered what millions have discovered before *his* little day—that the mere possession of lucre does not mean happiness, and for some it means positive misery! Not only did James become the prey of the charity solicitors, confidence workers, stock swindlers, "yes men," phoney promoters and other parasites that infest the hotel, but he was constantly in boiling water through his cuckoo escapades growing out of sudden wealth that sent his brains on location. After purchasing a diamond as big as Boston, only brighter, he bought the highest priced horseless carriage he could find in the market and the same identical day it slipped out of his hands and tried to climb the steps of the Fifth Avenue library. The gendarmes pinched him for reckless driving, though Jimmy protested that it wasn't really "wreckless" as he had plenty wreck, and his worship tossed the trembling James into the hoosegow for three days, remarking, "I'll teach you rich men a lesson!" Then the income tax beagles read that newspaper headline and came down on Burns like a cracked ceiling. So all in all, Jimmy was finding few chuckles connected with his pieces of eight.

When the rich but unhappy James got out of the Bastille, he decided to throw a party in his costly suite at the St. Moe for his former associates of the bellhops' bench. As Jimmy confided to me, apparently his only friend, he felt the immediate need of mixing with people who spoke his language. He wanted to forget his troubles and get back on a friendly footing with the boys, who had severed diplomatic relations with him on account of his acting like he was Sultan of Goitre or something when he became a thousandaire over night. Jimmy felt that a first-class soir e would do the trick.

The party came off as advertised, but all it meant to the poor little rich man was more grief! It was really a respectable enough affair, no hats being broken or that sort of thing, and a pleasant time was had by all with the slight exception of the charming host. Our hero made two fatal mistakes. The first was not inviting Jerry Murphy and the second was laying in a stock of canny Scotch for medicinal purposes, in case any of his guests should get stricken with the dread disease of thirst. The result was that an epidemic of parched throats broke out early in the evening and pretty soon the other habitu s of the St. Moe began complaining bitterly about the unusually boisterous race riot that was being staged with a top-heavy cast on the sixth floor. Mr. Williams, the manager, who liked Jimmy Burns and arsenic the same way, called upon Jerry Murphy to quell the disturbance and Jerry licked his lips with delight. The man-mountain

## The girl who was always the same

SHE sat among the flowers, with the golden sunlight of a summer noon falling caressingly about her, while his eyes gazed at her in wondering tenderness.

For they had tramped many miles that morning and still she looked as fresh and sweet as when they started.

"Bess," he said, "you are the best little pal a man ever had. I never knew a pretty girl before who was always the same.

"You are always smiling and happy, and by Jove, you always look the same—and even after as long a walk as this! It makes me think of the long road of life ahead of us. How about it, Bess?"



"The long road of life ahead of us"

## "Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian"

The habitual use of the Pompeian Beauty Trio will enable you to make the very best of yourself.

Pompeian Day Cream is a vanishing cream to be used first. This cream is absorbed by the skin, leaving only the faintest film on the surface. On this foundation the powder and rouge blend evenly. Furthermore, Day Cream softens the skin and protects against sun and wind.

Pompeian Beauty Powder is fine and smooth and has, to an unusual degree, the property of adhering to the skin. You will find frequent repowdering unnecessary with this powder.

The Bloom is a rouge that may be used constantly—it is absolutely harmless to the skin. Each shade—light, medium, dark and orange—matches nature's own coloring with great exactness. Pompeian Bloom will neither break nor crumble.

All Pompeian Preparations blend perfectly. It is advantageous to use them in combination.

Remember Day Cream first, next the Beauty Powder, then a touch of Bloom and over all another light coating of the Powder.

A touch of Pompeian Lip Stick, too, is effective. Its rose-petal shade tones in perfectly with the other Pompeian Preparations.

POMPEIAN DAY CREAM (vanishing)	60c per jar
POMPEIAN BEAUTY POWDER	60c per box
POMPEIAN BLOOM (the rouge)	60c per box
POMPEIAN LIP STICK	25c each
POMPEIAN FRAGRANCE (a tale)	30c a can
POMPEIAN NIGHT CREAM (New Style Jar)	60c per jar

### The MARY PICKFORD Panel and four Pompeian samples sent to you for 10 cents

Mary Pickford, the world's most adored woman, has again honored Pompeian Beauty Preparations by granting the exclusive use of her portrait for the new 1923 Pompeian Beauty Panel. The beauty and charm of Miss Pickford are faithfully portrayed in the dainty colors of this panel. Size 28 x 7 1/2 inches.

For 10 cents we will send you all of these:

1. The 1923 Mary Pickford Pompeian Beauty Panel as described above. (Would cost from 50c to 75c in an art store.)
2. Sample of Pompeian Day Cream (vanishing).
3. Sample of Pompeian Beauty Powder.
4. Sample of Pompeian Bloom (non-breaking rouge).
5. Sample of Pompeian Night Cream.



POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, 2036 PAYNE AVENUE, CLEVELAND, OHIO  
Also Made in Canada

# Pompeian

Day Cream Beauty Powder Bloom

© 1923, The Pompeian Co.

## Are You Looking Forward to Social Activities This Fall?

By MME. JEANNETTE

If your summer, out-of-doors, has made your skin too hard, or too dry, or too rough, then your skin is in an unnatural condition and must be treated. The science of dermatology has never produced a more satisfying product for these conditions than Pompeian Night Cream. It is absolutely pure, and supplies an oily substance to the skin that is adequate till your care brings back the activity of the natural oil secretion. I say "your" care advisedly, for even a professional dermatologist can only treat you when you visit his office, and to bring the skin back to normal requires constant attention at your own dressing table.

### A Dry Skin Soon Wrinkles

Just as healthy hair must have a certain amount of oil in it, so healthy and youthful-looking skins must have their quota of oil. And if your skin hasn't sufficient oil, then you must supply it, for like flower petals, a dry skin wrinkles quickly. The skin requires extra cream at the end of summer. The wind and the sun and the very outdoor air itself absorb a certain supply of oil from the skin. This must be replenished before the skin functions naturally again, and the complexion is restored to the appearance of health and beauty.

If your skin is exceptionally dry, you will like the efficiency of this cream at other times than before retiring, always being careful to remove the superfluous cream before applying any other creams or powder. But its truest value comes when it is applied at night with a gentle rotary massage to stimulate circulation, and when enough is left on the skin for all the hours of night to nourish the drying under-skin.

### Powder and Rouge for Tanned Skins

Remember to use a darker shade of Powder and of Rouge when your skin is darkened by exposure of any kind. These darker shades tone in with your tan or burn and enable you to make a charming appearance even if you are two or three shades darker than normal.

*Jeannette*

Specialiste en Beauté

TEAR OFF, SIGN AND SEND

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES  
2036 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1923 Art Panel of Mary Pickford, and the four samples named in offer.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Flesh shade powder sent unless you write another below



## St. Louis smoker moves into second place

**With 405 cans to his credit  
Mr. Thurston smokes his  
way towards the lead**

Mr. Byron Thurston of St. Louis is more than qualified for membership in the Edgeworth Club. But his position in the championship-smoker class is not so well established. Mr. Thurston's interesting letter follows:

Hotel Garni, St. Louis, Mo.  
Larus & Brother Company,  
Richmond, Va.  
Gentlemen:

I have often heard of great smokers of one kind of tobacco.

I have smoked 405 cans of Edgeworth Plug Slice 35c size without changing.

Now if you know of any better record I would be glad to hear from you. I smoke one can of tobacco in two days and enjoy every pipful.

Yours truly,  
(Signed) Byron Thurston.

More than a year ago an Edgeworth smoker from Burlington, Vermont, Mr. H. F. Baldwin, wrote in suggesting that he had smoked more Edgeworth than any other living man. At that time he had smoked over 1000 cans of the same size purchased by Mr. Thurston, distributed over a period of nearly a score of years.

So while it appears today that Mr. Thurston is well behind the leader, if he continues smoking a can every two days, it may be only a matter of years before he will be well in advance of the entire field.

Edgeworth has something about it that holds smokers.

If you have never tried Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company, will be glad to send you free samples of both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Just drop a postcard to Larus & Brother Company, 61 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va., and the free samples will be forwarded to you promptly.

If you will also include the name and address of your regular tobacco dealer, your courtesy will be appreciated.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed come in small, pocket-size packages, in attractive tin humidors and in handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.



house detective run all the way upstairs, figuring the elevators too slow to whisk him to a job as tasty to him as cream is to puss. Jerry pounded on the door of Jimmy's salon and demanded admittance. Recognizing his voice, James climbed unsteadily on a chair, opened the transom and peered with a rolling eye at Jerry.

"Go roll yer hoop—hic—you big shtiff, thish is gen'lmen's—hic—gen'lmen's blow-out!" says Jimmy, carelessly pouring a pitcher of water, cracked ice and all, on Jerry's noble head. "Hic—shee kin you laugh that off!"

Foaming at the mouth and uttering strange cries, the infuriated Jerry broke through the door and the panic was on! The beauty and chivalry present fled before the charging sleuth like they'd flee before a charging hippo, but the unfortunate Jimmy got left at the post. After cuffing him around the room till the sport palled on him, Jerry dragged James off to durance vile and once again Jamesy is put under glass, this time credited with illegally possessing spirits frummenti. They held him under lock and key all night and it took all of Guy Tower's influence and quite a few of his quarters to get Jerry to withdraw the charge and free Jimmy the next morning.

Well, honestly, I felt sorry for Jimmy Burns, who was certainly taking cruel and unusual punishment and being made to like it. I thought perhaps if I injected a lady into the situation it might make things a bit more pleasant for him, so I introduced Hazel Killian to the "millionaire bellboy," as the newspapers were still calling James. *O sole mia!* as they say in Iowa, what an off day my brain was having when it cooked up *that* idea! With visions clouding her usually painstaking taste, of the Riviera, Paris, Monte Carlo, gems, yachts, Boles-Joyce limousines or what have you, Hazel took to Jimmy like a goldfish takes to a bowl and our evening expeditions now consisted of your correspondent and Guy, assisted by Hazel and Jimmy. We went everywhere together, with James insisting upon paying most of the bills. But while Jimmy was civil enough to the easy to look at Hazel, he simply showered his attentions on your little friend Gladys, grabbing every chance to make the most violent love to me. This greatly annoyed Guy and Hazel and equally greatly amused me—Jimmy was just a giggle to me, not a gasp!

In the meanwhile, Mr. Williams and Jerry Murphy had banded together to make James sick and tired of living in the Hotel St. Moe. He seldom found his room made up, there was always something wrong with the lights, the water and the steam, none of the help would answer his bells, and when he hollered for service he was told he would find it in the dictionary under S. But Pete Kift pulled the worst trick of all on him. With the radiant Hazel on his arm and Guy keeping military distance behind, Jimmy was proudly strutting through the lobby one fine evening. All were resplendent in evening clothes, and to show you I'm not catty I'll say that Hazel in an evening gown would attract attention away from the Yosemite. As the party neared the desk, Pete Kift suddenly looks at Jimmy and bawls "Front!" at the top of his bull elephant's voice, and mechanically responding to the habit of a lifetime, poor Jimmy Burns grabs

an amazed guest's suitcase and hastily starts for the elevator! The witnesses just screamed when they grasped the situation and recognized James as the ex-bellhop. Even Guy smiled, but it was different with Hazel, who could have shot down Mr. Burns on the spot in cold blood. As for Jimmy, well, honestly, he would have welcomed the bullet!

Nevertheless, in spite of this fox pass Hazel believed Jimmy had actually inherited an even million, and evidently James had not gone out of his way to make her think different. So one day Hazel tells me she's all through posing for artists and is determined to make Jimmy her very own. When she adds that he has sworn to star her in a musical comedy or back her in a movie production, I nearly passed out! Can you imagine Jimmy, with only a few thousand left, making any such maniacal promises as that to a girl with a memory like Hazel's? *Oo la la*, what a fine disturbance James was readying himself for!

As I had vowed to say nothing about how Jimmy got his bankroll, I couldn't very well give the ambitious Hazel the lowdown on matters, but I *did* try most earnestly to lay her off him. I got nowhere! Refusing to be warned, Hazel point-blank accused me of having a yen for Jimmy myself, and then she set sail for this gilded youth in dead earnest.

Well, knowing nothing of Hazel's plans with regard to himself, the doomed Jimmy kept on entertaining like his first name was Astor, his middle name Vanderbilt and his last name Morgan. He took me, Hazel and Guy to the races at Belmont Park and stabled us all in a box. As James had loudly declared that he knew more about horses than Vincent Ibañez, we all played his feed box tips for five races and we learned about losers from him. When the sixth and last scramble arrived, Guy had donated \$1,500, I had sent in \$50, and Hazel had parted with \$80 to the oral books and was fit to be tied! What Jimmy lost, nobody knows. Anyhow, he gazed over the program for the sixth race, a mile handicap, and suddenly let out a yell.

"Hot dog!" he says, much excited. "Here's where we all get independent for life! They's a beagle in this dash by the name of Bellhop and if that ain't a hunch then Pike's Peak's a pimple. Get down on this baby with the family jools and walk outa here rancid with money!"

We split a contemptuous grin between us and presented it to Jimmy before getting down on the favorite in a last attempt to break even on the day. Jimmy milled his way back to our box, flushed and panting, and gayly announced that he had shot the works on Bellhop's nose. He said we were all paranoiacs for not doing the same. Well, it was all over in a twinkling! The favorite found the handicap of our bets a bit too much and finished an even last. Bellhop tripped the mile in something like 0.06 and won from here to the Ruhr, clicking off \$15,000 for Mr. James Joseph Aloysius Burns. James then announced his intention of buying the horse and presenting it to Hazel for Arbor Day, and it was only with the greatest of difficulty that me and Guy talked him out of it. Hazel gave us a murderous glare and for the rest of the day you couldn't have got a nail file between her and Jimmy, honestly!

Whirling back on New York in Jimmy's car, now steered by a uniformed chauffeur,



*Take a Kodak with you*

*Autographic Kodaks \$6.50 up*

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y., *The Kodak City*

I began to reprove James for this gambling and stepping out when he should be using his money and time to secure his future. What about all his promises to me? How about all the big things he was going to do? When was he going to enter business, or whatever he thought he could do best?

"Don't make me laugh!" says Jimmy, tapping an imported cigarette on a solid gold case. "I'm sittin' pretty. What a sucker I'd be to pester myself about work when I got all this sugar!"

"Of course," says Hazel, nestling closer to him. "Imagine a millionaire working!"

And the only thing that really burned me up was Jimmy's grin at Guy and the sly dig in the ribs he gave me, the little imp!

Well, from then on Jimmy had lots of luck and all of it bad. The fellow who invented money was a clever young man, but he really should have stayed around the laboratory for another couple of hours and invented an antidote for the trouble it brings. The well-to-do ex-bellhop used his jack as a wedge to get into one jam after another, till finally came the worst blow of all, and Miss Hazel Killian delivered it.

It seems that Hazel got fatigued waiting for Jimmy to unbelt the roll and star her in a musical comedy or a super-production, so she requested a showdown. Jimmy checked up and discovered he had blown all but about five thousand of his ill gotten gains, and as trustworthy reports had reached him that it would take about ten times that much to group a show around the beauteous Hazel, he calmly told her all bets were off. Hazel promptly fainted, but Jimmy's idea of first aid being an alarmed glance and a dash for the door, she quickly snapped out of it and demanded ten thousand dollars for the time she put in entertaining him.

"Aha—a gold digger, hey?" says Jimmy indignantly. "So you wish ten grand for entertainin' me? Where d'ye get that stuff? They ain't no ten thousand dollars' worth of laughs in you for me, I'll tell the world! Take the air!"

Infuriated beyond speech, Hazel brought suit for \$100,000 against James the following day, charging that promising young

man had promised to wed her. Further, deponent sayeth not!

That was the end of the high life for Jimmy Burns. Honestly, he was scared stiff and he got little comfort from me, for I was absolutely disgusted with the way he had carried on from the time Guy gave him that money. Opportunity had knocked on this little fool's door and he had pretended he wasn't at home. Not only that, but I felt he had got me in wrong with Guy Tower, whose \$25,000 investment for a plot now seemed a total loss. I told Guy tearfully how sorry I was that my scheme had failed to pan out, but he cut me off in the middle of my plea for forgiveness, his face a mass of smiles.

"My dear girl, you owe me no apology," says Guy, patting my shoulder. "It is I who owe you a debt of gratitude. I've written a farce-comedy around Jimmy's adventures with the twenty-five thousand, and Rosenblum predicts it will be the hit of the season! I've never seen him so enthusiastic. Your idea was more than successful, and Jimmy is welcome to whatever he has left of the money when the time limit expires!"

Wasn't that lovely?

In the meantime, the miserable Jimmy had tried to forget his worries again by mixing with his former fellow workmen about the hotel. Jerry Murphy and Pete Kift wouldn't give him a tumble, so he sat on the bellhops' bench all night, trying to square things with his ex-playmates. But now that he was a "millionaire" they put on the ice and treated him like a maltese would be treated at a mouse's reception. A great longing comes over Jimmy to be a care-free bellboy again, without the burden of wealth. He felt the irresistible call of the ice water, the stationery and the tip! So, unable to lick the temptation, he sneaked the baggage of a few guests upstairs and was promptly run out of the hotel by the other boys for poaching on their preserves. To make things perfect, a couple of days later he was served with the papers in Hazel's suit.

Unable to cope with the situation and hysterical with fear, Jimmy rushed to the

switchboard and made an appeal to me that would have melted a Chinese executioner. He placed the blame for the trouble he was in on my georgetted shoulders—manlike—and insisted that I had to get him out of the mess. The legal documents Hazel had him tagged with smacked to the terrified Jimmy of pitiless judges, stern juries, jail—perhaps even the gallows! Honestly, James was in fearful shape, no fooling. I shut off his moans finally, and told him to get rid of whatever money he had left and I would take on myself the horrible job of explaining everything to Hazel. With a wild whinny, Jimmy dashed out of the hotel without even thanking me, gambled his remaining ducats in one wild stock market plunge—and two days later the ticker informed him that he was worth \$25,000 again!

But money was now smallpox to Jimmy Burns. It was just three weeks and four days since Guy Tower gave him the original \$25,000, and under the agreement Jimmy still had three days left to splurge. Nothing stirring! What he wanted to do now was to get rid of his wealth, as I had told him Hazel's barristers would never let her sue him should they find out the defendant had no more nickels. Jimmy wanted to go to law with Hazel the same way he wanted to part with his ears, so he busts in on Guy and tells him to take back his gold because he don't wish any part of it. Before the astonished Guy can open his mouth, Jimmy hurls twenty-five one thousand dollar bills on the table and flees the room!

Well, being an important customer of the St. Moe, Guy got Jimmy back his old job hopping bells, broke, but happy for the first time in a month. Then Guy insisted on me accepting a small royalty from his play for producing Jimmy Burns as the plot. That left everybody taken care of but the raging Hazel, who declared herself off me for life and was packed and ready to leave me alone in New York. Guy solved that problem and made Hazel crazily happy by engaging her to play herself in his comedy, "Money to Burns."

Merry Flag Day!

H. C. Witwer has skimmed off the cream of the jest to serve on his next story—"Love and Learn"—in September COSMOPOLITAN, on sale at all news stands August 10

## The Kelly Kid

(Continued from page 104)

and hard wear, old derby hats pathetically dented and browned, old collars tied together with a boot lace, and a jumble of paper patterns, faded cottons, disreputable boots, and one or two worn, small crêpe nightgowns in which yellowed ribbons still were knotted.

Ellen's face blazed as, to a murmured accompaniment of embarrassed apologies, she restored some sort of outward order to the unsavory heap.

"We've had enough of this nonsense!" she said sharply. "Probably the Kelly kid has made Brooklyn by this time; I hope he has! He's got cousins there, and there's plenty of people he knows there! If you'll be so kind as to vacate the premises, I'll get my grandfather's milk toast ready for him—"

"That was a queer turn, Frank," said

Officer Hamilton as the two walked slowly down the block. "She's double-crossing me somewhere, that girl. The kid ran in there, and I didn't turn my back five minutes, I'll swear that. I looked over your way, and I run about twenty feet with my back to the house—"

"Well, I guess that was the time," Frank Burns said, yawning, and deciding to buy a dollar ticket for St. Rose's Ball and Raffle a week from tonight and see for himself who was running with Ellen Murphy just now. "She's a beauty, isn't she?" he said.

"Yes," the other man conceded, still abstracted and still smarting. "I'm going to watch that house, Frank," he threatened. "And I'm going to tell Moore to. That's all I can do. And sooner or later, I'll get that kid."

"I'll bet on Ellen Murphy," young

Burns said. "You'll see that nothing'll happen there tonight."

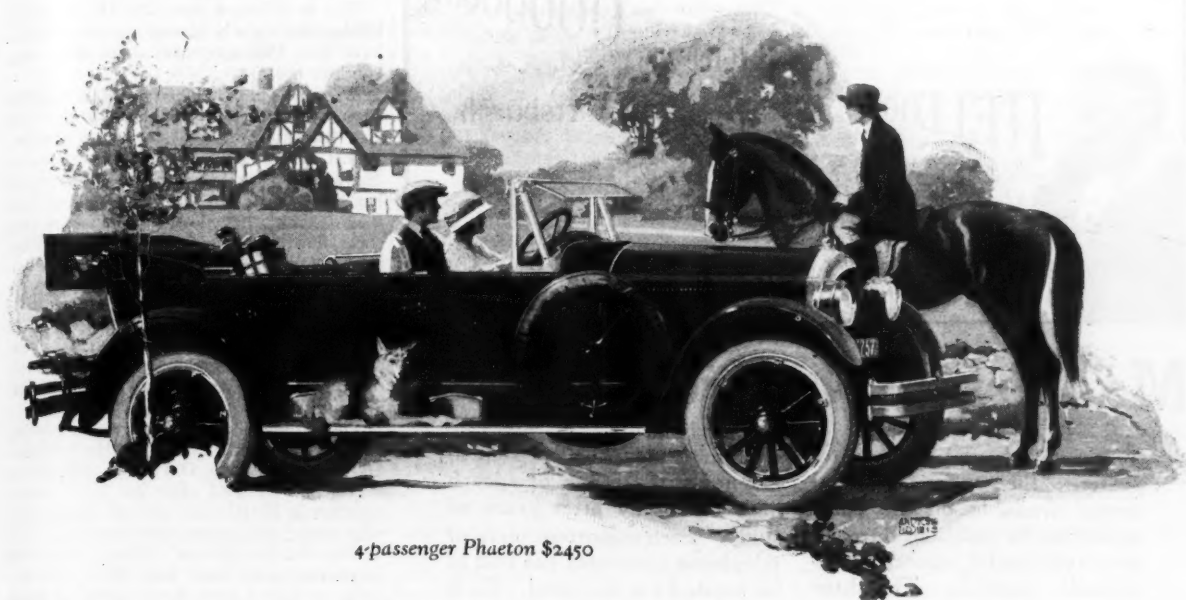
The prophecy was fulfilled. Unless, mused Officer Hamilton, walking up and down under the summer stars and the street lights and the softly moving new foliage of the elms—unless the arrival of old Mrs. Callahan and her adopted son was an event. Hamilton knew little Martin Callahan, who was as good a boy as the Kelly kid was bad, using his spare energies normally in ball games and tramps, and the building of tepees and forts.

"Hello, Martin," he said as they passed him. "I thought you was going up to your aunt's in Albany tonight?"

"I may go tomorrow," Martin said, shifting the bundle he carried.

"My daughter Annie got off tonight, but he may foller her and he may not,"





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have a tasteen of your buttermilk the night?" she says. Oh, dear Lord, preserve and defend us by the glory and goodness of God!" exclaimed the widow. "Out they walked, wit'in t'ree inches of Hamilton's nose itself!"

"We'll miss the child," Mrs. Murphy said solemnly, in a long pause.

"We will that," Mrs. Callahan agreed, sighing. "Never will I forget the night him and the Spillane boy tuk two old carriage lamps and wint out on to the highway," she mused. "And whin a car was coming along in the dark, wouldn't they move up to it as if they was another automobile until they was within fifteen feet, and thin the two of them split, and one go each side of the poor feller that was tryin' to drive——"

"The day he took Annie's baby and put Katie's kid in the coach," Ellen added.

"Oh, the Lord be good to us, that was a day!" said Annie's mother.

Mrs. Murphy, having swabbed up every possible dark, damp and dingy corner of the sink and table with a muddy rag, and having carefully spread the rag, greasy, odorous and warm, across the bottom of the inverted dishpan, now showed signs of tears. She seated herself on the foot of the old red box lounge, where Mart was spread luxuriously, and he drew up his feet for her better accommodation. His mother would sleep here later, but now the piece of furniture was merely a lounge.

"Bad luck to the polis that'd run him out of the neighborhood!" she said resentfully.

"I was thinkin' I might have him down for Christmas, wid Rose's children," Mrs. Cahill said.

"He could run around with Martin," suggested Mrs. Callahan. "There's no harm to the child."

"I'll send Lily Boone a fiver next Christmas and ask him down," Mart contributed.

"We'll get Josie and John to keep an eye on him and see he has a good time," Ellen added.

A long silence fell. Mart smoked, and Ellen manicured her pretty hands. She and Mrs. Cahill and Mrs. Callahan were simultaneously entertaining vague ideas of departure; young Martin was exultant at finding himself out of bed at half-past nine; Mrs. Murphy, whose nose was always moist, sniffed, rocked to and fro, sighed and clicked her false teeth.

"Oh, well, they're always persecutin' somebody," she conceded to the cruel world, suddenly. "Look at the way they treated the Lord!"

*What are the true joys of life, after all? Ellen goes out to look for them and finds they are very near home—in Kathleen Norris's delightful story in September COSMOPOLITAN*

## The White Collar Girl

(Continued from page 64)

people at their ease, that Sadie soon lost her consciousness of the fact that her evening gown was really a made-over summer dress.

And when, at the end of the evening, the last one-step, danced to the strains of the phonograph, had ended, and Harry, announcing that he was a working man who must be on the job at seven in the morning, declared that it was time to go home, Sadie felt more grateful to young Conroy than she had believed it possible to be. For not merely had he made her acquainted with a millionaire, but he had selected one susceptible to her charms.

For girls know. Euclid may have been mistaken in many of his propositions; Shakespeare may have been a poor playwright; and Babe Ruth may not be a heavy hitter. These are matters that are open to debate. But a woman's knowledge as to whether or not a man is affected by her charms is a matter of indisputable fact.

So, when Pete Markham drove up at half-past seven the next evening in his employer's handsome car, Sadie was waiting for him. He had not said that he was coming, but she knew it just the same. Once, when her father had been taken suddenly ill, Sadie had ridden with him in a taxicab to the hospital. That was the only time that she had ever ridden in an automobile, if one excepts the buses that ply the Avenue or run to the Long Island beaches. For the rich and the middle class and sometimes laborers have automobiles, but white collar people frequently lack even subway carfare. For they must keep up the pretense of gentility on less than the laborer's wage.

But it had been worth waiting for, this automobile, and this ride. For the car was an imported machine, long, low-swing, luxurious. And the ride was out through Westchester. There was even a stop for ice cream and a dance at a road house that overlooked the wooded heights of the Hudson.

Exhausted by too much happiness, so tired with joy that sleep would not come to her, Sadie lay awake nearly all that night building castles in the air. Yet,

despite the fact that she had not rested, she was lovelier than ever the next night. And with each passing day her flowering beauty unfolded into more gorgeous blossoming. And then, at the end of a month, every hour of which had been planned and fashioned by the gods for Sadie's joy, Harry Conroy met her outside the ribbon house where she worked.

He was a bit sheepish, embarrassed, nervous. He greeted her with clumsy courtesy and then plunged right into the subject which was his reason for being here.

"Sadie, I done you a dirty trick a month ago."

Her humid eyes were dewier than ever; a melting sweetness had banished the too practical expression of thirty days gone.

"A month ago? Why, it's just about that time since you introduced Mr. Markham to me."

"That's exactly it," blurted Harry. "He's a faker. And while a joke's a joke, it has to quit being a joke sometime."

The melting eyes hardened. "Will you please explain, Mr. Conroy?"

Harry explained; he also apologized. He hadn't meant the joke to go so far; he hadn't known that Markham would keep up the pretense so long. He felt it was his duty to tell Sadie the truth. And so on, all the way to the Astor Place subway station. There, white-faced, sick to the very soul of her, she dismissed him. And she chatted all the way to Harlem with a girl friend whom she met on the platform, as carelessly as though her very heart had not been pierced.

Neither her mother nor her father, nor her three small sisters, suspected anything wrong at supper that hot August evening. Neither did Markham when he arrived. She had been increasingly gracious to him with every day. Her eyes would light at his words, and blushes chase one another across her satin cheeks. Why, then, should Mr. Markham be surprised because her manner was softer than ever tonight? Indeed, when she suggested that they stay indoors this evening, he thought he guessed the reason why. He had no more than the normal vanity of youth; but she had told

him in so many wordless ways that she liked him, that he was willing to test fate now without further postponement.

Of course, he must explain his deception. He had wanted to explain it a score of times in the last four weeks but had not dared to do so. But there was something in her eyes tonight that told him that she would forgive the gross deceit that he had practiced upon her. After all, it had only been a joke. And she wasn't the kind of a girl that Harry Conroy had said she was. She wasn't really mercenary.

"Sadie," he said to her, "I'm going to ask you to marry me. But before I do so, I'm going to tell you that I'm an impostor. I'm not a millionaire; I'm a millionaire's chauffeur, and it was in his apartment, not mine, that we first met. It's his car that I've been taking you riding in. It started as a joke. I thought it was a shabby joke then, but now I know that it was mean. And I'd have stopped it long ago, only—well, I was afraid that you wouldn't know, then, that I was not the sort of person who usually played mean jokes. I had an idea that when you knew me better you'd be better able to forgive me. Do you?"

Ever since she had parted from Harry at the subway station she had been rehearsing the biting speech with which she would send the rejected and dejected Markham from her presence. As if she could marry a forty dollar a week chauffeur! Oh, the things she would tell him, the bitter scorn that she would pour from the vials of her wrath!

But the words, while they were clear enough in her brain, could not pass her lips. She, who had sworn all her life that she would turn her back on love unless it came hand in hand with wealth, who had planned for hours the insults that she would heap upon the bent shoulders of this preposterous impostor, found herself with her hands resting upon the impostor's shoulders, with her lips meeting his.

"And it will be months before I have money enough to furnish an apartment, to get started even in the tiniest way," he told her as, an engaged man, he was leaving her that night.



"It doesn't matter; I love you and I'll wait," she replied.

She spent that night in torment. It was her Gethsemane. She thought of her mother, bowed by toil; she stood before a mirror and looked at her own shapely body and visualized it twisted and worn. In a decade she would be like her mother, like all the women of the poor who work too hard and suffer too much. There would be children. Before she would have time to recover from the burden of bearing them, she would be compelled to perform the arduous duties of a housewife. For one year—or less—of rapture, she must give the rest of her life. And so she made her decision.

In the morning she telephoned Markham and asked him to meet her during the luncheon hour. With that practicality characteristic of her, she came directly to the point.

"Pete, I've been thinking it over all night long. I've been thinking of mother. I've been balancing the good against the evil. And I've been wondering whether mother has found it worth while. She had her moment. Was it worth what it has cost her? And the answer is, yes. But, Pete, I haven't the courage to wait. If we put off getting married for a year or so, I'll be thinking all the time of what

mother looks like now, of what, for twenty years, her life has been. And with every day my courage will diminish. You say you haven't money enough to get married now. I say it's now or never.

"I have saved two hundred dollars. Heaven knows how I saved it, but I did. It's mine. That means it's ours. We can furnish one room, maybe—I won't ask you again, Pete Markham."

He looked at her quizzically. "I have about four dollars in my pocket. A license costs two, and you have to give the minister something."

"I stopped at the bank on the way downtown," she replied. "I have my two hundred dollars with me. Have you any other excuses, Pete Markham?"

He shook his head. "Not a single one, Sadie Carter."

Two hours later Mr. and Mrs. Peter Markham sat opposite each other in a little restaurant on Thirty-seventh Street, eating a wedding breakfast, or luncheon, if time has any place in the scheme of things of a bride and groom.

"Sorry?" asked Markham.

"No. And I never will be," declared Sadie defiantly.

"But you always wanted a rich husband," said Markham. "And it seems to me that I heard you say once that if a

person wanted anything hard enough she got it."

"I didn't want it hard enough," she retorted.

He grinned broadly at her. "Yes, you did. For about a year, Sadie, I've been tinkering with an idea for a carburetor. Yesterday a big firm closed a deal with the lawyer who patented my invention. I'm to get a royalty of a dollar on every carburetor that uses my improvement. And just to prove they weren't fooling, they mailed my lawyer a check for twenty-five hundred dollars. He gave it to me this morning. It's endorsed over to you, Mrs. Markham." He handed a pink slip of paper across the table. She stared round-eyed at the figures stamped by a check protector into the fabric. "It's not a million," he said, "but it's a beginning."

She stared at him with wet eyes. "Peter, how dare you spoil our honeymoon with talk about money?" she demanded.

The slip of paper fell unheeded on the table. It was the man who picked it up and placed it carefully in her purse. For women, despite all that has been said to the contrary by propagandists who tell about how they keep house and do the shopping and all that sort of thing, are the impractical sex. Otherwise, there would be no husbands.

*A fantasy of humor with a whimsical edging of love, told in the rare style of Stephen Vincent Benét, will delight you in September COSMOPOLITAN,—at all news stands August 10*

## The Return of Battling Billson

(Continued from page 109)

"Yes, in a rough and tumble in a back alley. And nobody saw him do it."

"Well, these things get about."

"But two hundred pounds!"

"A fleabite, laddie, a fleabite. You can take it from me that we shall be asking a lot more than a measly couple of hundred for our services pretty soon. Thousands, thousands! Still, I'm not saying it won't be something to be going on with. Well, as I say, old Billson came to me and said he had had this offer, and how about it? And when I realized that I was in halves, I jolly soon gave him my blessing and told him to go as far as he liked. So you can imagine how I felt when Flossie put her foot down like this."

"Like what? About ten minutes ago, when you started talking, you seemed to be on the point of explaining about Flossie. How does she come to be mixed up with the thing? What did she do?"

"Only wanted to stop the whole business, laddie, that was all. Just put the kibosh on the entire works. Said he mustn't fight!"

"Mustn't fight?"

"That was what she said. Just in that airy, careless way, as if the most stupendous issues didn't hang on his fighting as he had never fought before. Said—if you'll believe me, laddie; I shan't blame you if you don't—that she didn't want his looks spoiled." Ukridge gazed at me with lifted eyebrows while he let this evidence of feminine perverseness sink in. "His looks, old man! You got the word correctly? His looks! She didn't want his looks spoiled. Why, damme, he hasn't got any looks. There isn't any possible

manner in which you could treat that man's face without improving it. I argued with her by the hour, but no, she couldn't see it. Avoid women, laddie, they have no intelligence."

"Well, I'll promise to avoid Flossie's mother, if that'll satisfy you. How does she come into the thing?"

"Now, there's a woman in a million, my boy. She saved the situation. She came along at the eleventh hour and snatched your old friend out of the soup. It seems she has a habit of popping up to London at intervals, and Flossie, while she loves and respects her, finds that from ten minutes to a quarter of an hour of the old dear gives her the pip to such an extent that she's a nervous wreck for days."

I felt my heart warm to the future Mrs. Billson. Despite Ukridge's slurs, a girl, it seemed to me, of sound intelligence.

"So when Flossie told me—with tears in her eyes, poor girl—that mother was due today, I had the inspiration of a lifetime. Said I would take her off her hands from start to finish if she would agree to let Billson fight at the Universal. Well, it shows you what family affection is, laddie, she jumped at it. I don't mind telling you she broke down completely and kissed me on both cheeks. The rest, old horse, you know."

"Yes. The rest I do know."

"Never," said Ukridge solemnly, "never, old son, till the sands of the desert grow cold, shall I forget how you have stood by me this day!"

"Oh, all right! I expect in about a week from now you will be landing me with something equally foul."

"Now, laddie——"

"When does this fight come off?"

"A week from tonight. I'm relying on you to be at my side. Tense nervous strain, old man, shall want a pal to see me through."

"I wouldn't miss it for worlds. I'll give you dinner before we go, shall I?"

"Spoken like a true friend," said Ukridge warmly. "And on the following night I will stand you the banquet of your life. A banquet which will ring down the ages. For mark you, laddie, I shall be in funds. In funds, my boy."

"Yes, if Billson wins. What does he get if he loses?"

"Loses? He won't lose. How the deuce can he lose? I'm surprised at your talking in that silly way when you've seen him only a few days ago. Didn't he strike you as being pretty fit?"

"Yes, by Jove, he certainly did."

"Well, then! Why, it looks to me as if the sea air had made him tougher than ever. I've only just got my fingers straightened out after shaking hands with him. You'd think he had been living on iron jelloids or something. He could win the heavyweight championship of the world tomorrow without taking his pipe out of his mouth. Alf Todd," said Ukridge, soaring to an impressive burst of imagery, "has about as much chance as a one-armed blind man in a dark room trying to shove a pound of melted butter into a wildcat's left ear with a red-hot needle."

Although I knew several of the members, for one reason or another I had never been inside the Universal Sporting Club, and



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the atmosphere of the place when we arrived on the night of the fight impressed me a good deal. It was vastly different from Wonderland, the East End home of pugilism where I had witnessed the Battler make his debut. There, a certain laxness in the matter of costume had been the prevailing note; here, white shirt fronts gleamed on every side. Wonderland, moreover, had been noisy. Patrons of sport had so far forgotten themselves as to whistle through their fingers and shout badinage at distant friends. At the Universal, one might have been in church. In fact, the longer I sat, the more ecclesiastical did the atmosphere seem to become.

When we arrived, two acolytes in the bantam class were going devoutly through the ritual under the eye of the presiding minister, while a large congregation looked on in hushed silence. As we took our seats, this portion of the service came to an end and the priest announced that Nippy Coggs was the winner. A reverent murmur arose for an instant from the worshipers, Nippy Coggs disappeared into the vestry, and after a pause of a few minutes I perceived the familiar form of Battling Billson coming up the aisle.

There was no doubt about it, the Battler did look good. His muscles seemed more cable-like than ever, and a recent haircut had given a knobby, bristly appearance to his head which put him even more definitely than before in the class of those with whom the sensible man would not lightly quarrel. Mr. Todd, his antagonist, who followed him a moment later, was no beauty—the almost complete absence of any division between his front hair and his eyebrows would alone have prevented his being that—but he lacked a certain *je ne sais quoi* which the Battler preeminently possessed.

From the first instant of his appearance in the public eye our man was a warm favorite. There was a pleased flutter in the pews as he took his seat, and I could hear whispered voices offering substantial bets on him.

"Six-round bout," announced the padre. "Battling Billson—Bermondsey—versus Alf Todd—Marylebone. Gentlemen will kindly stop smoking."

The congregation relighted their cigars and the fight began.

Bearing in mind how vitally Utridge's fortunes were bound up in his protégé's success tonight, I was relieved to observe that Mr. Todd opened the proceedings in a manner that seemed to offer little scope for any display of Battling Billson's fatal kind-heartedness. I had not forgotten how at Wonderland our Battler, with the fight in hand, had allowed victory to be snatched from him purely through a sentimental distaste for being rough with his adversary, a man who had had a lot of trouble and had touched Mr. Billson's heart thereby.

Such a disaster was unlikely to occur tonight. It was difficult to see how anyone in the same ring with him could possibly be sorry for Alf Todd. A tender pity was the last thing his behavior was calculated to rouse in the bosom of an opponent.

Directly the gong sounded, he tucked away what little forehead nature had given him beneath his fringe, breathed

loudly through his nose and galloped into the fray. He seemed to hold no bigoted views as to which hand it was best to employ as a medium of attack. Right or left, it was all one to Alf. And if he could not hit Mr. Billson with his hands, he was perfectly willing, so long as the eye of authority was not too keenly vigilant, to butt him with his head. Broad-minded—that was Alf Todd.


Wilberforce Billson, veteran of a hundred fights on a hundred scattered water fronts, was not backward in joining the revels. In him Mr. Todd found a worthy and a willing playmate. As Utridge informed me in a hoarse whisper while the vicar was reproaching Alf for placing an elbow where no elbow should have been, this sort of thing was as meat and drink to Wilberforce. It was just the kind of warfare he had been used to all his life and precisely the sort most calculated to make him give of his best—a dictum which was strikingly indorsed a moment later when, after some heated exchanges in which, generous donor though he was, he had received more than he had bestowed, Mr. Todd was compelled to slither back and do a bit of fancy side-stepping. The round came to an end with the Battler distinctly leading on points, and so spirited had it been that applause broke out in various parts of the edifice.

The second round followed the same general lines as the first. The fact that up to now he had been foiled in his attempts to resolve Battling Billson into his component parts had had no damping effect on Alf Todd's ardor. He was still the same active, energetic soul, never sparing himself in his efforts to make the party go. There was a whole-hearted abandon in his rushes which reminded one of a short-tempered gorilla trying to get at its keeper. Occasionally some extra warmth on the part of his antagonist would compel him to retire momentarily into a clinch, but he always came out of it as ready as ever to resume the argument. Nevertheless, at the end of round two he was still a shade behind. Round three added further points to the Battler's score, and at the end of round four Alf Todd had lost so much ground that the most liberal odds were required to induce speculators to venture their cash on his chances.

And then the fifth round began, and those who a minute before had taken odds of three to one on the Battler and openly proclaimed the money as good as in their pockets stiffened in their seats or bent forward with pale and anxious faces. A few brief moments back it had seemed to them incredible that this sure thing could come unstitched. There was only this round and the next to go—a mere six minutes of conflict; and Mr. Billson was so far ahead on points that nothing but the accident of his being knocked out could lose him the decision. And you had only to look at Wilberforce Billson to realize the absurdity of his being knocked out. Even I, who had seen him go through the process at Wonderland, refused to consider the possibility. If ever there was a man in the pink, it was Wilberforce Billson.

But in boxing there is always the thousandth chance. As he came out of his corner for round five, it suddenly became plain that things were not well with our man. Some chance blow in that





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last mêlée of round four must have found a vital spot, for he was obviously in bad shape. Incredible as it seemed, Battling Billson was groggy. He shuffled rather than stepped; he blinked in a manner damping to his supporters; he was clearly finding increasing difficulty in foiling the boisterous attentions of Mr. Todd. Sibilant whispers arose; Ukridge clutched my arm in an agonized grip; voices were offering to bet on Alf; and in the Battler's corner, their heads peering through the ropes, those members of the minor clergy who had been told off to second our man were wan with apprehension.

Mr. Todd, for his part, was a new man. He had retired to his corner at the end of the preceding round with the moody step of one who sees failure looming ahead. "I'm always chasing rainbows," Mr. Todd's eye had seemed to say as it rested gloomily on the resined floor. "Another dream shattered!" And he had come out for round five with the sullen weariness of the man who has been helping to amuse the kiddies at a children's party and has had enough of it. Ordinary politeness rendered it necessary for him to see this uncongenial business through to the end, but his heart was no longer in it.

And then, instead of the steel and India rubber warrior who had smitten him so sorely at their last meeting, he found this sagging wreck. For an instant sheer surprise seemed to shackle Mr. Todd's limbs, then he adjusted himself to the new conditions. It was as if somebody had grafted monkey glands on to Alfred Todd. He leaped at Battling Billson, and the grip of Ukridge on my arm became more painful than ever.

A sudden silence fell upon the house. It was a tense, expectant silence, for affairs had reached a crisis. Against the ropes near his corner the Battler was leaning, heedless of the well meant counsel of his seconds, and Alf Todd, with his fringe now almost obscuring his eyes, was feinting for an opening. There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; Alf Todd plainly realized this. He fiddled for an instant with his hands as if he were trying to mesmerize Mr. Billson, then plunged forward.

A great shout went up. The congregation appeared to have lost all sense of what place this was that they were in. They were jumping up and down in their seats and bellowing deplorably. For the crisis had been averted. Somehow or other Wilberforce Billson had contrived to escape from that corner, and now he was out in the middle of the ring, respited.

And yet he did not seem pleased. His usually expressionless face was contorted with pain and displeasure. For the first time in the entire proceedings he appeared genuinely moved. Watching him closely, I could see his lips moving, perhaps in prayer. And, as Mr. Todd, bounding from the ropes, advanced upon him, he licked those lips. He licked them in a sinister, meaning way, and his right hand dropped slowly down below his knee.

Alf Todd came on. He came jauntily and in the manner of one moving to a feast or festival. This was the end of a perfect day, and he knew it. He eyed Battling Billson as if the latter had been a pot of beer. But for the fact that he came of a restrained and unemotional race, he would doubtless have burst into

song. He shot out his left and it landed on Mr. Billson's nose. Nothing happened. He drew back his right and poised it almost lovingly for a moment. It was during this moment that Battling Billson came to life.

To Alf Todd it must have seemed like a resurrection. For the last two minutes he had been testing in every way known to science his theory that this man before him no longer possessed the shadow of a punch, and the theory had seemed proven up to the hilt. Yet here he was now behaving like an unleashed whirlwind. A disquieting experience.

The ropes collided with the small of Alf Todd's back. Something else collided with his chin. He endeavored to withdraw, but a pulpy glove took him on the odd fungoid growth which he was accustomed laughingly to call his ear. Another glove impinged upon his jaw. And there the matter ended for Alf Todd.

"Battling Billson is the winner," intoned the vicar.

"Wow!" shouted the congregation.

"Whew!" breathed Ukridge in my ear.

It had been a near thing, but the old firm had pulled through at the finish.

Ukridge bounded off to the dressing room to give his Battler a manager's blessing; and presently, the next fight proving something of an anticlimax after all the fevered stress of its predecessor, I left the building and went home. I was smoking a last pipe before going to bed when a violent ring at the front door bell broke in on my meditations. It was followed by the voice of Ukridge.

I was a little surprised. I had not been expecting to see Ukridge again tonight. His intention when we parted at the Universal had been to reward Mr. Billson with a bit of supper; and, as the Battler had a coy distaste for the taverns of the West End, this involved a journey to the far East, where in congenial surroundings the coming champion would drink a good deal of beer and eat more hard-boiled eggs than you would have believed possible. The fact that the host was now thundering up my stairs seemed to indicate that the feast had fallen through. And the fact that the feast had fallen through suggested that something had gone wrong.

"Give me a drink, old horse," said Ukridge, bursting into the room.

"What on earth's the matter?"

"Nothing, old horse, nothing. I'm a ruined man, that's all."

He leaped feverishly at the decanter and siphon which Bowles had placed upon the table. I watched him with concern. This could be no ordinary tragedy that had changed him thus from the ebullient creature of joy who had left me at the Universal. A thought flashed through my mind that Battling Billson must have been disqualified; to be rejected a moment later when I remembered that fighters are not disqualified as an afterthought half an hour after the fight. But what else could have brought about this anguish? If ever there was an occasion for solemn rejoicing, now would have seemed to be the time.

"What's the matter?" I asked again.

"Matter? I'll tell you what's the matter," moaned Ukridge. He splashed seltzer into his glass. He reminded me of King Lear. "Do you know how much I

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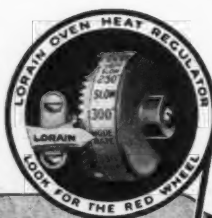
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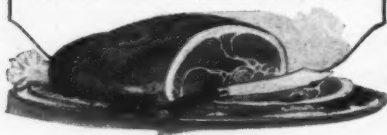
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"I don't understand."

"The purse was thirty pounds. Twenty for the winner. My share is ten. Ten, I'll trouble you! What in the name of everything infernal is the good of ten quid?"

"But you said Billson told you——"

"Yes, I know I did. Two hundred was what he told me he was to get. And the weak-minded, furtive, underhanded son of Bellal didn't explain that he was to get it for losing!"

"Losing?"

"Yes. He was to get it for losing. Some fellows who wanted a chance to do some heavy betting persuaded him to sell the fight."

"But he didn't sell the fight."

"I know that, hang it. That's the whole trouble. And do you know why he didn't? Just as he was all ready to let himself be knocked out in that fifth round, the other bloke happened

to tread on his ingrowing toenail, and that made him so mad that he forgot about everything else and sailed in and hammered the stuffing out of him. I ask you, laddie! I appeal to you as a reasonable man. Have you ever in your life heard of such a footling, idiotic, woollen-headed proceeding? Throwing away a fortune, an absolute dashed fortune, purely to gratify a momentary whim! Hurling away wealth beyond the dreams of avarice simply because a bloke stamped on his ingrowing toenail. His ingrowing toenail!" Ukridge laughed raspingly. "What right has a boxer to have an ingrowing toenail? And if he has an ingrowing toenail, surely—my gosh!—he can stand a little trifling discomfort for half a minute! The fact of the matter is, old horse, boxers aren't what they were. Degenerate, laddie, absolutely degenerate. No heart. No courage. No self-respect. No vision. The old bulldog breed has disappeared entirely."

And with a moody nod Ukridge passed out into the night.

*It's a good trick if he does it—and he does—Ukridge, we mean—see for yourself in COSMOPOLITAN for September*

## The Lone Wolf Returns

(Continued from page 89)

against the pricks. Your motto from now on is 'Make the best of it'—and the best you can make of it, if you put your back into the business, is the life of Reilly for one who knows how to live like you do."

"You advise me, then——"

"I leave it to your good sense, seeing where you stand today, what's the only sensible way for you to go."

In a subdued voice, and with thoughtful gaze constant to Morphew's, Lanyard repeated: "Where I stand today!"

"Well—where do you? You've got to live somehow, and you only know one way to make a decent living. It's no good your pulling out for Paris or London again. They read the papers over there, too—they'll never let the Lone Wolf get off a steamer."

"But if they believe me drowned in the Bahamas——"

"Don't count on it," Morphew counseled earnestly. "If you try to shift your scene of operations, somebody over here that maybe doesn't think you've treated him right would be sure to tip off Scotland Yard and the Surêté. See what I mean?"

"You make it all too clear . . ."

"Now on this side you've got everything in your favor. You're back in town and nobody knows it but Pagan here and me; all you've got to do is lay low awhile, take things easy and go ahead when you get good and ready . . . providing you're ready to come to terms with me."

"Terms such as——"

"The same as last winter: you do the heavy lifting and I take care of the high finance; we split the proceeds, and you get full protection thrown in for nothing."

"But what of this plagiarist of my methods who has been so active in my absence?"

"Don't let him worry you. I've got a good line on that bird; he won't stand in your light twenty-four hours after I stamp on the stop signal."

Over the head which Lanyard bowed in pondering, Pagan shot Morphew a grin of cynical congratulation, to which Morphew returned a quick nod and sign of caution.

"Take your time, think it over," he advised, not unkindly; "I don't want to hurry you. But it's only fair to tell you, after all that's passed between us, Lanyard, I'd think myself a born simp to take you back on the old terms without conditions."

"It might be well to name them," Lanyard suggested without looking up.

"To begin with, from now on the Delorme is out, I and you will work without any go-between. And then—you'll admit it's only fair I should require some proof of good faith from you."

"For example?"

"I want the say-so about your first few jobs. You'll have to tackle them under conditions that'll satisfy me you mean to play the game on the level."

"But I fancy you will find it hard to invent such conditions——"

"Oh!" Morphew laughed almost genially, "it's proof of good will I'm after more than anything else. If it comes to that, you won't double-cross me, once you've committed yourself, unless you want to spend the rest of your born days in Sing-Sing or . . ."

The short laugh that filled in the ellipsis brought Lanyard's eyes up to Morphew's once more. "Or?" he prompted.

"There are some things I don't like to say, when we seem to be hitting it off so pleasantly. I was only thinking—I guess you realize you wouldn't get a great ways with your life if you tried to sell me out again. For instance: Say we should fall out here tonight; know what I'd do?"

"How should I?"

"I'd call in the boys waiting out there in the hall, have 'em give you a full shave, and turn you loose at Forty-second and Fifth Avenue, while I sat on the steps of the Library and split my sides laughing."

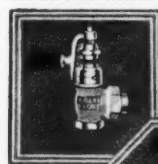
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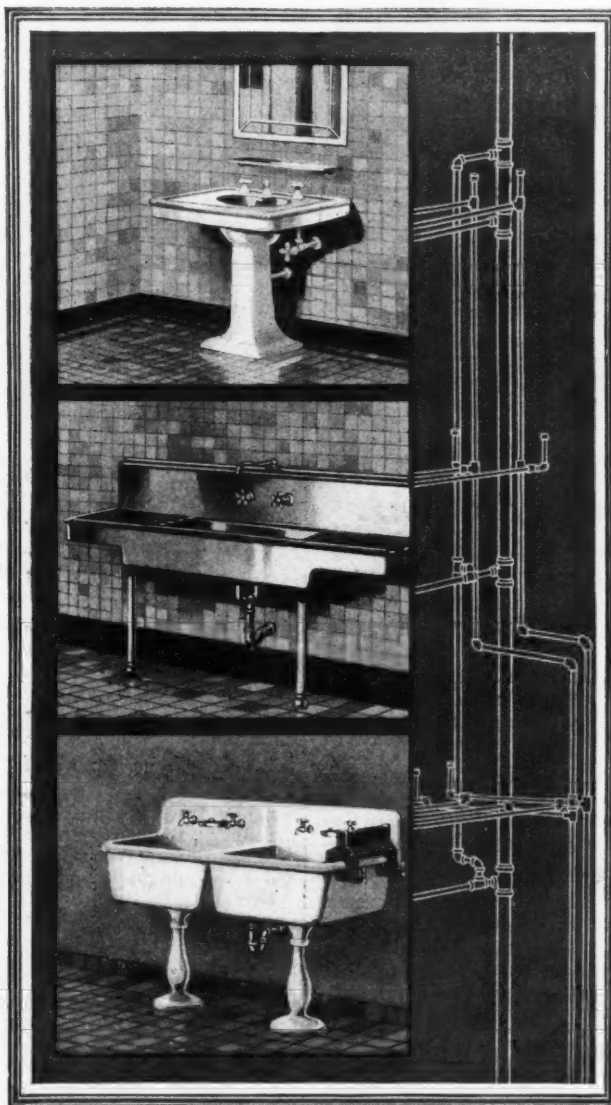
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"Very ingenious," Lanyard gravely applauded. "But assuming, purely for the sake of the argument, that by means of some equally ingenious shift I should escape unshaven . . ."

"Remember how long you lasted in November, after you'd told me to roll my hoop? Must have been all of twenty-four hours."

"Decidedly," Lanyard observed, "I was unwise to mention murder in your hearing—or would have been had I seriously entertained any notion of holding out against you, Monsieur."

Exultation flickered in Morphew's eyes like northern lights in a moon-blanching sky. "Then it's a bargain?"

"You would not have wasted time offering it had you thought me insane enough to reject it." Lanyard lifted a hand to plead for silence, while the mellow music of a clock in the hall sang through the early morning stillness. "Five o'clock," he said, rising. "Since we are to be so closely associated henceforth, Monsieur, I trust it isn't too much to beg the favor of a bed. It has indeed been a long day for me, my head at present is so dull with drowsiness I am hardly in a condition to go further into this new arrangement . . ."

## CHAPTER XX

THE fatigue Lanyard complained of was no mere subterfuge to end a wearing conversation, but something all too real, harvest of many toilsome days and nights of broken rest; so real that, once he ceased to stave off his creeping paralysis with inflexible resistance, it overwhelmed him of a sudden altogether. It was with something very like the carriage of a somnambulist that he permitted the still sprightly Peter Pagan to lead him from the library, through a labyrinth of corridors and stairs apprehended as in dream, and leave him in a lordly bedchamber.

Here, by early dawn light he undressed like an automaton, fell across the bed rather than laid him down upon it, and in a trice was sleeping heavily . . .

The sun grew so old its level rays struck in at length beneath the window awning and burned a hot red glare into his face till Lanyard started up, bemused, out of a nightmare of stokehold drudgery—only to fancy himself, with that ruddy beam boring through blue shadow to lend color to the illusion, back in his stateroom on the Port Royal, waiting for the pretty person of Liane Delorme to justify her knuckling of the door.

But nobody had knocked, the band of raw red gold was stationary that barred the dusk, it was a bed that held him, not a berth, the spacious sleeping quarters of a pampered landlubber were his instead of cramped and bare accommodations aboard an ocean-going boat; and he was awakening to apprehension of a plight more urgent even than that which Liane had come to tell him of, upon that other night-fall, in the Bahamas, weeks ago: by courtesy guest in the town house of a new found ally, in fact no better than a prisoner in the stronghold of his most embittered enemy . . .

Fagged as he had been all through that parley of the small hours, Lanyard had likewise been far too thoroughly alive to its vital bearing upon the issue of whether or not this life of his were worth the

struggle, to have slighted any innuendo in Morphew's attitude, however trivial in seeming or elusive. And now recalling, weighing and minutely searching every spoken word and unsaid implication, he perceived no reason for reconsidering his verdict on their consequence, that Morphew's proposal of an alliance had been as treacherous as his own acquiescence in it . . . A memory the cause of soul-corroding chagrin to him who had never before met an offer of oppression with less than flat defiance, to whom the bare thought of compromise with an overbearing and corrupt antagonist was one to sicken over. He had sour comfort of the saying that it's fair to fight the Devil with fire; he would liefer have known himself surely the poor thing they pictured him, uncontrollably subject to criminal lapses, than to remember he had been reduced to trafficking with cattle such as Morphew—and on terms of Morphew's choice!

Yet it had been that or worse—a knife in his back, very likely, before he could find out the truth for himself about these latter-day prowlings of the Lone Wolf, that enemy and friend alike attributed to Michael Lanyard, that even the friendliest guess ascribed to the cropping out of ingrained criminal proclivities which the best will in the world might neither eradicate nor hope to hold in check.

God knew it might be true! and if it were, then it was time indeed to let society rid itself of such a menace. But first all doubts must be resolved . . .

Morphew had had the best of him from the outset, had chosen the ground, forced the fighting, outgeneraled him in every skirmish, beaten him down at last to his knees and forced him to stomach quarter on conditions unspeakably humiliating. But better to bend to such abasement than forfeit every chance to clear his scutcheon or, failing, tear him down whose malevolence had been the first cause of its smirching, down from the strong place he had builded for his refuge, and bury him deep in its ruins—though these bury not Morphew alone.

To compass an end so just, to avenge society as he revenged himself, was the one way that Lanyard could conjecture to make amends for being as life had made him; to this he dedicated himself without any reservation whatsoever, renouncing every cherished prejudice against unfaith and double-dealing, holding no sacrifice whether of scruples or of life itself too heavy a price to pay for its accomplishment, refusing to know any depth of degradation to which he would not willingly descend with the promise that at the bottom he would find Morphew's throat defenseless.

Intuition gave one gleam of hope. Making no claim to ability to read Morphew's mind, Lanyard assumed with confidence to assay his manner, and recreating this to his mental vision, as it had been manifest in last night's rencontre, estimated every facet of it false. Morphew might only too possibly have been sincere in all he had asserted concerning the recrudescence of the Lone Wolf in the flesh of Michael Lanyard; but his honest scorn paraded for what he professed to consider disingenuous efforts to set up a pretense of lost memory had been in Lanyard's judgment sheerest sham, paste indignation put on for the occasion and, by that



token, for some sly purpose. Morphew had taken too much humbling at Lanyard's hands to spare him without some compensating end in view, not conceivably a sordid one alone. If he was in actual need of money he was little likely to refuse it unless Lanyard and none other, operating as a burglar, earned it for him. Power such as he pretended to, intelligently exerted, could hardly have failed to bring to heel that enterprising understudy of the Lone Wolf, who had been so busy all the while that Lanyard had been becalmed in the Bahamas, and bend him to Morphew's purposes as Morphew now proposed to bend Lanyard. So it seemed not unreasonable to assume that the use which Morphew had for Lanyard was another than he avowed, some end which Lanyard alone of all men could serve, therefore not an end of simple avarice—in short, nothing but the satisfaction of some all-absorbing private passion.

Morphew knew, and knew that Lanyard knew—must have known, or was a greater dunce than Lanyard thought him—that last night's compact had been a farce, that neither of them meant to abide by it one moment longer than suited his convenience, and that so long as Lanyard lived and had his liberty Morphew's own liberty if not his very life was in jeopardy. Yet he had preferred that risk.

A man so ruled by his passions was surely vulnerable; it remained to bide one's time with every wit alert to catch and profit by the first clue that Morphew might let fall, then strike with all the might and shrewdness one could muster at the weak spot so exposed. Lanyard would hardly have to school himself to patience very long . . .

Arrived at this conclusion, scarcely one to content him, nevertheless the one with which he must for the time being be content, Lanyard permitted considerations of more material sort to assert their claims, with the promptly resultant discovery that he was both sticky and hungry, in sore need of a bath and breakfast. And sitting up, he made another discovery, that his privacy had not been respected while he slept. His weatherbeaten wardrobe had vanished from the chair over which he had thrown it; in its place he found a flowered gown of thinnest silk and a pair of bedroom slippers—a costume supremely suited to such sultry weather, so long as one remained indoors. He perceived himself to be indeed a prisoner.

In the bathroom still a third discovery awaited him when, having turned on the hot water tap in the tub, he had his first look of himself in the mirror above the washstand. Mirrors had been rare furniture of the scenes in which his life had been staged of late, and he was interested to view the effect of a six weeks' untamed growth of beard—had been rather looking forward to revising it, as soon as he could lay hands on a sharp pair of scissors, into a neat Van Dyke, a style calculated to be more becoming and hardly less disguising. But one glance showed him that Morphew or another had been beforehand with him, had played Delilah to his Samson while he slept; that wanton luxuriance had been edited already and in such vandal spirit that nothing could now be done for it but shave it off entirely.

Scissors had been left on the glass shelf below the mirror, together with a razor.



## Brimful—

**FILL** your glass with sparkling Clicquot. See the golden bubbles; get the ginger-laden fragrance. And then—best of all—taste it.

A friendly taste if ever there was one. Spicy, live, good. You'll like Clicquot Club Ginger Ale—everybody does.

It's a popular drink. It pleases all sorts of people at all sorts of times. *They all like it.*

And you couldn't have a purer drink. Cool water rising from deep springs, real Jamaica ginger, the finest fruit flavors and cane sugar—that's what Clicquot's made of.

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soap and a brush. In resignation then, Lanyard clipped and shaved, telling himself that it wouldn't do to resent the impertinence—not yet; it was just Morphew's delicate way of serving notice that Lanyard must not count on any liberty of action unhandicapped by constant danger of being identified with the original of that confounded flashlight; in other words, that any attempt to elude his watchful care would be extremely impolitic.

Later, while he wallowed in hot water, Lanyard heard footfalls in the bedchamber, then a discreet voice just outside the bathroom door.

"I beg pardon, sir, but I thought I heard you moving about. Mr. Morphew's compliments, and you'll be dining out of town tonight with him and Mr. Pagan; the car is ordered for seven o'clock."

"That's very interesting. What time is it now?"

"Just on six, sir. I've laid out your dinner clothes, and now, if you wish, I'll fetch your coffee. Perhaps you'd care for grapefruit, too, and a bit of toast?"

"I'm sure I would, thanks, especially if I'm in for anything of a drive."

"That I can't tell you, sir—Mr. Morphew didn't say."

By the time Lanyard had finished towel-ing, his breakfast was waiting. He consumed it in a thoughtful turn, eying the array of clothing provided for him, hoping that the tailor who presumably had taken his measure while he slept had been a better man at his trade than the barber who had operated on his beard. But misgivings were groundless; the dinner coat, most ungainly of garments when it isn't just right, turned out to be a very tolerable fit, and he could not complain of a shortage of anything he required to make him feel entirely at ease—barring money. Even a cigarette case and a wafer-thin watch with chain of platinum had been fitted into the waistcoat pockets.

Finding himself dressed with twenty minutes to spare, he had the curiosity to try the door. It wasn't locked. He went down the stairs deliberately, expecting at every step to encounter Morphew or Pagan or else discover some servant spying on him. But nothing of the sort; everything was being done to beguile him into believing he was entirely at liberty on his own recognizance. He knew too much, however, to act on any such assumption.

He met nobody, for that matter, either in the halls or in the living rooms, and was twirling lonesome thumbs in the library of mortifying associations when the clock chimed the hour, and promptly the servant who had waited on him upstairs put in appearance, bringing a hat of black felt and a slender ebony stick, ivory-capped.

"The car is waiting, sir, if you are quite ready."

"Quite—thanks—but Mr. Morphew and Mr. Pagan?"

"They are neither of them at home, sir. I believe it is their intention to meet you wherever it is you are to dine—the chauffeur will know."

"Then I'm to make the trip alone?"

"Yes, sir."

A certain quality of cheek in the way Morphew had made his arrangements won an ungrudged laugh.

The landaulet at the door was so brightly blue and sleek it might have been making its first run from the showroom floor.

The liveried footman who held its door with all the rare poise of his kind saluted smartly as Lanyard got in, and smartly doubled round the car to hop up to the chauffeur's side. The vehicle began to move almost before he was properly seated with folded arms. But Lanyard noted that the rear-view mirror above the wheel was so tilted as to afford the driver a view of the tonneau seat; and knew that to discover symptoms of intending unceremoniously to leave the car would be unwise.

At the same time he inclined to dispute the wisdom that had provided a progress of so much state and ostentation for one so badly wanted; for while it was true enough that the police in uniform were far too busy supervising the tides of wheeled traffic on the Drive to have room in their heads for thoughts of the Lone Wolf, it was equally true that plain-clothes men were presumed to be abroad and on the *qui vive*; it wasn't an extravagant flight of fancy that supposed the possibility of a chance crossing of trails, a casual look into the car fixing on the features of its passenger and kindling with startled recognition, a consequent hue and cry . . .

But when furtive reconnaissance astern, at intervals in the course of the first twenty minutes, had satisfied him that the landaulet was being discreetly dogged by another car, an unpretentious affair in sober paint occupied by three men of competent presence, compact bodies who rode with eyes alert under the brims of hats pulled well forward, and looked quite capable, jointly and severally, of giving a good account of themselves in action, he concluded that it wasn't worth his while to worry about adventitious interference on the part of the police, who, if inspired to such an attempt, would stand about as much chance of stopping the car and arresting its tenant as the latter would of gaining freedom by means of a flying leap.

One might as profitably occupy one's leisure trying to guess one's destination; and the next hour satisfied Lanyard that the route had been mapped with intent to confuse him. For after following main traveled ways to White Plains, the landaulet and its satellite struck off into a bewildering tangle of back country roads in which, as night closed down, it was easy to lose one's sense of direction. Lanyard could only surmise that they were describing a circuitous course to the north and east of Greenwich.

It was hilly countryside they traversed, for the most part thinly settled. Long stretches of lonely road spaced infrequent clusters of farm buildings and crossroad communities. Few other vehicles were met. The landaulet seldom slowed down to forty miles an hour, while the following car closed up till its headlamps lighted brilliantly both sides of the landaulet, rendering it out of the question as well as foolhardy to seek to leave the latter unobserved by a sudden leap into the dark.

Not that Lanyard entertained the remotest desire to commit his fortunes to a hope so forlorn; he was too well possessed by curiosity concerning the nature of the scheme which Morphew was nursing, for Lanyard's introduction to which he had plotted an approach so tortuous, and which that evening could hardly fail to declare. It wasn't in reason that the man should go to so much trouble to manufacture an atmosphere of mystery

## Is Your Breakfast a Comedy?

ASK a dozen of your friends what they have for breakfast—and you will learn almost as much as a course at college.

A family may be in perfect accord in all other domestic matters, but *breakfast!*—here we break into comedy.

Mother wants coffee at her bedside. Father wants his toast nut brown on one side, seal brown on the other, buttered hot clear to the edges, and the crusts trimmed off. Sister's eggs must be boiled exactly 3 minutes, 48 seconds, by stopwatch. Uncle Frank wants hot cereal, and Aunt Maude cold cereal. And Brother wants quantity regardless. Next morning they all want something different from today.

When we have guests, we give them luncheon and dinner "as is"; but are careful to ask them exactly what, how, where and when, regarding breakfast.

WHIM and hurry have much to do with making breakfast the *à la carte* meal in most homes. We would live longer, and more happily, if we gave a little more thought to the simple meal which is the key to the day. Surely the makers and packers of foods for breakfasts have furnished us with a wonderful variety of good things for good breakfasts. How to select and assemble just the things which make breakfast tempting, and also make it suitable fuel for the day's activities, makes a most interesting study.

Part of our study has been an inquiry among prominent hotel proprietors, and among noted men and women—actors, ministers, artists, authors, executives, club women and educators.

We find that Douglas Fairbanks, for example, takes a very different breakfast

from Mary Pickford. Billy Sunday takes a hearty and wholesome breakfast. August V. Heckscher takes no breakfast at all, and Gelett Burgess takes peanuts for breakfast!

TWO things in particular deter many people from enjoying breakfast as they should. One is the morning hurry, the habit of robbing the breakfast period of a few precious minutes sacrificed to the god of Laziness. The other is the influence of the Continental breakfast of rolls and coffee, which some like and some have taken up merely as a "different idea" forgetting that breakfast in Europe is but an eye-opener to be followed at eleven with a substantial meal.

What you ought to have for breakfast depends upon your age, weight, and activities. What will tempt you most, and thus serve one of the important purposes of any meal, depends partly on your personal fancies, and partly on your own dietetic education. Of course, the perfect combination of these two elements—enjoyment and proper nourishment—will make the perfect breakfast.

"BETTER BREAKFASTS" is the title of a brand new and newsy booklet, full of pat suggestions and yet brief as the morning meal itself. This booklet tells what to market for breakfast, shows how easy the food manufacturers have made breakfast-getting, and puts the morning menu among one's daily privileges.

A copy of this booklet will be mailed on receipt of four cents in stamps. Write for it. Write us also in detail about any question concerning your table, or your marketing problems, particularly as applied to foods and other household groceries.

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Enclosed find.....cents in stamps for which  
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without a purpose of uncommon moment. And if it were true that he had some more than ordinarily devilish project afoot, Lanyard would have felt cruelly slighted if denied a chance to get at least a glimpse into it.

Something after nine the cars picked their way through the outskirts of a town of considerable size, then found a byroad through open country fragrant with the breath of salt water. Long Island Sound could not be far away. Properties jealously enclosed in walls or wrought-iron fences bordered the road, occasional gateways opened up fleeting vistas of drives that led toward lighted windows in the distance. Apparently a community of wealthy landholders . . .

The landaulet turned in between two stone piers supporting handsome iron gates, and followed a winding drive through spacious lawns, dimly revealed by starlight, to a porte-cochère. The footman jumped down to the door, Lanyard alighted. As with eyes busy he ascended steps leading to a broad veranda, he heard the landaulet purr away behind him and saw the headlights of its attendant car sweep down the drive that curved round to the rear of the house.

The veranda was lighted only by windows opening on it that diffused a gentle glow at best upon patches of flooring set with summer furniture, and deepened the gloom of the spaces intervening. The house was silent, nobody moved in an imposing entrance hall visible through screen doors, and Lanyard pulled up, at a loss for his welcome.

That came, however, without too much delay—a low sweet laugh lifting up from the darkness between the two nearest windows, then a small shape of beauty and gracious animation running swiftly toward him with both hands extended.

He caught them with an exclamation of pleasure, and stood looking in wonder down into the smiling eyes of Folly McFee.

## CHAPTER XXI

NEITHER less nor more the dupe of vanity than most men of his years, Lanyard rather liked to think of himself as one whom life had lessoned out of all susceptibility to such emotions as that of surprise; a creature of sophistication cynical but bland, weathered by arduous experience and long contemplation of man the slave of folly and the feeble sport of chance till nothing could amaze him. But this contretemps—he couldn't count it better, remembering the genius of its machinery—flawed the picture; Folly's accents with their more than half pretended petulance startled him awake to the fact that he had been holding her hands for minutes, gaping like a zany, speechlessly confounded.

"I don't believe you're glad to see me!"

"And I—I'm wondering if I am."

"That's not a very pretty speech," she pouted, tugging at her hands till he had to resign them.

"But everything considered, not an unnatural one. You must know nothing had prepared me . . ."

"That's good—because I'd be dreadfully cross if anything had spoiled the surprise."

"Then you can't be cross with me at all."

"I don't know . . ." the young woman

gravely doubted. Instinct with that quenchless spirit of coquetry in default of which she had not been Folly, she posed provocatively to him in the half-light of the window behind her, head daintily aslant, elfin mischief glinting through the dusk that masked her eyes. "I must say you might take it more kindly, seeing how happy it makes me. You don't know how long you've kept me waiting—I'd begun to be afraid you'd backed out of coming after all."

"Then you actually were expecting me for dinner?"

"Of course! without you it wouldn't really be a party."

So much for the notion that his escort had mistaken the way and blundered into the wrong premises . . . Then it behooved him to have his wits about him and beware of being misled into taking false steps on such false ground.

"You're an arrant young baggage," Lanyard considered aloud.

"I know—but you're an old hand."

"Then cultivate a bit of reverence for my gray hairs; remember it's not seemly to make mock of your elders."

"Come and sit down, then, beside me."

With a chuckle of delight Folly flitted back into the shadows from which she had come, plumped lightly down upon a settee and patted its vacant cushions with a peremptory hand as Lanyard more deliberately followed. "Do you always insist on having a plot to explain why people request the honor of your presence at their dinners?"

"I have a humble heart," Lanyard protested, sitting; "I am too much mystified to understand why it's termed an honor . . ."

"You're a great bluff—I've told you before. You know very well most of the people one meets are incurably dull, whereas nothing can cure you of being a most interesting person. That's one reason at least why you're wanted."

"But you are dodging my question. Few people would think it an honor to entertain the Lone Wolf—even if they didn't entertain him unawares."

"I don't call that humor," Folly observed, critical. "You can't amuse me by making believe you think I take any stock in all the rotten things people say about you."

"Oh!" said Lanyard blankly, "you really don't?"

"I should say not; I know you better."

Her tone rang true enough, and Lanyard could detect nothing to contradict it in the soft silhouette of her profile against the light beyond.

"It makes me very happy to think at least one person in the world has faith in me, after all the villainy that's been charged to my account."

"That isn't fair," Folly retorted with spirit. "You never give your friends credit—Morphy doesn't believe it, and neither does Peter."

"To be sure . . . Yes—naturally those two must have talked to you about me."

"You don't suppose they'd have lured you out here to dinner without first getting my permission, do you? If they hadn't, I'd hardly have been so fussed about your being late."

"But that wasn't my fault. I didn't know where I was coming—I could only comfort myself with the reminder that I

was in the hands of—as you point out—my friends."

"It doesn't matter. We arranged to make it a late dinner anyway; and furthermore you're not the one who's kept it waiting. Morphy and Peter didn't show up till about ten minutes ago. They had a breakdown or something on the way."

"I was wondering . . ."

"They're upstairs in their rooms now, dressing."

"I hope they don't hurry," Lanyard confessed. "I can spare them a little longer; I need time to get my bearings."

"Poor dear!" Folly closed an impulsive hand over Lanyard's. "It is horrid of me to plague you, isn't it? But you know how I love fun . . ." She drew away and made herself prim and meek in her corner. "It's your turn now, I'm well aware I've got questions by the broadside coming. You may fire when ready."

"But I think you know too well what seems most strange to me . . ."

"All right. I don't mind telling . . . Yes—this is my place. No—I don't own it, I just rent it furnished. From Peter Pagan. He's been such a dear, let me have it for next to nothing for the summer and the most perfect staff of servants thrown in."

"I'm sure that sounds just like him."

And Lanyard meant it. Since it was manifest that Morpheus and Pagan were determined to pluck this poor foolish pigeon, and she was madly bent on being plucked, certainly it had been their book to surround her with a retinue of servitors trained to their purpose.

"But that isn't what most perplexes you . . ."

"By no means."

"You're perfectly eaten alive by curiosity to know how Morphy got round me, aren't you? Well—but how did he get round you?"

Lanyard feebly parried: "Hasn't he told you?"

"Not in so many words. But of course I understand. How could anybody hold out against such generosity?"

"How indeed?"

"You weren't to blame for being so cruelly wrong about him . . . about Mallison and Morphy's having had anything to do with my emeralds, I mean. Everything looked so black for him . . . And even Morphy didn't blame you; only, of course, he was half wild at the time, when you didn't give him a chance to defend himself and prove that Mallison had abused his confidence just as he had mine, only more so. But of course he's told you all about that."

"I am none the less interested to learn what he told you."

"Just what I've said, what you know. He waited weeks before he tried to see me again, and spent simple *sloughs* of money on detectives trying to find Mallison and bring him back to prove what an ingrate he'd been. But I wasn't the only one of Morphy's friends who suffered through taking Mallison on his endorsement!"

"I am sure you were not."

"And then, when he had to give that up as hopeless, he got Liane to ask me to give him a chance to explain; and of course I could hardly refuse to listen. And he's been just wonderful to me ever since. Really, my friend, you don't know what a fine nature he has. Why! he

## The secret of having beautiful hair

*How to keep your hair soft  
and silky, full of life and lus-  
tre, bright and fresh-looking*

**N**O one can be really attractive, without beautiful well kept hair. Stop and think of all the good looking, attractive women you know. You will find their hair plays a mighty important part in their appearance.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair, if you care for it properly.

In caring for the hair, proper shampooing is the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out all the real life and lustre, the natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

### When oily, dry or dull

If your hair is too oily, or too dry; if it is dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy; if the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch; or if it is full of dandruff, it is all due to improper shampooing. You will be delighted to see how easy it is to keep your hair looking beautiful, when you use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo.

### The quick, easy way

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in

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## Cocoanut Oil Shampoo



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a cup or glass with a little warm water is sufficient to cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly.

Simply pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out quickly and easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil—the chief causes of all hair troubles.

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It keeps the scalp soft and healthy, the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

*Splendid for Children  
—Fine for Men*





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—nothing else—give  
nature's green color  
to Palmolive Soap*

## Beauty That Lures

Often you meet a woman with vivid beauty that exerts an irresistible charm. It doesn't depend upon regularity of features, or the color of eyes and hair. A smooth, fresh, flawless skin—a complexion glowing with the radiance of health and free from imperfections—this is the secret of alluring attraction.

Cleopatra had it, and her name will always be the symbol of all-conquering beauty. She perfected this beauty, and kept it in this perfection in a simple, natural way which history has handed down for modern women.

### How She Did It

By thorough, gentle, daily cleansing which kept the texture of her skin firm, fine-grained and smooth. Dirt, oil and perspiration were never allowed to collect, to enlarge and irritate the tiny skin pores. The lavish use of cosmetics practiced by all ancient women did her no harm, because every day she carefully washed them away.

Her secret—palm and olive oils, valued as both cleansers and cosmetics in the days of ancient Egypt. The crude combination which served the great queen so well was the inspiration for our modern Palmolive.

### Bedtime is Best

Your daily cleansing is best done

at night, so your complexion may be revived and refreshed during sleep. The remains of rouge and powder, the accumulations of dirt and natural skin oil, the traces of cold cream should always be removed.

So, just before retiring, wash your face in the smooth, mild Palmolive lather. Massage it gently into the skin. Rinse thoroughly and dry with a soft towel.

In the morning refresh yourself with a dash of cold water and then let your mirror tell the story. Charming freshness and natural roses will smile back at you.

### Once Costly Luxuries

When Cleopatra kept her loveliness fresh and radiant by using Palm and Olive oils, they were expensive. Today these rare and costly oils are offered in a perfected blend at modest cost. Palmolive factories work day and night. Palm and olive oils are imported from overseas in vast quantities.

The result is soap for which users would willingly pay 25c, but which costs only 10c, the price of ordinary soap.

The firm, fragrant, green cake, the natural color of the oils, is for sale the world over.

Volume  
and  
efficiency  
produce  
25c quality  
for

10c



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wouldn't let Liane or Peter tell me a word about what he was doing for you; only today I wormed the story out of him, after he had brought me the good news."

"Good news?"

"About your recovery. And when I think of how he took care of you all those months, after that terrible motor accident, all the while you were out of your head and the doctors held out no hope you would ever be yourself again—when I think of the way he fought to save your mind—and won!—well!" Folly submitted in a voice of awe: "There aren't any two ways of looking at it, Morphy's a sportsman if there ever was one."

"He is," Lanyard conceded, "unique."

The young woman sat up with an indignant jerk. "Is there a double meaning to that?" she demanded. "Because if there is—I ought to warn you—you'll end by making me dislike you against my will. Oh! I know Morphy has his shortcomings; but so have we all. And I can't believe you so ungrateful . . ."

"But I would be the last man to deny that I owe Morpheu a great deal, indeed," Lanyard was able to state with entire sincerity. "And some day—it is my dearest hope some day to be able to repay him as he deserves."

"That's all right, then," Mollified, Folly relaxed. "I'm terribly glad."

"Is it fair to ask why?"

"Because I want you to like him . . . for my sake, you know."

"Afraid I don't . . ."

"He hasn't told you?"

"I begin to be afraid to ask more questions."

A small gurgle of vanity bubbled out of the shadows. Then Folly thrust a hand out into the golden flood that fell through the windows beyond the settee. Upon her third finger a great cabochon emerald shone with soft, unwinking fire.

"It's the finest stone of its kind on this side of the Atlantic," its wearer declared, "outside of my collection. That is, it was outside till Morphy gave it to me."

"You mean—you can't mean you're going to be married!"

"I don't see what else it can mean—do you?—when we're engaged."

"But are you really in love?"

"Now, really, Mr. Lanyard! do you think it's polite to be so bowled over by the very idea that Morphy could have fallen in love with simple little me?"

"But you?"

"Well . . ." The suppliant accents of a child caught misbehaving confessed: "You know I've always been crazy about emeralds."

Lanyard let a little space of silence be eloquent for him. When he spoke again it was in another tone, rather brusque.

"But why did you do that?"

"Oh, I don't know!" Folly sighed in plaintive resentment of such bullying. "He kept asking me, and I didn't know what else to do . . . You weren't there, and I was lonely, and it was raining . . ."

## CHAPTER XXII

WITH the portentous sweep of a sorcerer's wand one wing of the screen doors near-by swung wide to deliver to Lanyard's stunned recognition the last person in the world he had cared to see just then, a presence of florid allurements en

*grande toilette*: He rose in resignation, telling himself he might have been better prepared, would have been had Folly's most recent confidence broken upon his understanding with force less scandalizing—that the interruption was timely, since beyond doubt it saved him from speaking his mind too plainly on the theme of Morpheu as a husband-meet for Folly.

The woman at the doorway waited a moment for her vision to accommodate itself to the change of light, then marked him where he stood by the settee and bore down with a carriage whose measured grace matched the play of the fantastic fan of plumes she managed, her fine body sinuously undulant within its scanty sheath of lace and satin.

"It is you at last, my friend! One fancied it must be you, as one heard . . . But how long since last we met!"

"Too long," Lanyard gallantly insisted, performing a punctilious bow over a hand whose fingers tightened upon his with a significance unsentimental, a brief sharp squeeze that carried a clear message to his discretion: Folly, he was to understand, knew nothing, and Liane for reasons personal and sufficient held it wise she should continue to know nothing, of that ill fated flight of theirs to the Bahamas.

By way of supplement the throaty voice pursued with heavier stress on the note of professional blandishment: "It is true, then, you have missed me?"

"Ah," Lanyard gave back agreeably to her humor, "if you only knew!"

"Hark to that grand *blagueur*!" Liane grumbled to Folly



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the incidental knowledge that her charms were day by day more swiftly fading, that their potency once so magical was now nearly spent, and that the increase of her years had brought and would bring no compensating repose, neither the peace that crowns a life well lived nor any surcease from repining.

He saw Folly McFee, a trifling moth, vain, empty-headed, pretty-to-death, avid of admiration to dull the irk of discontent with life for all it had denied her of her heart's desire, for the shabby indemnity it offered her in the shape of Morphew as her promised husband.

He saw Morphew, gross in person, gross in appetites, seeking in vain to slake his lust for power, that men might look up to him, by fostering those puerile and unprofitable criminal intrigues of his incubation, and at the same time laid so low by love of a doll's face and a pretty body he could not dissemble his fatuous doting or the jealousy that made him sick to his core every time the amorous little baggage of his fancy chose to make eyes at another.

Finally, Lanyard saw himself, to whom pride had once been as breath of life, broken and degraded to a shameful sort of peonage, constrained to take his orders from a Morphew and faithfully perform the tasks set for him, lest enemy and patron in one withdraw his favor and leave him without defense against the wrath of a society which his mere existence affronted beyond pardon.

Satyr and sycophant, coquette, demi-monde and criminal: a shady crew . . .

And against that ring of worn and raddled faces present in actual being to his sight, hall-marked every one by self-seeking, he had ever before him a face infinitely more real and true, his vision of his lost love, beyond all telling fair and kind, never more near to him than now, nor ever more inaccessibly remote.

And these with whom he sat and dined, with whom he laughed and leered and bandied ribald personalities, were they whose egoism had cost him Eve . . .

Dull rage smoldered in his bosom, he knew he was ripe for murder—and went on feeding and guzzling with them, winking and nudging and giggling with the best of them, put in his proper place by life at last, relegated to his rowdy sphere, to escape from which he had been insane ever to aspire . . .

Oh, he knew it now! Doubts no more vexed his mind. He was where he belonged, where his own acts had brought him, in the vicious circle of his peers, welcomed and accepted in virtue of the proof he had provided, though unconsciously and without intention, that he was one of them—"guilty as charged."

So be it—he was tired of fighting against the fate inherent in his failings, he would fight no more. The destiny of his own architecture must henceforth have its way with him . . .

Quaint concession to the conventions of another world dictated at length the withdrawal of the women, leaving the men to the walnuts and wine of tradition. Lanyard got up with the others, bowed Folly and Liane out of the room, and returning drew his chair up to the end of the table where Morphew presided.

The curious good nature of the Sultan of Loot held up in spite of his bereavement, the temporary defection of the apple

of his eye; he felt free to declare the little party an unblemished success; and though he adhered strictly to his plain water régime, he didn't hesitate to hector the servants, who didn't need his hectoring, into producing from Folly's cellar for the delectation of Lanyard and Pagan the rarest of *grandes champagnes*.

"That's the stuff to go to the right spot," he asserted, with a glitter of envy in his moist eyes of an ex-tank. "Drink hearty, it won't hurt you any, and there's lashin's more where it came from—though you won't find half a dozen bottles between Maine and California, outside the stock I control."

"Monsieur is a rare judge, for one who never drinks."

"That isn't saying I never did." Vanity grew warm with reminiscence. "I



up against anything bigger than this."

Did the ulterior thought reecho faintly in that assertion? With a finesse of which no man was more truly master, Lanyard continued to seem astray in bypaths of diverting retrospection while in reality concentrating keenly critical scrutiny upon Morphew's countenance.

Such pure malevolence as glimpsed in those lightless eyes in spite of every artifice of hooded lids and webbing wrinkles was hardly to be taken as the work of a thwarted will to dominate or of mortified egotism merely, but must have been the distillation of an even stronger passion, fear or . . .

"That haul you made of Folly's emeralds that night you were pie-eyed was a wonder, or would have been if you hadn't lost your nerve; and some of the tricks you've turned since have been pippins; but tonight's going to make history."

*A surprise is in store for you when you accompany the Lone Wolf on his last adventure, in September COSMOPOLITAN*

## Derrick's Return

(Continued from page 71)

And only the individual who commits them can possibly know. That individual doesn't even have to know. It is what he thinks that counts; not what he pretends to think, not what he swears in open court that he did think, but what, without self-deception, he actually did and does think.

And Derrick learned that if during his brief absence from them any of those earth-persons whom he loved so dearly had sinned, committed some act or other which they knew for themselves to be sinful, there would be an opaque veil which neither his eyes nor theirs could pierce, nor the words of their mouths.

But he was not greatly worried.

As men count time he had been absent from the earth and from his loved ones only for a very short time. They would still be in the depths of mourning for him. And even if they were evilly disposed persons, which they were not, they would hardly have had time to think of anything but their grief and their loss.

### IV

AS HE left the Place of the wonderful lights and shades and colors and perfumes, he realized that he could not have been perfectly happy in it. He could not have been perfectly happy, because he now perceived that by the mere act of leaving it behind he had become still happier, and that perfect happiness could only be his when he reached "home" and beheld his loved ones.

When he had been taken from his home to the hospital the buds on the pear trees had been on the point of bursting. The pear trees would be in full bloom now. When he had been taken away the shutters of the house had been taken from their hinges, painted a pleasant apple green and stood in the old carriage house to dry. They would be back on their hinges now, vying in smartness with the two new coats of white paint which the painters had been



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spreading over the low rambling house itself. How sweet the house would look among the fresh young greens of spring! Perhaps the peewees who came every year had already begun to build in the veranda eaves.

The little river which tumbled over the old mill dam and for a mile flowed tranquilly on with little slipping rushes through his farm, would be very full of water now. It would be roaring and foaming among the rocks at the foot of the dam. The elms which shaded the bridge and the ford beside it would be at their best, before the leaves became worm-eaten and cobwebby. Perhaps one of the cats would be in the ford to its hubs getting washed, with one of the children sitting in the front seat. The dark blue roadster with the special body looked especially gay and sporty in the ford under the shadow of the elms.

He had no more than time to think these things before he had come to the end of his journey.

Home had never looked so sweet or inviting. The garden was bounded on the south by a little brook; and beyond this was a little hill planted with kalmia and many species of native ferns.

It was on the top of this hill that he lighted, and here he paused for a while and filled his eyes with the humble beauty of the home which his earth-mind had conceived and achieved.

Beyond the garden carpeted with jonquils and narcissuses between and above graceful pyramids of pear blossoms, the house, low and rambling, with many chimneys, gleamed in the sunlight. It was a heavenly day.

From the hill he could see not only the house, but to the left the garage and beyond that the stable. It was about eleven o'clock in the morning, and it seemed queer to him that at that hour and at that season there should be no sign of life anywhere. Surely the gardener and his assistant ought to be at work. He turned a puzzled and indignant glance back upon the garden, and he observed a curious phenomenon.

A strip of soil in the upper left hand corner of the garden was being turned and broken by a spade. Near-by a fork was taking manure from a wheelbarrow and spreading it over the roots of a handsome crabapple.

Both the spade and the fork appeared to be performing these meritorious acts without the aid of any human agency.

And Derrick knew at once that McIntyre, the gardener, and Chubb, his assistant, must, since his departure, have sinned in their own eyes, so that they could now no longer show themselves to him, or he to them.

He started anxiously toward the house, but a familiar sound arrested him.

The blue roadster, hitting on all its cylinders, came slowly out of the garage and descended the hill and crossed the bridge and honked its horn for the mill corner and sped off along the county road toward Stamford *all by itself*.

There was nobody in the roadster. He could swear to that.

And this meant, of course, that Britton, the chauffeur, had done something which he knew that he ought not to have done, and was forever separated from those who had gone beyond.

When Derrick reached the house he was in an exceedingly anxious state of mind. He stepped into the entrance hall and listened. And heard no sound. He passed rapidly through the master's rooms downstairs and upstairs. In the sewing room a thread and needle was mending the heel of a silk stocking, but there did not seem to be anybody in the room.

He looked from the window and saw two fishing poles and a tin pail moving eagerly toward the river. The boys, perhaps. Oh, what *could* they have done to separate themselves from him? The window was open and he called and shouted, but the fishing poles and the tin pail kept on going.

He went downstairs, through the dining room and into the pantry.

His heart stood still.

On tiptoe on the seat of a chair stood his little girl, Ethel. Her hair shone like spun gold. She looked like an angel. And his heart swelled with an exquisite bliss; but before he could speak to her and make himself known, she had reached down something from the next to the top shelf and put it in her mouth.

At that instant she vanished.

He lingered for a while about the house and gardens, but it was no use. He knew that. They had all sinned in some way or other, and therefore he was indeed dead to them, and they to him.

Back of the stables were woods. From these woods there came a sudden sound of barking. The sound was familiar to Derrick, and thrilled him.

"If I can hear Scoop," he thought, "Scoop can hear me."

He whistled long and shrill.

Not long after a little black dog came running, his stomach to the ground, his floppy silk ears flying. With a sob Derrick knelt and took the little dog in his arms.

"Oh Mumsey!" called Ethel. "Do come and look at Scoopie. He's doing all his tricks by himself, just as if somebody was telling him to do them."

The two looked from a window, and saw the little dog sit up and play dead and roll over—all very joyously—and jump as if through circled arms. Then they saw his tail droop and his head droop and his left hind leg begin to scratch furiously at his ribs. He always *had* to do that when anyone scratched his back in a particular place.

When Derrick returned to the Place of the wonderful lights and shadows he was very unhappy and he knew that he must always be unhappy.

"Instead of coming to this Place," he said to himself, "knowing what I know now, I might just as well have gone to Hell."

A voice, sardonic and on the verge of laughter, answered him.

"That's just what you did."

Gouverneur Morris has a gem in September COSMOPOLITAN—one of those stories that, if you were a writer, you would wish you had written yourself

## The Value of a Good Name

(Continued from page 44)

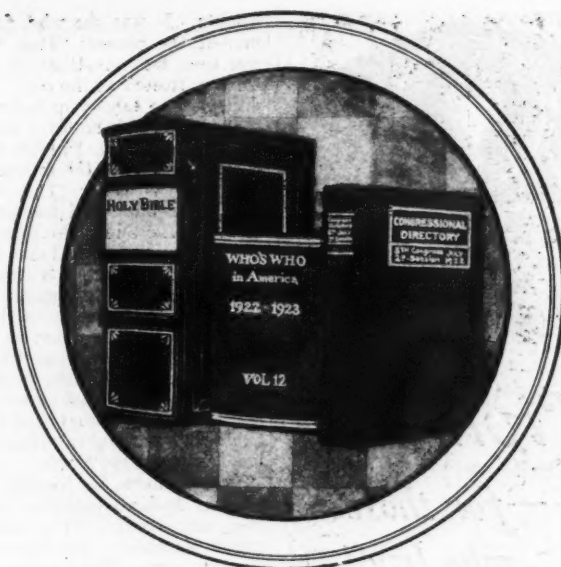
just settling themselves in the jury box, he walked with her across Part II, striving as he advanced into full view to master his emotions; and with her he took a seat at the counsel table of the defense inside the bar. He was a picture to hold their attention. He was in all possible respects the popular conception of a noble Southern gentleman, a poor man plainly—his spotless but threadbare garments proved that—yet beyond question a gentleman; and more than that, to judge by his costume and bearing, an old soldier.

He wore a coat of semi-military cut and in color of the soft bluish Confederate gray; in the buttonhole of its left lapel was the little button of the U. C. V. His clear, ruddy skin, his bristling white eyebrows, his long white hair that was like so much carded silk floss, his slender, erect frame, his martial deportment, his patched but carefully polished slender black boots, his pleated shirt of fragile white linen, his black string cravat, negligently tied—all these, in the minds of this assemblage, marked him unmistakably for an admirable specimen of a fast disappearing type. In the very garments he stood in, he might have been drafted to play the proud but poverty-stricken owner of the regulation run-down plantation in the regulation post-bellum play of the period. The orthodox white goatee alone was missing. Otherwise there was no touch lacking.

Through the forenoon session, while young Hurley was outlining what he hoped to establish by his proof, the old man sat with the daughter, his arm drawn about her bent shoulders protectingly. He seemed not to note how, from every quarter, necks were being craned, and how an excited buzz of whispering voices and a rustle of scrooping bodies filled that place with a sort of ground-wave of suppressed sounds. Silently to comfort her seemed his main concern. Yet all the while one watching could feel the emanation from him of a muted plea for compassion on them both. One almost could see the psychic waves stretching away from this pair to touch the sensibilities of all there present. Also, one might mark how intently the members of the jury and more particularly the older members and most particularly the grizzled foreman, looked upon him. But apparently he was conscious of none of it.

To any old soldier, thus terribly placed, any American crowd with kindness would incline. But this old soldier, though an American, had fought on the other side—for a lost cause. It was as though he held a special claim upon the friendliness of these alien Northerners; as though his air of rural simplicity appealed to their civilized instincts; as though, above all, he invoked the chivalry of former enemies who in bygone times might conceivably have been arrayed against him on some hard fought field.

Smart little Lily Simmons, best sob sister of the Star staff, was quick to catch this feeling that swelled on the stuffy air of the court room, and was almost as quick to translate it into copy. In her story that day Lily rose to descriptive



## The Trouble with the Fifth Chapter of Genesis

THE DIFFERENCE between an autobiography and a biography is the difference between the living and the dead. Compare for a moment the obituaries in "Who's Who" or the Congressional Directory with those in the Bible. There is hardly as much in the whole Fifth Chapter of Genesis as there is in one lively sketch in either of the other two publications.

Enos lived 905 years "and he died." Canaan lived 910 years "and he died." Jared lived 962 years "and he died." Methuselah lived 969 years "and he died." And so on down the list. Stenographers were not on hand in those good old days. It was difficult to use a hammer and chisel. "He died," "She died," "They died," sufficed, and became the simple funeral dirge down through the ages.

What you do should get you your real inscription on the tombstone. Deeds alone should count. Up in Quebec there stands a shaft on the Plains of Abraham. Across its base is simply "Here died Wolfe, Victorious." A million pages of history could not tell as much. Miles away in Philadelphia, stamped into a common, broken brownstone

slab are but two words, "Benjamin Franklin." Amid the ruins of Rome they have found another piece of marble above an ancient grave with this upon it "Marcellus—after him, no man." The subject of death is cold blooded but we all must die. None survives. Cities of the dead outnumber the cities of the living. What shall be above the graves in which we lie? Go through any cemetery and see the number of monuments with "a thoughtful and loving husband" thereon. Go through the same towns and hear the neighbors say "Poor Mrs. Jones—Mr. Jones left her nothing." Earn the inscription on your tombstone. Don't let your dear ones say "Oh, if every wife knew what every widow knows, every husband would be insured."

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heights. It was she who, for the father, minted the phrase: "That 'all old pine tree from Down-in-Dixie, so sound at the core, so frosted at the top." It made no difference to Lily or to her readers either that pine trees do not frost readily, at their tops or elsewhere. The line was good and it stood. And for the prisoner she coined one just as good: "This crushed and blemished but still fragrant jessamine bloom of the Sunny Southland."

At noon recess the old man broke silence. Outside the chamber a swarm of male reporters and women special writers and staff photographers awaited him as he came forth, and to them he spoke freely enough, although he wept while he spoke. He refused to tell them in what state he lived or what his real name was. It was not Fey, though; that was the name his only child had taken when she left her home to come up North.

His neighbors, his friends, his old companions had no suspicion that the Ina Fey now accused of a killing was his truant daughter. Nor had he had such thought, either. For years he and his wife had not heard from their runaway. But all along they had felt so sure that some day she would come back to comfort their declining years. Why, her room had been kept for her just as she'd left it; her place always was at the table.

Then, two days before in a paper he had seen a picture of a girl called Ina Fey who, so the paper said, was on trial in this Great City for killing a man. And that picture was the picture of his daughter. At first he could not force himself to believe the dreadful thing. The mother, even now, did not know. She was in failing health—indeed, was gravely ill. The shock might kill her. On pretext of an urgent business he had come hurrying to New York to be at his daughter's side.

Yet there was no assurance that he could stay on with her until she had been vindicated and let go to return with him to their little home. Any hour now a telegram might come calling him back to the invalid's bedside; this would mean that for the mother the end was near. And they had lived together, man and wife, for nearly forty years.

In a choking voice he begged them, these young ladies and young gentlemen of the press, to deal as gently as they could with his poor erring child—for her own sake, for his, most of all for her mother's sake. Here he broke down entirely. With young Hurley escorting him, he went away from them, his shoulders bowed, his form shaken.

Newspaper folk are esteemed to belong to a calloused breed, but these interviewers were deeply moved. Accordingly they spread themselves, adjectively speaking, in the versions they wrote of the old man's statement. All but Yeaman; he wasn't visibly moved. Yeaman, who was a sketch artist for one of the afternoon papers, wore a somewhat skeptical grin upon his face as he quit the group to hurry away and finish his group picture of father and child. Yeaman happened to be a Tennessean.

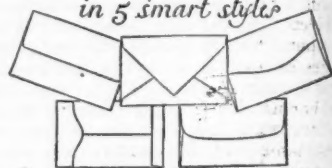
"Funny," he was saying under his breath, "mighty funny. First old-timer from down my way that ever I heard say sah for suh, or use you-all in the singular. Darned funny, I'd say!"

But he said this only to himself. Yeaman

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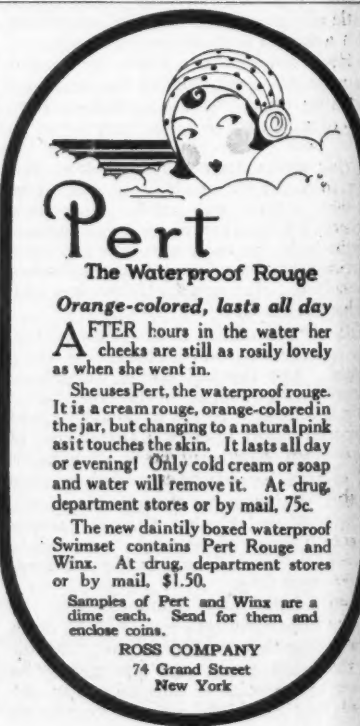
AFTER hours in the water her cheeks are still as rosily lovely as when she went in.

She uses Pert, the waterproof rouge. It is a cream rouge, orange-colored in the jar, but changing to a natural pink as it touches the skin. It lasts all day or evening! Only cold cream or soap and water will remove it. At drug, department stores or by mail, 75c.

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Samples of Pert and Winx are a dime each. Send for them and enclose coins.

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was an artist, not a reporter. His business was not to cast doubt upon good copy; it was his business to illustrate it. Anyway, he was in a minority of one. The rest of them dwelt heavily upon the typical Southern accent of that poor, distressed, courageous old man.

Three days the devoted father stayed on, and all the while he stayed the story, as the trade term has it, stood right up. Each morning, entering the presence of the court, he made a gallant bow to the bench; each evening, leaving, he bowed again, in ceremonious farewell; a touch of unworldly old-fashioned courtliness out of which Lily Simmons distilled a whole column of rhapsody and pathos.

With the great salt drops running down his cheeks, with voiceless agony writ deep upon him, he listened while Ina Fey upon the witness stand was giving her testimony. "Accused Girl, on Rack, Tells All, Baring Tormented Soul as Old Warrior Parent Looks on and Weeps"—this was the seven-column double-deck streamer that the Star ran in its final. When District Attorney Sikes next morning at cross-examination went at her so savagely, the father turned toward Hurley as though dumbly begging him to interpose and save her from this merciless punishment. His look, his pose, bred up sentiment. One literally could feel it growing in the room. The State might be making out a case. But this old man, without speaking a word, was making sympathy, was making courthouse history.

On the fourth day, which was the day set for the summing up by counsel and for His Honor's charge to the jurors, he was gone. His empty chair alongside the defendant, where she sat in a small huddled heap of fear and misery, spoke with eloquence, though. The crowd that packed the chamber—the room had been jammed to the wainscotings for all sessions this week—stared at that vacant place, that gap in the small weak ranks of the defense, with a sort of fascinated pity. He was gone, but the image of him remained. Nor did Hurley in his argument fail to dwell upon his absence and the reasons for it.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he cried, "now into your keeping I entrust the destinies, the fate, the future and the life of this poor, sorrowful, repentant child. I bid you now take with you to yonder chamber, where soon you must render your judgment, the solemn vision of this scene. I ask you to balance on the one hand a relentless prosecution backed by all the power and strength of the district attorney's office of New York County and headed by the county's chief inquisitor in person, and on the other hand my own inexperience, my lack of mental equipment with which to combat my learned and resourceful adversary, and in your souls to say whether or not my client should be let go free to sin no more.

"I bid you carry with you there the remembrance of this poor creature and of her father—that splendid old hero of Southern climes—here no longer to comfort his afflicted and imperiled child. And why is he here no longer? Because, gentlemen, torn as he is between two great loves, he has been summoned back to the bed of his aged wife, that faithful helpmate of nearly half a century, that devoted

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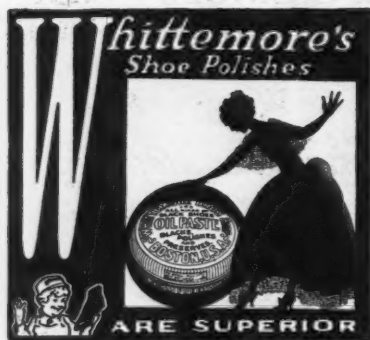
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companion of his youth and of his age, whose sands of life now run out, whose earthly span well-nigh is ended, whose mortal existence hangs but by a fraying thread. To comfort her who is most dear to him, he must in this critical hour abandon the other equally beloved one. I see him sitting now, kneeling in that humble sick room in a far-away Southern cottage, holding in his hand a feebler, more wasted hand, fingering for a pulse which flags beneath his tender clasp, and waiting—waiting—waiting for your verdict.

"Remember, gentlemen, that not one life but two lives are in your keeping to do with as you will—a mother's and her child's. Remember your own daughters; your own happy homes. Remember that word, spoken nearly two thousand years ago of another re-born and redeemed Magdalene: 'He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her.' Gentlemen of the jury, I am done. On your oaths be it!"

There was scarcely a dry eye in the court room. Sheridan, writing the running story for the Star, said so in the stuff which he was sending, four or five scrawled pages in a batch, by relays of messenger boys down to the office. Sheridan was crying then—a begrudged little bit—and Sheridan had done no crying for a good long time. But Crisp, himself receiving and editing the draft, did not cry as he read copy on the concluding periods of Hurley's speech. To himself he chuckled gently in private appreciation of private thoughts, and, still chuckling, he sped the sheets upstairs to the composing room and framed a new across-the-top screeline and a new caption, four columns wide and nearly half the page deep.

Two hours after his usual quitting time, Crisp stayed on in the shop. Seemingly there was no reason why he should stay. The last regular edition, which was the sporting edition carrying final racetrack and baseball results, already was gone. There would be a special, of course, on the first authoritative flash from Criminal Courts, but the crew held over for this job amply was competent to get the extra out. Still he stayed, with his feet cocked on his desk and his cigar giving off smoke like a busy factory stack and his eyes resting lazily on the clumpings of office buildings hedged together in a wedged-in vista under him, above him and about him.

Through the open window, from far below ascended to his ears the diminishing voice of downtown, shrunk now with the oncoming of the summer evening from its week day roarings and shriekings to a more subdued grumbling. With the abatement of rush hour he could hear separate notes which through the day had been blended in as parts of the deeper tumults that rolled like a succession of noisy bites on the tip of Manhattan's rocky tongue—the clang of an ambulance gong, the banshee yowls of the siren whistle on a fire engine answering an alarm, the impatient yelp of a horn where some automobile was fretted by the traffic at the mouth of the Bridge.

A quarter of seven arrived, and with it a reward for his waiting. His desk telephone was ringing, and Hurley was at the other end of the line, speaking in that undertone which one mechanically uses when

committing confidences to the wire, even though the sender be in a sound-proof booth appertaining to a private exchange.

"Chief," he said, speaking bulletins, "I finally succeeded—a minute ago—in finding how the jury stands. Third ballot just taken. Ten for acquittal, according to my tip—and it's straight—and two standing out for conviction for manslaughter. The foreman is leading the fight for us. Jurors have sent out for their suppers. Take another ballot in about twenty minutes. Looks like a disagreement, I'm afraid."

Crisp did not waste time asking Hurley how or where he had tapped for his information. There were ways and ways. Both of them knew that supposedly non-leakable jury rooms nearly always could be broached. So Crisp asked a very different question:

"Where are you now?"

"Reporters' room at the Criminal Courts—using the Star's phone."

"And where is the jury?"

"Third floor."

"I mean on which side of the building?"

"Oh! Franklin Street side, one floor above me."

"All right, stand by, then, son, for the next development. It'll pop inside of fifteen minutes."

At seven four—Hurley timed it—a quick clamor arose in Lafayette Street, occurring first alongside the Tombs, drawing swiftly nearer and growing louder as the cause for it moved north. There came a newsboy, a newsman, rather—a veritable king among newsboys, running along the sidewalk under the jail wall and with brazen throat crying an extra. Lafayette Street, almost emptied now, was taking on its nighttime quiet. So the staccato volleying of his call rose and rattled in the canyon between many tall locked buildings. The outburst had begun with the inarticulate hootings which in New York inevitably herald the approach of a professional newsboy, proclaiming a special edition. On his approach immediately it resolved itself into distinguishable words.

It rose to the housetops, that clarified announcement. From an upper floor of a building on the opposite side of Lafayette Street fronting the Tombs it brought down a belated sweatshop bookkeeper with pennies in his hand. But, strangely, the leather-lunged crier seemed more intent on advertising his wares than on selling them. He disregarded the prospective buyer's hail from behind him.

He had turned now into Franklin Street and was traversing the pavement edging the Criminal Courts Building; was trotting more slowly now but whooping his tidings in a louder voice than ever. For volume it was a glorious voice. Two blocks away you could hear it, even though at such distance you might not be able to make out the meanings of its possessor. It permeated into every open window in the neighborhood.

Certain windows in the Criminal Courts Building still were open—notably the windows of the reporters' room where Hurley stood and listened and the side windows in the jury room above his head. This was what Hurley very plainly heard; this what the twelve men on the next floor up must likewise hear:

"Wup! Wup! Wuxtry. Oh-h-h, big wuxtry just out! Ina Fey's ole mudder



dyin'! All abou' igid mudder dyin' w'ile jury ballits on daughter's fate! Wuxtry, wuxtry, wuxtre-e-e! Ina Fey's ole mudder dyin'!"

The leather-lunged one turned the far corner of the courthouse, heading northward again. At once then he relapsed into silence. But after he was gone and had hushed, the magnificent echo of his shoutings seemed to linger on along the track where he had been.

At seven ten the jurors were taking their fourth and final vote. At seven fifteen they were sending word to His Honor that an agreement had been reached. At seven twenty-four along Park Row honest extras were bouncing forth in a white shower, like hot corn a-popping. At eight o'clock two triumphant plotters were having a bite together at Rickey's little chop house beneath the Bridge approach. That is, Crisp was having a bite. Hurley, just arrived, was too excited yet to eat. He was dead tired, beat out, his nerves frazzled. Presently the reaction would come and he would wilt down flabbily. But for the time being exuberance buoyed him up. I pick up the dialogue between them at a point shortly succeeding the coming of the younger man.

"Chief," he cries happily, "you're the ninth wonder of the world! Your turning that newsboy loose with his faked-up yelling right under the jury room windows was the crowning move."

"Wrong in a new place, son," says Crisp. "Still, I guess you're to be excused for losing your sense of proportion at present. Sending Megaphone Moe along Franklin Street—by the way, I must introduce you some day to Moe Pincus, champion howling dervish of City Hall Park; he's an old and a trusted friend of mine—anyhow, sending Moe up there merely was the final move. It was the culmination, but it wasn't the crowning act. The master stroke was the introduction of our vanished hero, the silver-crested waterspout of the late war. When you get time to find out all that passed in the jury room, see if I'm not right. See if it wasn't old Riparian Rights that really took the winning trick for you—him with his automatic sob valves and those educated tear ducts of his, opening and closing on signal. What a gorgeous old fraud he was! But what a grand performer!"

"Chief," says Hurley, "as you know, I've studiously refrained from asking too many questions this week on the theory that what I didn't know wouldn't cause me any secret remorse. But now that it's all over I'm going to gratify part of my curiosity anyway. How and where on earth did you find him?"

"Easy enough. Gus Fructor, the theatrical manager uptown here, is an old pal of mine. He's under obligations to me, or thinks he is. He found him for us—dug him up out of a home for retired and indigent actors over in New Jersey somewhere. He was a quick study—I gave him four drinks of raw whisky and fifteen minutes of intensive instruction at my flat last Sunday night, and he was perfect—ready right then to go on for his part. Only cost us fifty dollars too, and him glad to get it. By the way, don't forget you owe me that fifty and ten more on top of it for Megaphone Moe."

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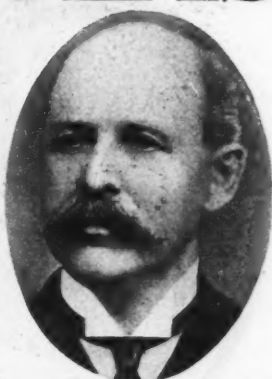
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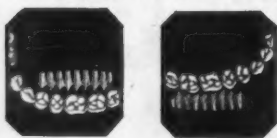
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"Say, Hurley, there ought to be a job somewhere for a clever old beggar who can weep great gobs of tears to order the way he does. Well, if those cheap nickel-and-dime moving picture shows that are springing up so thickly now ever develop into a real industry I guess there'll be a demand for him—that is, if the venerable rascal happens to be still alive."

"I'm not through asking questions yet, Chief," Hurley goes on. "I'll try to express my personal gratitude later when I've calmed down a bit. This trial has just about made me; I owe a big debt to you. The next thing I want to know is the reason that inspired you to turn in and engineer the stage plays that won this case for me. Remembering that long ago I worked for you as a cub, I'm hoping maybe it was for old times' sakes."

"Old times be hanged!" answers Crisp. "To me old times are in the same class with old eggs. I want my eggs fresh—and my times too. With me every day is a new beginning, just as it is with the Star. Guess again!"

"Then it must have been that, regardless of what you said to me last Thursday, you've all along believed down in your heart in the girl's innocence."

"I have not! I think she's guilty—since you want to know."

"Then why—then how could you—"

"Listen, son. In my time, I've helped to convict many a killer. Then why not help one to go free, if it's a favor to somebody? What's a loose murderer, more or less, among friends? Anyhow, by all accounts the late Foley belonged to the Better Dead Club in the first place—bumping him off probably was a good job. Here's the real reason—I sort of like this Ina Fey! As a matter of fact I'm really quite fond of her."

"Why, I didn't know you even knew her!"

"I don't, except from reading about her. I never saw her in my life. Never expect to see her, either, for that matter. Mine is strictly a long distance affection. Probably you won't understand—you never did have the real makings of a newspaper man in you—but I'm going to tell you why I like her. She's the first lady murderer we've had around here for years that had a good name."

"A good name?" Hurley echoes it blankly.

"Sure! Now you take that Greek woman that killed off her husband in the spring—Constantia. Something-or-other-opulos. What sort of a name is that to try to fit into a single column top deck? And then the other one that was tried last year—Mrs. Clarissa Vanderpool. Almost as bad! But take Ina Fey. Only six letters—In-a F-e-y—just made to order. Why, son, in all this world there never was a more ideal name for headlining purposes. Ideal?—thunder, it's perfect!"

And Hurley, staring at him, sees that Old Ben Alibi, in all seriousness, means what he just has said.

Irvin S. Cobb, writer and practical psychologist, relates one of his most human stories in September COSMOPOLITAN, on sale August tenth



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## Never The Twain Shall Meet

(Continued from page 56)

beneath a pile of silvery hair, she did indeed offer a splendid comparison with the popular conception of Columbia.

"Pardon me, Mr. Pritchard," said Mrs. Pippy frigidly, "did I understand you to say that Miss Larrieau comes from eastern Polynesia?"

"Yes, indeed, Mrs. Pippy. She arrived from there today."

"For a moment I was inclined to think you had been misinformed and that the young lady hails from the region known as 'south of Market Street.'"

"That one went over Tamea's head," Dan thought. "It was meant for me. Well, it landed."

He smiled upon his housekeeper.

"We will, if you please, Mrs. Pippy, call that round a draw. Miss Larrieau is my ward. I acquired her about two hours ago and it is my firm intention to do as well by her as possible. To that end I crave your indulgence and hearty cooperation, Mrs. Pippy."

The housekeeper thawed perceptibly. "I shall be most happy to aid you in making Miss Larrieau as comfortable and happy as possible."

"That's perfectly splendid of you, Mrs. Pippy. Tamea, my dear, will you step into the living room and play your accordion, or do something to amuse yourself, while Mrs. Pippy and I hold a conference?"

"You will not go away—far?" Tamea pleaded.

"This is my house, Tamea, and it is your home for the present at least. You are very welcome. Whenever your dear father came to San Francisco it was his pleasure to visit me here, to dine with me and sit up half the night talking with me. He always felt that this was his San Francisco home, and you must feel likewise."

"Very well," Tamea replied and entered the room. A wood fire was crackling in the large fireplace, and Tamea sat down on her heels before this fire and held her hands out to the cheerful flames.

"This is a cold country," she complained. "Cold winds and cold hearts."

Dan rejoined Mrs. Pippy and drew her into the dining room, where, in brief sentences, he explained Tamea and his hopes and desires concerning her. Mrs. Pippy gave a respectful ear to his recital, that was all.

"I have a feeling, Mr. Pritchard, that you are going to have your hands full with that young woman," she declared. "I have always heard that half-castes of any kind partake of the worst characteristics of both parents. Eurasians are—well, scarcely desirable."

"Tamea is not a Eurasian. She is a pure bred Caucasian, but in many respects she is a child of nature. It is evident that her father saw to it that she received all the educational advantages possible in her little world, but I must impress upon you, Mrs. Pippy, that when dealing with her you are not dealing with a modern girl. Her outlook on life, her thoughts, impulses—and, I dare say, her moral viewpoint—antedate the Christian era."

"Is she a—Christian, Mr. Pritchard?"

"I think not. Her father was not."



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She and her husband were motoring cross-country. They landed in a town one evening after a hard, dusty, all-day drive.

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She was a fastidious person. The room without bath was almost a tragedy. She simply *had* to freshen up before dinner:

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Name.....  
Address.....

Neither was he an atheist. He was a pagan. I wouldn't be at all surprised if Tamea's religious beliefs, if she has any, are idolatrous."

"Horrible!"

Dan smiled. "I dare say Tamea is quite as happy as any Christian, Mrs. Pippy."

"I do hope she's clean, Mr. Pritchard."

"Well, her people usually are. However, you might explain to her the mysteries of a modern bathtub. Do you think you and Julia can manage to dress her for dinner—after a fashion?"

Mrs. Pippy expressed the hope that the experiment might prove successful and suggested that Julia be interviewed.

Julia, a romantic, rosy cheeked, imaginative but extremely plain woman in the early thirties, was overwhelmed with importance to discover that the master of the house had elected to lean upon her, to seek her advice and cooperation when confronted by this most unusual dilemma.

"An' is it lady-in-waitin' to a queen you'd ask me to be, Mister Pritchard? Faith, then, an' I'll defy you to find a body more willin'. Of course we'll take care of her. Why shouldn't we? Sure, 'tis sympathy an' undershandin' she'll need this night. Where's the poor lamb?"

For some reason not quite apparent to him, Dan had a feeling that Julia Hagerty was, beyond a doubt, the most wonderful woman he had ever met. Mrs. Pippy, he thought, had been over-educated and civilized and sheltered to the point where all the humanity had been squeezed out of her, while Julia, child of the soil, had, in the daily battle for bread and butter, been humanized to the point where she and Tamea could meet on something akin to common ground.

At that moment Tamea, having warmed her fingers and stretched herself flat on her back on the thick oriental rug, took up her accordion and commenced improvising a melody that had in it that wailing quality, that funereal suggestion inseparable from the music of a dying race, or an oppressed. As she played Tamea sang, in a sweet little voice that scarcely filled the room, a semi-chant that Dan Pritchard suspected was also an improvisation, with words and music dedicated to the one who was still drifting outward with the tide. Mrs. Pippy's ultra-superior countenance commenced to soften and Julia stood listening open-mouthed.

"The poor darlin'," murmured Julia.

Suddenly Tamea ceased her improvisation, shifted a few octaves and played—"One Sweetly Solemn Thought." In the twilight of the big living room it seemed that an organ was softly playing.

"She's a Christian!" Mrs. Pippy whispered dramatically.

"I hope not," Dan replied. "I think I prefer her pagan innocence."

"But how strange that, with her father not yet cold in his—ah—watery grave, she should elect to sing and play whatever it is she plays."

"Well, if one be tied to tradition and humbug and false standards and cowardice, I suppose Tamea's conduct is strange," Dan admitted. "I think, however, that I can understand it. Certainly I appreciate it. What if the girl was passionately devoted to her father? What if he did commit suicide in her presence two hours ago? They had talked it over beforehand,

sanely, and both had agreed that it was the best and simplest way out. And Gaston wasn't messy about it. To me his passing was as magnificent as that of the doomed Viking of old who put out to sea in his burning galley. Smiling, composed, he stepped blithely over the ship's rail.

"Just one step from life to death, you say? No, not to death, but to another life! We Christians who believe in the resurrection of the dead and the communion of saints are horribly afraid of death, but the pagan has nothing to regret and journeys over the Styx in a spirit of adventure and altruism. Tamea will, from time to time, weep because she will miss her father's comradeship and affection, but never because her father has parted with life, for to her and her people life without joy is worse than death.

"They make no mystery of death; it is not an occasion or a tremendous event save when a monarch passes. No mourning clothes or period to bolster up a pretense of an affection for the deceased stronger than that which actually existed; no tolling of bells, no sonorous ritual. That is the hokum of our civilization. But tradition, mummery and religion are unknown to Tamea. She is simple, sane and philosophical, and whatever you do, Mrs. Pippy, and you, Julia, don't pretend that anything unusual has happened. Do not proffer her sympathy. What she craves is affection and understanding."

"You are already late to dinner, Mr. Pritchard. Sooeey Wan is on the war-path," Mrs. Pippy suggested. She was not in sympathy with Mr. Pritchard's views and desired to change the subject.

"Some day I'm going to do something to Sooeey Wan. I grow weary of his tyranny. Julia, come with me and I'll introduce you to Her Majesty."

Tamea turned her head as they entered the room but did not trouble to rise. Dan noticed that her eyes were bright with unshed tears, that her lips quivered pitifully, that the brave little smile of welcome she summoned for him was very wistful.

"Tamea, this is Julia, who will take good care of you."

The Queen of Riva sat up and looked Julia over. Julia, fully alive to the tremendous drama of the situation, had wreathed her plain features in a smile that was almost a friendly leer; her Irish blue eyes glittered with curiosity and amiability.

"Hello, Tammy, darlin'," she crooned.

"Come here to me, you poor gir'l, till I take care o' you. Glory be to the Heavenly Father, did you ever see the like o' that shmile? An' thim eyes, Mrs. Pippy! An' her hair that long she's sittin' on it! Wirra, will you look at her complexion! Like ripe shtrawberries smothered in cream."

Julia held out her arms. Tamea stared at her for several seconds, then carefully laid aside her accordion and stood up.

"She is a plain woman, but her heart is one of gold," she said to Dan, and went to Julia and was gathered into her arms.

Poor Julia! Like Tamea, she too was an exile, far from a land she loved and the loving of which, with her kind, amounts to a religious duty. Julia was a servant, a plain, uneducated woman, but at birth God had given her the treasure for which Solomon, in his mature years, had prayed. She had an understanding heart, and to it now she pressed the lonely Tamea, the



while she stroked the girl's wondrous, rippling, jet-black tresses.

"Poor darlin'," she crooned. "You poor orphan, you."

"I will kiss you," Tamea declared, and did it. She looked over her shoulder at Dan Pritchard. "And you will give me this woman all for myself?" she queried.

"Yes, my dear," he answered brazenly. "Julia belongs to you. Did she not give herself to you? Why should I withhold my permission? Julia is your slave."

She beamed her gratitude. "Give me, please, one of my father's black pearls—any one you do not want for yourself."

Gravely Dan took from his pocket the envelope Gaston of the Beard had entrusted to him for Tamea, and spread them on his open palm. Tamea selected one that was worth ten thousand dollars if it was worth a penny, and handed it to Julia.

"Observe, Julia," she said, "the warm bright glow in the heart of this pearl. It is like the warm bright glow in the heart of you, my Julia. Take it. Thus I reward those who love me—thus and thus," and she kissed Julia's russet cheeks.

Julia eyed her employer with amazement and wonder. "Glory be, Mither Pritchard," she gasped, "what'll I do with it?"

"Put it away in a safe deposit box, Julia," he suggested. "It is worth a small fortune. And remember what I told you. Nothing that may happen must be unusual. Understand. Now take Tamea upstairs and dress her while I call on Sooeey Wan and set dinner back half an hour."

## CHAPTER VI

WITH a shower bath, a change of linen and the donning of dinner clothes, Dan always felt a freshening of the spirit—rather as if the grime of commercialism had been washed away. Whether he dined alone or with guests he always dressed for dinner.

Sooeey Wan, who added to his duties as cook those of general superintendent of Dan's establishment, in defiance of the authority vested in Mrs. Pippy, and who was, on occasion, valet, counselor and friend, came up to his room with another cocktail just as Dan finished dressing. Also, he brought a cocktail for himself, and, while waiting for Dan to adjust his tie, the old Chinaman helped himself to one of Dan's gold-tipped cigarettes.

Ordinarily, Sooeey Wan permitted himself few liberties with his boss, but upon occasions when his acute intuition told him that the boss was low in spirits, Sooeey Wan always forgot that Dan was his boss. Then Dan became merely Sooeey Wan's boy, the adored male baby of the first white man for whom Sooeey Wan had ever worked. The years fell away and Dan was just a ten year old, and he and Sooeey Wan were making red dragon kites in the kitchen and planning to fly them the following Saturday from Twin Peaks.

Indeed, Pritchard, senior, had left to Sooeey Wan a large share in the upbringing and character-building of his only son, for Dan's mother had died that Dan might live. It had been Sooeey Wan who had imparted to Dan a respect for the inflexible code of the Chinese that a man shall honor his father and his mother and accord due reverence to the bones of his ancestors and the land that gave him birth. It had



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been Sooeey Wan who, inveterate gambler himself, nevertheless taught Dan that when a man loses he shall take his losses smiling and never neglect to pay his debts. Into Dan's small head he had instilled as much Chinese philosophy and as much Chinese honor as he would have instilled in a son of his own had his strange gods not denied him this supreme privilege.

Dan knew the old Chinaman for the treasure he was and nothing that Sooeey Wan might do could possibly have offended him. In thirty-five years of perfect service to the Pritchards, father and son, Sooeey Wan had bought and paid for the few liberties he occasionally took—an occasional cigarette in their presence and about six cocktails per annum.

What Sooeey Wan realized his boss needed tonight was human society. Sooeey Wan felt fully equal to the task of supplying that rare commodity, and he was in Dan's room now for that purpose.

"My boy feelee little better, eh?" he suggested.

"Considerably. Life isn't half bad, Sooeey Wan. The world isn't filled entirely with muckers."

"Oh, velly nice world!" Sooeey Wan agreed. "Today I ketchum ten spot in China lottery. I play fi' dollar. Tonight Sooeey Wan feel pretty damn good, too."

A silence while Dan sat down, lighted a cigarette and sipped his cocktail. Then: "Julia velly happy, boss. Captain's girl give Julia velly nice present. She come show me. Missie Pip velly sorry no can understand at first. No ketchum pearl." And Sooeey Wan chuckled like a malevolent old gnome, while Dan laughed with him.

"Missie Pip too high-tone," Sooeey Wan decided. "Yeh, too muchee. No pay muchee Missie Pip for be high-tone." Sooeey Wan don't give a damn. Sooeey Wan ketchum pearl, all li'. No ketchum pearl, all li'. Ketchum ten spot China lottery, velly good. Ketchum ten spot for Julia, too, but Julia no playum heavy. Twenty-fi' cen's, two bittee limit."

The Chinese lottery was then discussed, with Sooeey Wan adverting with delightful regularity to the fact that Mrs. Pippy was in a mood to kick herself up hill and down dale because of her lamentable failure to recognize a queen. The gift of all the pearls ever collected in the South Seas could not have afforded the old Chinese schemer one-half the delight this knowledge afforded him, and Dan quickly realized that for the pleasure of this social visit from Sooeey Wan he was indebted quite as much to Mrs. Pippy's misfortune as he was to Sooeey Wan's unfaltering affection. He had to share this joyous news with somebody who could appreciate it!

Presently Sooeey Wan grew serious. "I lookee thlough dining room door when Captain's girl go upstairs" he confided. "Velly pitty girl. Velly damn nice. Missa Dan, you mally lady queen?"

"No, confound you, no. What put that idea into your fool head?"

"Captain's girl velly nice. Bimeby, boss, you have fi', six, seven, maybe eight son! Sure, you have good luck. She give you many son."

"I don't want many sons. Just now I do not want any."

"You klazy. What you think Sooeey Wan stick around for, anyhow? You no ketchum baby pretty quick wha' for I workee for

you? Hey? Me ketchum plenty money. Me go China."

"You're an interfering, scheming old duffer, Sooeey. Get back to your kitchen."

Sooeey Wan departed in huge disgust, slamming the door. A moment later he opened it a couple of inches and looked in. "Lady queen leady for dinner. Look velly nice. Missa Dan, you listen Sooeey Wan. Captain's girl velly nice."

Dan threw a book at him and descended to dinner.

At the foot of the stairs he met Tamea, attended by Mrs. Pippy and Julia. Mrs. Pippy was a being reincarnated. She beamed, she seemed fairly to drip with the milk of human kindness. The simple Julia stood, grinning like a gargoyle, head on one side and hands clasped under her chin, presenting a picture of pride personified.

"Look at her now, Misther Pritchard, an' the day you got her," said Julia.

Tamea looked up at him pridefully. She was wearing a white dress, white silk stockings and white buckskin shoes. Her hair, caught at her nape with a scarlet ribbon, hung in a dusky cascade down her fine straight back.

The combination was startling, vivid, amazingly artistic, and Dan stood lost in admiration. If Tamea could only have managed a smile that predicated happiness rather than sadness, Dan told himself she would have been ravishingly beautiful.

"You're tremendous! Perfectly tremendous!" he assured Tamea. "But that stunning dress—"

"I took the liberty of telephoning Miss Morrison," Mrs. Pippy gurgled. "I sent Graves over after some things of hers I thought might fit Miss Larrieau."

"I am extremely grateful to you, Mrs. Pippy." In the back of his head the words of Sooeey Wan were ringing: "Missie Pip velly sorry no can understand at first. No ketchum pearl." Whatever the reason behind her present cordiality, she was making a strenuous effort to overcome the unfortunate impression she had made upon Tamea a half-hour previous.

Sooeey Wan appeared in the dining room entrance and beamed cordially upon the guest. "What Sooeey Wan tell you, boss? Velly nice, eh? You bet. Dinner leady."

Dan silenced the wretch with a furious glance, took Tamea by the arm and steered her into the dining room. Sooeey Wan retreated, but paused at the entrance to the butler's pantry and grinned his approval before disappearing into the kitchen to pass out two plates of soup for Julia to serve. Mrs. Pippy disappeared.

Having tucked Tamea's chair in under her, Dan took his place opposite. Tamea looked around the dining room with frank approval. She appeared a trifle subdued by the somber richness of it, the vague shadows cast by the warm pale pink glow of the four candles in four old silver candlesticks, the dark bowl, flower-laden, in the center of the table.

Dan was aware that she was watching him; not until he had selected his soup spoon from among—to Tamea—a bewildering array of silverware, did she imitate his action. Her host instantly realized that the niceties of hospitality would have to be dispensed with for the sake of Tamea's education; consequently, when Julia entered with some toasted crackers and approached Tamea with the intention of

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serving her first, Dan caught Julia's eye and directed her to his side.

"You will serve me first," he whispered and helped himself. Tamea did likewise.

"Now, her French father taught her to break her crackers into her soup and partake of the soup without regard to the resultant melody. I will see if she is a victim of habit," he decided.

He waited. Tamea set the crackers on her butter plate, as she had observed him do; like him, she made no movement to eat them. Dan took up his butter knife and buttered a cracker. Tamea instantly searched out her butter knife—Dan would have been willing to wager considerable she had never seen one before—and buttered her cracker. Bite for bite and sip for sip she followed his lead, her smoky glance seldom straying from him. Observing that she was not using her napkin, Dan flirted his, on pretense of straightening it out, and respread it. Immediately Tamea unfolded her napkin and spread it.

"She'll do," Dan soliloquized. "Doesn't know a thing, but has the God-given grace to know she doesn't know and is smart enough not to try to four-flush. That girl has brains to spare. She speaks when she is spoken to, but tonight silence is not good for her. She must not think too much about her father." Aloud he said: "Tamea, what was your life in Riva like?"

"Very simple, Dan Pritchard. While our family ruled Riva we were rulers with little ruling to do. Ten years ago my mother's father died. After that my mother and I spent many months each year with my father aboard the Moorea. My mother did not speak good French, but my father would speak to me in no other tongue. He taught me to read and write French and English, and when I was twelve years old he brought a woman from Manga Apia to be my governess. She was half Samoan and half English and she had been educated in England. The island blood called her back. She played the piano and was lazy and would get drunk if she could, but she feared my father, so she taught me faithfully each day when sober. My father paid her well—too well."

"What became of her, Tamea?"

"She is dead. Influenza in nineteen eighteen. Our people do not survive it, although I was very ill with it. My father said it was his blood that saved me."

"Doubtless. What did you do all day in Riva?"

"In the morning, early, I swam in the river or in the lagoon. The tiger shark seldom comes inside the reef. Then breakfast and lessons for two hours, then some sleep and more lessons late in the afternoon, followed, perhaps, by another swim. Then dinner and after dinner some music and song and perhaps a dance. Twice a year, sometimes three times a year, we would have a big feast when some schooner would call for water and supplies and offer trade for our copra. But my father controlled that."

"Were you happy, Tamea?"

"Oh, yes, very!"

"When your mother died, was your father in Riva?"

"No, he came two months later. When he left I went with him, to go to school in Tahiti. I have lived two years in Tahiti, and studied English and French with a school-teacher from Australia. She was governess to the children of a Frenchman



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who was a good friend of my father." \*  
"So that's why you speak such good English."

She smiled happily. "You think so, Monsieur Dan Pritchard?"

He nodded. "And do not call me Monsieur Dan Pritchard," he suggested.

"Just call me plain Dan."

"As you like, Plain Dan."

Julia, listening, burst into a guffaw, caught herself in the middle of it and was covered with confusion. Tamea looked at her very suspiciously, but Julia's quick Celtic wit saved her. She pretended to have a violent fit of coughing.

"Do you think you will be happy in San Francisco, Tamea?" Dan queried, in an effort to stimulate conversation.

"Who knows? Where one is not known, where it is cold and there is neither singing nor dancing nor laughter nor love—"

"Oh, that will come after you get acquainted! The first thing you must do is to become familiar with your surroundings and outgrow a very natural feeling of loneliness and, perhaps, homesickness. Then you shall be sent to a boarding school and become a very fine young lady."

The suggestion aroused no enthusiasm in his guest, so he tried a new tack and one which he felt assured would appeal to the eternal feminine in her.

"Tomorrow I shall ask Miss Morrison to go shopping with you and buy a wonderful wardrobe for you, Tamea."

"I will take this woman Julia instead, if you please, Plain Dan," she replied.

"Call me Dan," he pleaded. "Just one word—Dan."

She nodded. "How long will I stay in your house, Dan?"

"Why, as long as you care to, Tamea."

Again the grateful and adorable smile. "Then I shall stay here with you always, Dan."

"Do you think we can manage without quarreling?"

"There will be no quarreling."

"But you will obey me, Tamea. You will recognize my authority and do exactly what I tell you to do."

She sighed.

"Privately she thinks that's a pretty large order," Dan decided.

Slowly Tamea sipped a glass of light white wine and pecked, without enthusiasm, at a lamb chop. She sighed again.

"I am very tired, Dan," she said wearily. "I cannot eat more. I would sleep."

Dan nodded to Julia, who set her tray on the sideboard and stood prepared to escort her charge to bed. Tamea rose, walked around to Dan's chair, put her arms around his neck and drew his head toward her until her cheek rested against his.

"You are a good father and kind. I shall love you, *cheri*," she said softly.

"You will kiss your little girl good night? No? But, yes, I demand it, *mon père*. There, that is better . . . Good night. In the morning I will be brave; I will not be sad and oppress this household with my sorrows."

She kissed him. It was not a mere peck but it was, undoubtedly, filial, and Dan indeed was grateful in a full realization of this.

"Good night, Tamea, dear child," he said, and watched Julia lead her away.

He was still watching her as she crossed the entrance hall to the foot of the stairs, when the door of the butler's pantry



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squeaked very slightly. Dan turned. Sooeey Wan's nose was at the aperture, and one of his slant eyes was bent appreciatively upon Dan.

"Get out," Dan cried. "What are you spying for, you outrageous heathen?"

"Velly nice. Captain's girl velly nice. Heap nice kisse, eh? You bet! Velly nice!"

Dan was instantly furious. "Sooeey Wan," he roared, "you're fired!"

"Boss," retorted Sooeey Wan in dulcet, honeyed tones, "you klazy."

The door slid back into place and Sooeey Wan returned chuckling to the domain where he was king.

An hour later, as Dan finished his first postprandial cigar, he decided that after all there might be a modicum of truth in Sooeey Wan's assertion. Sane he might be now—that is, moderately sane—but for all that a still small voice had commenced to whisper that the extraordinary events of this day were but a preliminary to still more extraordinary events to follow. And that night he dreamed that a Chinese infant, with a tuft of white ribbon tied in a bow at his midriff and armed with bow and arrow, climbed up on the footboard of his bed and shot him, crying meanwhile: "Velly nice! Velly, velly nice!"

*In the next instalment, Dan, caught between the determined Maisie and the impetuous Tamea, begins to envy the position of his namesake in the lions' den*

## Where The Lean Wolves Run

(Continued from page 35)

waters split like a mill race at the very edge of the smoother sea that ran in through the mouth of the Middle Finger.

"It is a raft," shouted Pierre, "and someone is on it!"

Josette's cry rose shrill and piercing. "It is a woman!"

They could see the figure flung upon the rock, with a hand clutching at its slippery sides. Her face was a ghost's face in the surf mist, and her drenched hair streamed upon the rock as the water ebbed away. She seemed to see them as they stood at the cliff edge, and Pierre thought he heard her voice rise faintly above the thunder of the water.

He turned and ran to a ragged break in the cliff and climbed down swiftly to the narrow shore line at the edge of the Finger, shouting for Josette to remain where she was. But Josette was close behind him when he began tearing off his clothes. She was terribly white. But her eyes were filled with a strange and unchanging fire, and she fell upon her knees among the stones to unlace one of Pierre's boots while he freed himself of the other. She looked up at him. A glory of strength shone in her face even as her heart was breaking in its agony. For she knew that Pierre Gourdon, her husband, was going into the pit of death; and she tried to smile, and Pierre kissed her lips swiftly and sprang into the sea.

She stood up straight and watched him as he fought his way through the shore



Posed by Virginia Lee in "If Women Only Knew," an R-C Pictures Corporation motion picture. Miss Lee is one of many attractive women of the screen who use and endorse Ingram's Milkweed Cream for promoting beauty of complexion.

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surf toward the seething maelstrom where the woman lay upon the rock. Josette could see her clearly. She could see the water and white spume leaping up about her, reaching for her, thrusting her up and then dragging her back. For a little her courage left her and she called wildly upon Pierre to return. And then the woman who was fighting for her life seemed to look into the eyes of Josette through the distance that separated them—and Josette held out her arms and cried encouragement.

All sound but the roar of water was lost to Pierre. He was swimming now, and a hundred forces dragged at his body, beating him one way and then the other, while with all his strength he fought to keep himself in the right direction. He knew what it meant to be carried beyond the rock into that deadly place which they called the Pit. There he would die. He would be pulled down by the undertows, and a little later, when they were done with him, his body would be thrown up at the foot of the cliff. The thought did not fill him with fear. It gave him strength to know Josette was watching him in this struggle against death, and that she was praying for him—and for the woman on the rock.

Only Josette and the other woman could measure the eternity of time it took him to win the fight. In the last moment a mighty hand seemed to gather him in its palm and sweep him up to the rock, and he found himself clinging to it, facing the woman. She was as white as he had seen Josette. Her eyes were as dark, and there was something in them that was more terrible to look at than fear. Pierre was exhausted. He drew himself up a few inches at a time, trying to smile the encouragement he could not speak. His eyes reached the level of the rock, and he looked over and down—and saw then what it was the woman was holding in the crook of her arm.

It was a little girl, six or seven years old, and forgetting in his amazement the thundering menace of the sea, Pierre thought that in all his life he had never seen anything so beautiful as this child. She was not hurt. Her eyes were wide open—great, dark eyes that were velvety pools of terror—and her face, lovely as an angel's, looked at him from a mass of jet-black hair that dripped with water and clung about her neck. It was as if a vision had crept up from the foaming surf to taunt him, a vision of a face he had painted in his dreams and had prayed for and hoped for all through the years of his life, and he dashed the water from his eyes to see more clearly. Then he reached down and drew the child to him and held her slim little body in his arms.

The woman's face changed then. Its fierce resolution died out. She became suddenly limp, and Pierre caught hold of her so that the next blow of the surf would not beat her from the rock.

"I will get you ashore," he shouted. "You must not give up! You must hold to the rock!" He bent his face to the child's. "And you—"

She lay against his breast. Her eyes were looking up at him steadily, and words choked in Pierre's throat. Those eyes, it seemed to him, were too beautiful for a child's eyes. Her lips were still red. But her face was the color of a white



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cameo in its frame of wonderful black hair, and the thought came to him again that it was an angel the storm had blown in from the sea.

The woman was drawing herself up beside him. Another wave broke against the rock, smothering them in its surf. Out of it came her voice.

"I am Mona Guyon," she cried, so close that her head touched his shoulder. "This is my baby. Her father—went down—there—beside the rock—a few minutes ago. Take her ashore—"

A roaring flood inundated them. When it was gone Pierre drew in a deep breath.

"You must hold to the rock," he shouted again. "I will come back for you. It will be easy—easy for all of us to get ashore—if you will hold to the rock!"

When the roar of the surf died away for a moment he told the child what to do. She must put her arms round his neck and ride ashore on his back and draw in deep breaths whenever her face was out of water. They would swim to the shore very quickly, and then he would come back for mother. He even laughed as he told her how safely and quickly it could be done. And then he kissed her; and when her arms were round his neck he tied her hands tightly together under his chin with a strip which he had torn from his shirt. She could not get away after that. They would go ashore together, one way or the other.

Slowly he lowered himself over the slippery lee of the rock, and again he smiled at Mona Guyon. The twisting undercurrents reached out like the tentacles of an octopus and tried to drag him into the doom of the Pit. But it was not Pierre Gourdon alone who was fighting for the right to live. The woman on the rock was fighting for him, and the woman ashore—standing to her waist in the boiling surf—no longer had heart or soul or strength of body, for all had gone to him; and about his neck were the arms of a child that gave to him not only the courage of those who loved and prayed, but of the good God who had called upon him to play his part in this day and hour.

So he fought, and won at last to the place where his beloved Josette reached out and caught him and helped him to the stony shore, where he sank down weakly, with the child in his arms. He had kept her above the water—that had been the never faltering thought in his mind; and now there seemed to be something of awe, of reverence, of unspoken worship in those strangely beautiful eyes of *l'Ange*, as Pierre called her in his heart, and suddenly her arms tightened round his neck and with a little cry she kissed him.

Then she was in Josette's arms, and Pierre rose to his feet.

A sudden dread swept over him as he looked out at the rock again. It seemed to him the seas were higher, and the woman was not as he had left her. Her face was down, she was limp, a dark blot without life or resistance, and he saw a huge wave drive up and move her like a sodden chip a little nearer to the edge of the Pit. She was not *holding on*, as he had prayed God she would!

He turned to Josette. She was on her knees among the sharp stones with her arms about the child, and both she and little Mona were looking up at him. He

had never seen such eyes as theirs—Josette's in their agony of fear for him, little Mona's so strangely, gloriously beautiful, saying more to him in their childish terror and entreaty than human lips.

"I am going back," he said. "It will be easy this time!"

They heard him above the smashing fury of the Pit, and Pierre, catching an unknown note in his own voice, knew that he was lying. As he faced the beat of the sea he made as if he did not hear Josette calling wildly to him that help would surely come in a few minutes, and he must wait. A few minutes and it would be over, for he could see that with each thrust of the frothing surf over the crest of the rock the woman was a little nearer to death.

It was a harder fight this time. The old strength was no longer in his limbs, and something seemed to have gone out of his heart. He could feel death all about him as he fought and swam. It struck at him, choked him, blinded him, dragged at his breath until it seemed as if he must give up; but through it all he saw the rock, and at last the same strange current caught him and flung him to it. For a moment he rested. He could not see the top of the rock, but he could see the shore, and there were many figures on it now—men running down to where Josette was again standing in the water.

With new courage he pulled himself up, and then he gave a cry of horror, fear and futile warning. The woman had slipped to the very edge of the rock that lipped the fury of the Pit. She was half over; and she was slipping—*slipping* . . .

He scrambled toward her, flinging himself down the treacherous dip to catch at her long hair. He caught a strand of it, but it pulled away from him—and he thrust himself another foot and buried his fingers in the wet mass of it. In that moment the sea took her. It dragged her down, and Pierre, holding fast to her hair, went with her into the black death of the Pit; and as he went, out of his soul came a soundless cry, the faith and gratitude of a man who was not afraid to die: "After all—God has been a long time good to me—Pierre Gourdon!"

Even then, in that roaring baptism of death, his mind was on the woman. It would not do to let her body beat itself among the rocks alone, and in some way he got his arms about her. He made no effort to fight, except to hold her. He was like a chip in a boiling pot. He felt the blows of the rocks. Then he began going down, until it seemed in the last moment that he was falling swiftly through illimitable space.

Only the strong hands of Joe Gourdon and Simon McQuarrie held Josette from joining her husband in the heart of the Pit. She struggled against them, crying out her right to go to him, until they brought her to the narrow rim of beach under the cliff and her eyes fell on little Mona. The wind had blown the child's wet hair back from her face, and a bitter cry came to Josette's lips and resentment burned in her for an instant like a fire. Pierre was gone because of her, because of this beautiful, star-eyed child and the woman! They had taken him from her. And here was the child, living, staring at her with those eyes which had made Pierre call her *l'Ange*—staring at her—while

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# Cosmopolitan Educational Guide

(Continued from page 23)

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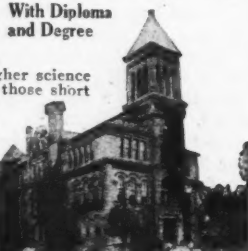
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Pierre—and the other woman—dead and beaten among the rocks . . .

And then . . . "My mother!"

It was the child's voice, two words crying out to her, faint and yearning and filled with agony above the lash of the sea, and with an answering cry Josette fell down sobbing upon her knees and opened her arms and held the little stranger tightly against her breast. For a space after that she was blind to what happened about her. Dominique stood between her and the sea, even as he saw the grim joke which the fiends of the Pit were playing upon them this day. For these fiends were seldom known to give up their playthings, either logs or sticks or living things. But this day there was a change. Joe Gourdon and Jeremie Poulin and Poleon Dufresne had leaped waist-deep into the surf and were bringing out the bodies of Pierre and the woman!

It was Marie Antoinette who unclasped Pierre's arms from about the woman. And then Josette saw them. She staggered to her feet and ran past Dominique, and the first she looked upon was the dead face of the mother. Very tenderly then she took Pierre's head in her arms and bent her own over it until both their faces were shrouded in her long hair.

"He isn't dead," she whispered. No one heard her, for she was saying it only to herself, and then to Pierre. "He isn't dead. He isn't dead." She repeated the words, swaying her body gently with Pierre, and the others drew back, and Marie Antoinette hid little Mona's face against her while Simon McQuarrie and Telesphore Clamart bore the dead woman between them round the end of the cliff. And Josette kept repeating, "He isn't dead, he isn't dead," and she kissed Pierre's lips, and pressed her cheek against his cheek, and the women and men of Five Fingers stood back and waited.

At last Marie Antoinette came up softly and knelt beside Josette and put a loving hand about her shoulder. Josette's eyes turned to look at her and they were soft and glowing and so strange they frightened Marie Antoinette. "He isn't dead," she was still saying, and she bowed her face down again to Pierre's.

Choking the sob in her throat Marie Antoinette put her hand to Josette's face—and a great shock ran through her. She had touched Pierre's cheek. She felt with her other hand, and drew back Josette's hair, her heart suddenly throbbing like an Indian drum. Then she saw it was not the madness of grief that kept Josette repeating those words, but the intuition of a soul which had felt the nearness of its mate, for Pierre's eyes slowly opened and the first vision which came to him out of a roaring sea of dreams was the face of his wife.

From the group of tensely waiting people Mona had come, sobbing in a strange, quiet way for her mother, and as Marie Antoinette drew a little back Josette caught the child close to her, along with Pierre, and as Pierre reached his arms up weakly to them both the thought came to him again: "God has been a long time good to me—Pierre Gourdon!"

Next month James Oliver Curwood introduces you to Peter, one of the most appealing lads you ever met



## The Hope of Happiness

(Continued from page 80)

young girl is a contemptible hound!"

"All right then! He's a contemptible hound!"

Her insolence, her refusal to cower before him, increased his anger. His formula for meeting emergencies by superior strategy was of no use to him here. He had lost a point in letting her see that for once in his life his temper had got the better of him. He had been too tolerant of her faults; the bills for his indulgence were coming in now—a large sheaf of them. She must be handled with very great caution, indeed; it was not for a girl whom he saw as only a child to circumvent him.

But he realized suddenly that Leila was no longer a child. She was not only a woman but one it would be folly to attempt to drive or frighten. He was alarmed by the composure with which she waited, standing with her back against the shelf, eying him half hostilely, half, he feared, with a hope that he would carry the matter further and open his guard for a thrust he was not prepared to parry. He was afraid of her, but she must not know it.

He took off his hat and let it swing at arm's length as he considered how to escape with dignity from the corner into which she had forced him. Sentiment is a natural refuge of the average man when other resources fail. He smiled and with a quick lifting of the head remarked:

"This isn't the way for us to talk to each other. We've always been the best of friends; nothing's going to change that. I trust your good sense"—here his voice sank under the weight of emotion—"I trust that with your love for me—your love for your dear mother's memory—you will do nothing to grieve me, nothing that would hurt her."

"Yes, dada," she said absently, not sure how far she could trust his mood. Then she drew her hand across his cheek and gave his tie a twitch. He drew his arm about her and kissed her forehead.

"Let this be between ourselves," he said. "I'll go around and come in the front way."

She went up the back stairs and reappeared in the living room, whistling. Constance and Shepherd were still reading. After supper Leila was unwontedly silent, and the attempts of Constance and Shepherd to begay were sadly deficient in spontaneity. Mills's Sunday, begun with high hopes, had been bitterly disappointing. Though outwardly tranquil and unbending more than usual, his mind was elsewhere.

The happy life manifestly was not to be won merely by going to church. At the back of his mind, with all his skepticism, he had entertained a superstitious belief that in Christianity there was some secret of happiness revealed to those who placed themselves receptively close to the throne of grace. This was evidently a mistake; or at least it was clear from the day's experience that the boon was less easy of attainment than he had believed.

He recalled what the rector of St. Barnabas had said to him the morning he had gone in to inspect the Mills window—that walls do not make the church, that the true edifice is within man's own

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breast. This hint of a God whose tabernacle is in every man's heart is displeasing. He didn't like the idea of carrying God around with him. To grant any such premise would be to open the way for doubts as to his omnipotence in his own world; and Mills was not ready for that. He groped for a deity who wouldn't be a nuisance like a disagreeable guest. God should be a convenience, subject to call like the doctor and lawyer. But how could a man reach Lindley's God, who wasn't in the church at all, but within man himself?

In his pondering he came back to his own family. He didn't know Shepherd; he didn't know Leila. This was all wrong; but how was he going to correct it?

He had friends who were good pals with their children, and he wondered how they managed it. Maybe it was the spirit of the age that was the trouble. It was a common habit to fix responsibility for all the disturbing moral and social phenomena of the time on the receding World War, or the greed for gain, or the diminished zeal for religion. This brought him again to God; uncomfortable—the reflection that thought in all its circling and tangential excursions does somehow land at that mysterious door . . . Leila must be dealt with. She was much too facile in her dissimulation and lying. No other Mills had ever been like that.

When they reached home he followed Leila into her room; tried to make it appear a natural thing to do. He took the cigarette she offered him and sat down in the low rocking chair she pulled out for him. At a loss as to how he could most effectively reprimand her and give her to understand that he would never countenance a marriage with Thomas, he was relieved when she took the initiative.

"I was naughty, dada!" she said. "It was terribly naughty of me to tell a fib. But Freddy was going over to the Burtons' tonight and I had told him I'd be there—that's all. I wasn't just crazy about going to the farm, but I ought to have told the truth. I'm sorry. I promise never to tell you another story—not for anybody!"

She held a match for him, and after lighting her own cigarette dropped down on the chaise longue with a weary sigh. If she had remained standing or had sat down properly in a chair, his rôle as the stern parent would have been simpler. Leila was so difficult, so completely what he wished she was not!

"About this Thomas—" he began.  
"Oh! I'm just teasing him along. He's really ever so nice, but he doesn't want to marry me any more than I want to marry him. So just forget all about it."  
"I must say your talk over the telephone sounded pretty serious to me!"

"Oh, bunk! All the girls talk to men that way—it doesn't mean anything!"  
"What's that? You say the words you used don't mean anything!"

"Not a thing, dada. If you'd tell a man you didn't love him he'd be sure to think you did!"

"A dangerous system, I should think."  
"Oh, no! Everything's different from what it was when you were young!"

"Yes; I've noticed that!" he replied grimly. "But seriously, Leila, this meeting a man—a man we know little about—at other people's houses won't do! It must stop right now. You ought to have

## Dull Hair

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more self-respect and dignity than that!"

"You're making too much of it, dada! It's happened only two or three times. I thought you were sore about Freddy's coming here so much, and I have met him—always at perfectly proper places!"

"I should hope so!" he exclaimed with his first display of spirit. "But you can't afford to run around with him. You should think of your dear mother even if you don't care for me!"

"Now, dada! Don't be silly; you *know* I love you! Why, to me, dada, you're the one grand and perfect man."

She spoke in much the same tone she would have used in approving of a new suit he had submitted for her approval.

"Now, I have your promise—" he said, sitting up alertly in his chair.

"Promise, dada?" Her thoughts were far afield. "Oh, about Freddy! Well, if you'll be happier I promise you now never to marry him. Frankly—I'm not going to marry anybody right away. When I get ready I'll probably marry Arthur if some widow doesn't catch him first. But please don't crowd me, dada!"

"Nobody's crowding you!" he said, feeling that she was once more eluding him.

"Then don't push!" she laughed.

"Let's not have any more nonsense," he said. "You do a lot of things just to annoy me. It isn't fair!"

"Why, dada!"—in mock astonishment.

"Go to bed!" he retorted, and laughed in spite of himself.

She mussed his hair before kissing him, but even as he turned away he could see that her thoughts were elsewhere.

Behind his own door, thinking it over, the interview was about as unsatisfactory as an interview could be. He wished he dared go back and put his arms about her and tell her how deeply he loved her. But he lacked the courage; she wouldn't understand it. It was the cruelest of ironies that he dare not knock at his child's door to tell her how precious she was to him.

That was the trouble—he didn't know how to make her understand! As he paced the floor, he wondered whether anyone in all the world had ever loved him! Yes, there was Marian Storrs; and, again, the woman who had been his wife. Beyond question each had, in her own way, loved him; but both were gathered into the great company of the dead. That question, as to whether anyone had ever loved him, reversed itself: in the whole course of his life had he, Franklin Mills, ever unselfishly loved anyone? This was the most disagreeable question that had forced itself upon his attention in a long time. It took countless forms till the room danced with interrogation marks.

Oppressed by an overpowering loneliness, he found himself staring at his reflection in the panel mirror in the bathroom door. It seemed to him that the shadow in the glass was not himself but the phantom of a man he had never known.

## CHAPTER XI

AT CHRISTMAS Bruce had sent Millicent a box of flowers, which she had acknowledged in a cordial little note; but he had not called on her, making the excuse to himself that he lacked time. But the real reason was a fear that he had begun to care too much for her. He must



## Must women begin to fade at thirty—or even at forty?

AT TWENTY, a girl is in the flush of youth—active, vivacious, brimming over with buoyancy. Life is a continual round of gaiety. She *looks* well and *feels* well.

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not allow himself to love her; he could never ask any woman to take a name to which he had no honest right, share a life that was clouded before it began.

But if he hadn't seen Millicent he heard of her frequently. He was established as a welcome visitor at all times at the Freemans' and the Hendersons'. The belated social recognition of the Hardens, in spite of the adroitness with which Mills had inspired it, had not gone unremarked.

There was, Bud said, always some reason for everything Mills did; and Maybelle, who knew everything that was said and done in town, had remarked in Bruce's hearing that the Hardens' social promotion was merely an item in Mills's courtship of Millicent.

"I'll wager he doesn't make it! Millie will never do it," was Maybelle's opinion.

"Why not?" Bruce asked, trying to conceal his suspicion that the remark was made for his own encouragement.

"Oh, Millie's not going to throw herself away on an old bird like Frank Mills. She values her youth too much for that."

"Oh, you never can tell," said Bud provokingly. "Girls have done it before."

"But not girls like Millicent!"

"That's easy," Bud acquiesced. "There was never a girl like Millie—not even you, Maybelle, much as I love you. But all that mazuma and that long line of noble ancestors; not a spot on the whole bloomin' scutcheon!"

"What you ought to do, Bruce, is to sail in and marry Millie, yourself," Maybelle said. "Dale and I are strong for you!"

"Thanks for the compliment!" exclaimed Bruce. "You and Dale want me to enter the race in the hope of seeing Mills knocked out! You don't want me to win half as much as you want the great Mills to lose. Alas! And this is friendship!"

"The idea warms my sporting blood," said Bud. "Once the struggle begins we'll post the bets on the club bulletin. I'll start with two to one on you, old top!"

"I'm surprised at Connie—she seems to be helping on the boosting of the Hardens," said Maybelle. "It must occur to her, that it wouldn't help her own fortunes to have a healthy young stepmother-in-law. When Frank Mills passes on Connie's going to be all set to spend a lot of his money. She's one of the born spenders."

"That's all well enough," remarked Bud. "But just now Connie's only too glad to have Mills's attention directed away from herself and George Whitford—"

"Bud!" Maybelle tapped her water glass sharply. "Remember, boys, these people are our friends!"

"Not so up-stage, darling!" said Bud. "I'm sure we've been talking only in a spirit of loving-kindness!"

"Honorable men and women—one and all!" said Bruce.

"I refuse to see Millicent throw herself away," Maybelle went on. "She's the dearest girl in the world."

"Absolutely!" said Bud, and the subject was dropped.

A few nights later Bruce was obliged to listen to similar talk at the Freemans'. Mrs. Freeman was indignant though that Mills should think of marrying Millicent.

"There's just one right man in the world for every woman," she declared. "And the right man for Millicent is you, Bruce!"

Bruce met her gaze with mock solemnity. "Please don't force me into a hasty

marriage! Here I am, a struggling young architect who will soon be not so young. Give me time to become self-supporting!"

"Of course Millie will marry you in the proper course of things," said Freeman. "If that girl should throw herself away on Franklin Mills she wouldn't be Millie!"

"Heavens!" exclaimed his wife. "The bare thought of that girl, with her beauty, her spiritual insight, her sweetness, linking herself to that Frankenstein—"

"Oh, piffle and again piff!" ejaculated Freeman. "He sent me business when I needed it. I've got a lot of work through him. Let's not knock our patrons!"

"Oh, we're entitled to our opinion about him anyhow. It's too bad the Hardens live next door to him and that Leila and Millicent are so chummy. Propinquity's responsible for a lot of foolish marriages."

"Oh, this talk is all bosh, of course," said Freeman. "I doubt if Mills ever sees Millicent alone. These gossips ought to be sent to the penal farm."

"Oh, I think they've seen each other in a neighborly sort of way," Mrs. Freeman said. "Mills is a cultivated man and Millicent's music and sculpturing no doubt really interest him. I ran in to see her the other morning and she's been doing a bust of Mills—she laughed when I asked about it and said she had hard work getting sitters and he is ever so patient."

The intimacy implied in this fed Bruce's jealousy anew. Dale Freeman, whose prescience was keen, saw a look in his face that gave her instant pause.

"Mr. Mills and Leila are leaving in a few days," she remarked quickly. "I don't believe he's much of a success as a matchmaker. It's been in the air for several years that Leila must marry Arthur Carroll, but he doesn't appear to be making any headway. Leila keeps Freddy Thomas dangling on her string. Arthur's fond of Leila. I think she'd be in luck to marry Arthur."

"Leila will do as she pleases," said Freeman, who was satisfied with a very little gossip. "Bruce, how do you feel about tackling that Laconia memorial?"

Bruce's native town was to build a museum as a memorial to the soldiers in all her wars, from the Revolutionary patriots who had settled the county to



daily into the country, left his car and walked—walked with a new energy begotten of definite ambition and faith in his power of achievement. To create beautiful things: this had been his mother's prayer for him. He would do this for her; he would create a thing of beauty that should look down forever upon the earth that held her dust. Sometimes he took these excursions at night, seeing on every wooded hill and ridge the creation of his dream, hearing the winds mourn through arch and column under a canopy set with stars and blessed through long years by recurring wistful young moons . . .

The site of the proposed building was on the crest of a hilltop on the outskirts of Laconia and within sight of its main street. Bruce had known the spot all his life and had no trouble in visualizing its pictorial possibilities. The forest trees that crowned the crest would afford a picturesque background for a columned façade. The amount to be expended was not large, but it was enough for the structure that began to take form in his mind.

He was keeping away from Millicent. One night, going alone to the theater, he saw her in a box with Mills, Leila and Arthur Carroll. His seat made it possible to watch her without being himself seen. Throughout the evening, whenever Mills spoke to Millicent, Bruce was unhappily conscious of it. When she smiled at Mills over some quip in the play he resented it. Mills had no right to Millicent Harden's smiles! Bruce missed the most obvious points of the comedy and stared hostilely at his neighbors when they applauded. When the curtain fell he hurried away to avoid a meeting with Mills and his party. It was quite possible, that Mills might win her . . . As for himself . . . she was as unattainable as a star . . .

On Shep's account rather than because of any interest he felt in Constance, Bruce had twice looked in on Constance's day at home. Shep had been unable to keep his promise not to tell Constance of the dark hour in which Bruce had been his confessor and counselor—it was too fine a thing, he said, to keep to himself.

Constance had expressed her gratitude to Bruce with the greatest warmth. He had been right in advising Shepherd to accept his father's plans. She spoke in the kindest terms of Shep—indulgently of his proneness to take things hard.

In spite of her cordiality Bruce felt a certain perfunctoriness in her expressions of gratitude, which were not without a note of condescension toward her husband; who had to be assisted over rough places like a hesitating and helpless child.

Constance made much of the informality of her "days," but they were, Bruce thought, rather dull. The girls and the young matrons he met there gave Mrs. Shep the adoration her nature demanded; the few men who dropped in were either her admirers or they went in the hope of meeting other young women in whom they were interested. On the first of these occasions Bruce found Leila and Fred Thomas there, and both times George Whitford was prominent in the picture.

Thomas was not without his attractions. His cherubic countenance and the infantile expression of his large myopic blue eyes made him appear younger than his years. The men around the University

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Club said that he had a shrewd head for business; the women of the younger set pronounced him very droll, a likely rival for Bud Henderson for humor. It was easy to understand why he was called Freddy; he had the look of a Freddy. And Bruce thought it quite natural that Leila Mills should fancy him.

Constance's attempts to attract the artistic and intellectual to her Thursdays had been a melancholy failure; such persons were much too busy, and it had occurred to the musicians, literary aspirants and struggling artists in town that there was something a little patronizing in her overtures. Her house was too big; it was not half so agreeable as the Freemans', and of course Freeman was an artist himself and Dale was intelligently sympathetic with everyone who had an idea to offer. As Bud Henderson put it, Dale could mix money and social position with art and nobody thought of its being a mixture, whereas at Constance's you were always conscious of being either a sheep or a goat. Connie's upholstery was too expensive, Bud thought, and her sandwiches were too elaborate for the plebeian palates of goats inured to hot ham in a bun in one-arm lunch rooms.

Gossip, like death, loves a shining mark, and Mrs. Shepherd Mills was too conspicuous to escape the attention of the manufacturers and purveyors of rumor and scandal. Bruce was appalled by the malicious stories he heard about people he was beginning to know and like. He had heard George Whitford's name mentioned frequently in connection with Connie's, but he thought little of it. He had, nevertheless, given due weight to the warning of Helen Torrence to beware of becoming one of Connie's victims.

There was a good deal of flirting going on among young married people, Bruce found, but it was of a harmless sort. Even though he had weakly yielded to an impulse and kissed Connie the night he drove her from the Freemans' to Deer Trail, he took it for granted that the episode had meant no more to her than it had to him. And he assumed that on the earlier afternoon when he met Connie and Whitford on the road, Whitford had probably been making love to Connie and Connie had not been unwilling. There were women like that, he knew, not infrequently young married women who, when the first ardor of marriage has passed, seek to prolong their youth by re-testing their charm for men. Shepherd Mills was hardly a man to inspire a deep love in a woman of Connie's temperament; it was inevitable that Connie should have her little fling.

On the way into town from one of his afternoon tramps Bruce was moved to make his third call at the Shepherd Millses'. It was not Connie's day at home, but she had asked him to dinner a few nights earlier and he hadn't been sure that she had accepted his refusal in good part. He was cold and tired—happily tired, for the afternoon spent in the wintry air had brought the solution of several difficult questions touching the Laconia memorial. His spirit had attained the elevation which workers in all the arts experience when some vision of the imagination finds embodiment and becomes a tangible thing.

He would have stopped at the Hardens' if he had dared; lights shone invitingly from the windows as he passed, but the



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Mills house, with its less genial façade, deterred him. The thought of Millicent was inseparable from the thought of Mills. Mills was like a shadow interposing itself between them, an inexorable shadow.

He hadn't known that it was so late until he had rung the bell and looked at his watch under the entry light. The maid surveyed him doubtfully, and sounds of lively talk from within gave him pause. He was just about to turn away when Constance came into the hall.

"Oh, pleasantest of surprises!" she exclaimed. "Certainly you're coming in! There's no one here but old friends—and you'll make another!"

"If it's a party, I'm on my way," he said hesitatingly.

"Oh, it's just Nellie Burton and George Whitford—nothing at all to be afraid of!"

In proof of her statement, at this moment Mrs. Burton and Whitford appeared.

"Bully!" cried Whitford. "Of course Connie knew you were coming!"

"I swear I didn't!" Constance declared.

"No matter if you did!" Whitford retorted.

Mrs. Burton clasped her hands devoutly. "We were just praying for another man to come in—and here you are!"

"And a man who's terribly hard to get," said Constance. "Come in to the fire. George, don't let Mr. Storrs perish for a drink!"

"He shall have gallons!" Whitford replied. "We needed a fresh thirst in the party to give us a new excuse. Stay me with flagons!"

"Now, Bruce," drawled Constance. "Did I ever call you Bruce before? Well, say you don't mind! Shep calls you by your first name, why not I?"

"This one is to dear old Shep—absent treatment!" said Mrs. Burton.

"Shep's in Cincinnati," Constance was explaining. "He went down on business yesterday and expected to be home for dinner tonight—but he wired that he has to stay over. So first comes Nellie and then old George blows in and we were wishing for another man."

"My beloved hubby's in New York; won't you be my beau, Mr. Storrs?" asked Mrs. Burton.

"Bruce!" Constance corrected her.

"All right then, Bruce! I'm Nellie to all the good comrades."

"Yes, Nellie," said Bruce with affected shyness. He regarded them amiably. Mrs. Burton he knew but slightly. She was tall, an extreme blonde and of about Constance's age. Like Constance, she was not of the older order of the local nobility. Her father had been a manufacturer of horsedrawn vehicles, and when the arrival of the gasoline age destroyed his business he passed through bankruptcy into commercial oblivion. However, the law of compensations operated benevolently in Nellie's favor. She married Dick Burton, thereby acquiring both social standing and a sound financial rating. She was less intelligent than Constance but more daring in her social adventures outside the old conservative stockade.

"George brought his own liquor," said Constance. "We have him to thank for this soothing mixture. Shep's terribly law-abiding; he won't have the stuff on the place. Bruce, you're not going to boast of other engagements; you'll dine here!"



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"That's all settled!" affirmed Whitford cheerfully.

"If Bruce goes he takes me with him!" declared Mrs. Burton. "I'm not going to be left here to watch you two spoon. I'm some little spooner myself!"

"You couldn't drive me from this house," protested Bruce.

"There spoke a real man!" Constance declared and she rang for the maid to order the table set for four.

Mrs. Burton, whom Bruce had met only once before, became confidential when Constance and Whitford went to the piano in the reception parlor, where Whitford began improvising an air to some verses he had written.

"Constance is always so lucky! All the men fall in love with her. George has a terrible case—writes poems to Connie's eyes and everything!"

"Every woman should have her own poet," said Bruce. "I couldn't make a rhyme to save my life!"

"Well, do me something in free verse; you don't need even an idea for that!"

"Ah, the reality doesn't need metrical embellishment!"

"Thanks so much; I ought to have something clever to hand back. Constance always knows just what to say to a man. I have the nerve but I haven't the brains for a first-class flirt."

"Men are timid creatures," he said mournfully. "I haven't the slightest initiative in these matters. You are charming and the light of your eyes was stolen from the stars. Does that have the right ring?"

"Well, hardly! You're not intense enough! You make me feel as though I were a freak of some kind. Oh, George!"

"Yes, Nellie—" Whitford answered.

"You must teach Bruce to flirt. His education's been neglected."

"He's in good hands now!"

"Oh, Bruce is hopeless!" exclaimed Constance, who was seated beside Whitford. "I gave him a try-out and he refused to play!"

"Then I give up right now!" Mrs. Burton cried in mock despair.

Bruce half suspected that she and Whitford had not met at Constance's quite as casually as they pretended. But it was not his affair, and he was not averse to making a fourth member of a party that promised at least a little gaiety.

Mrs. Burton was examining him as to the range of his acquaintance in the town, and what had prompted him to settle there, and what he thought of the place—evoking the admission (always expected of newcomers) that it was a place singularly marked by its generous hospitality—when she asked with a jerk of the head toward Constance and Whitford: "What would you do with a case like that?"

"What would I do with it?" asked Bruce, who had been answering her questions perfunctorily, his mind elsewhere. Constance and Whitford, out of sight in the adjoining room were talking in low tones to the fitful accompaniment of the piano. Now and then Constance laughed happily.

"It really oughtn't to go on, you know!" continued Mrs. Burton. "Those people are serious! But—what is one to do?"

"My dear Nellie, I'm not a specialist in such matters!" said Bruce, not relishing her evident desire to discuss their hostess.

"Some of their friends—I'm one of them—are worried! I know Helen Torrence

has talked to Constance. She really ought to catch herself up. Shep's so blind—poor boy! It's a weakness of his to think everyone perfectly all right!"

"It's a noble quality," remarked Bruce dryly. "You don't think Shep would object to this party?"

"There's the point! Connie isn't stupid, you know! She asked me to come down just so she could keep George for dinner. And being a good fellow, I came! I'm ever so glad you showed up. I might be suspected of helping things along! But with you here the world might look through the window!"

"Then we haven't a thing to worry about!" said Bruce with finality.

"It's too bad," she persisted, "that marriage isn't an insurance of happiness. Now George and Constance are ideally suited to each other; but they never knew it until it was too late. I wish he'd go to Africa or some far-off place. If he doesn't there's going to be an earthquake one of these days."

"Well, earthquakes in this part of the world are never serious," Bruce remarked, uncomfortable as he found that Mrs. Burton was really serious and clutching at him for sympathy.

"You probably don't know Franklin Mills—no one does, for that matter—but with his strict views of things there'd certainly be a big smash if he knew!"

"Well, of course there's nothing for him to know," said Bruce indifferently.

The maid came in to announce dinner and Constance and Whitford reappeared.

"George has been reciting lovely poetry to me," said Constance. "Nellie, has Bruce kept you amused? I know he *could* make love beautifully if he only *would*!"

"He's afraid of me—or he doesn't like me," said Mrs. Burton—"I don't know which!"

"He looks guilty! He looks terribly guilty. I'm sure he's been making love to you!" said Constance dreamily as though under the spell of happy memories. "We'll go in to dinner just as we are. How nice these informal parties are!"

Whitford was one of those rare men who are equally attractive to both men and women. Any prejudice that might have been aroused in masculine minds by his dilettantism was offset by his adventures as a traveler, hunter and soldier.

by an unauthorized excursion through a barbed wire entanglement for a private view of the enemy.

"That's the way they all talk!" said Connie admiringly. "You'd think the whole thing had been a huge joke!"

"You've got to laugh at war," observed Whitford, "it's the only way. It's so silly to think anything can be proved by killing a lot of people and making the whole world miserable."

"You laugh about it, but you might both have been killed!" Mrs. Burton expostulated.

"No odds," said Whitford, "except—that we'd have missed this party!"

They played bridge afterward, though Whitford said it would be more fun to match dollars. The bridge was well under way when the maid passed through the hall to answer the bell.

"Just a minute, Annie!" Constance laid down her cards and deliberated.

"What's the trouble, Connie? Is Shep slipping in on us?" asked Mrs. Burton.

"Hardly," replied Constance, plainly disturbed by the interruption. "Oh, Annie, don't let anyone in you don't know."

They waited in silence for the opening of the door. In a moment Franklin Mills's voice was heard asking if Mr. and Mrs. Mills were at home.

"Um!" With a shrug Constance rose hastily and met Mills at the hall door.

"I'd like to see you just a moment, Connie," he said without prelude.

Whitford and Bruce had risen. Mills bowed to them and to Mrs. Burton, but behind the careful mask of courtesy his face wore a haggard look.

Constance followed him into the hall where their voices—Mills's low and tense—could be heard in hurried conference. Then Constance went to the hall telephone and called a succession of numbers.

"The club—Freddy Thomas's rooms" said Whitford. "Wonder what's up—"

"Do you suppose—" began Mrs. Burton in a whisper.

"You're keeping score, aren't you, Storrs?" asked Whitford aloud.

They began talking with forced animation about the game to hide their perturbation over Mills's appearance and his deep concern as to Leila's whereabouts.

"Mr. Thomas is at the club," they heard Constance report. "He dined there alone."

"You're sure she's not been here—she's not here now?" Mills demanded.

"I haven't seen Leila at all today," Constance replied with patient deliberation. "I'm so sorry you're troubled. She's probably stopped somewhere for dinner and forgotten to telephone."

"She usually calls me up. That's what troubles me," Mills replied—"not hearing from her. No other place you'd suggest?"

"No—"

"Thank you, Connie." He paused in the doorway and bowed to the trio. "I'm sorry I interrupted your game!" he said, forcing a smile. "Do pardon me!"

He turned up the collar of his fur-lined coat and fumbled for the buttons. There seemed to Bruce a curious helpless weakness in the slow movement of his fingers.

Constance followed him to the outer door, and as it closed upon him walked slowly back into the living room.

"That's a pretty how-dye-do! Leila ought to have a whipping! It's after eight and nothing's been seen of her since noon."



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But she hasn't eloped. Freddy's at the club all right enough."

"She's certainly thrown a scare into her father," remarked Mrs. Burton. "He looked positively ill."

"It's too bad!" ejaculated Whitford. "I hope she hasn't got soused and smashed up her car somewhere."

"I wish Freddy Thomas had never been born!" cried Constance impatiently. "Leila and her father have been having a nasty time over him. And she had cut drinking and was doing fine!"

"Is there anything we can do?—that's the question," said Whitford.

Bruce was thinking hard. What might Leila do in a fit of depression over her father's hostility toward Thomas? . . .

"I think maybe—" he began. With sudden resolution he put out his hand to Constance. "Excuse me, won't you? It's just possible that I may be able to help."

"Let me go with you," said Whitford.

"No, thanks; Mr. Mills may come back and need assistance. You'd better stay. If I get a clue I'll call up."

It was a bitter night, the coldest of the year, and he drove his car swiftly. He thought of his drive with Shepherd to the river, and here he was setting forth again in a blind hope of rendering a service to one of Franklin Mills's children! . . .

On the unlighted highway he had difficulty in finding the gate that opened into the small tract on the bluff above the boathouse where he had taken Leila and Millicent when he had rescued them from the sandbar. He left his car at the roadside and stumbled down the steps that led to the water. He paused when he saw lights in the boathouse and moved cautiously across the veranda. A vast silence hung upon the place. He opened the door and stood blinking into the room.

On a long couch that stretched under the windows lay Leila, in her fur coat, with a rug half drawn over her knees. Her hat had slipped to the floor and beside it lay a silver flask and an empty whisky bottle. He touched her cheek and found it warm; listened for a moment to her deep, uneven breathing, and gathered her up in his arms.

He reached the door just as it opened and found himself staring into Franklin Mills's eyes—in which pain, horror and submission effaced any trace of surprise.

"I—I followed your car," he said as if an explanation were necessary. "I'm sure—you are very—very kind—" He stepped aside, and Bruce passed out, carrying the relaxed body tenderly. As he felt his way slowly up the steps he could hear Mills following.

The Mills limousine stood by the gate and the chauffeur jumped out and opened the door. No words were spoken. Mills got into the car slowly, unsteadily, in the manner of a decrepit old man. When he was seated Bruce placed Leila in his arms and drew the carriage robe over them. The chauffeur mounted to his place and snapped off the tonneau lights, and Bruce, not knowing what he did, raised his hand in salute as the machine rolled away.

*During Mills's absence the affairs of Millicent and Bruce, and of Connie and Shep, approach a crisis—in the absorbing September instalment*



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